JUDGE DREDD

THE COMPLETE CASE FILES 15

JUDGE DREDD
THEATRE OF DEATH PART ONE
IT'S OLD SILVER!
WE FOUND HIM IN HIS QUARTERS.
CREEP TRIED TO PUT A BULLET IN HIS HEAD — COULDN'T EVEN MAKE A PROPER JOB OF THAT!
DEATH
IT ISSS ONLY FITTINGG HE SSHOULD DIE BY MYYY HAND!
HE SSSTILLL LIVVESSS?
EXXCCELLENT!
JOHN WAGNER
RON SMITH
TOM FRAME

WANTED
MISSING SINCE NECROPOLIS
THE NOTORIOUS ALIEN SUPERFIEND KNOWN AS
JUDGE DEATH
A SUBSTANTIAL REWARD
IS OFFERED FOR INFORMATION LEADING TO HIS CAPTURE.
ALL ENQUIRIES TO JUSTICE DEPT.
OVER HERE, JUDGE!
H-HOLY RADS! IT'S HIM — DEATH!
OH, JEEZ! AN' WE REPORTED HIM TOO!
WE-WE'RE DONE FOR!
GREAT JOVIS, SON OF GRUD, PLEASE FORGIVE ME FOR ALL THE BAD THINGS I DONE! I KNOW I SAID I DIDN'T BELIEVE IN YOU BUT I DIDN'T REALLY MEAN IT AN' I PROMISE IF YOU GIVE ME ANOTHER CHANCE I'LL PRAY ALLA TIME AN' STOP ALL THAT BUSINESS WIT' THE BEER BOTTLES AN' THE DINKY WRAPPERS ONLY
PLEASE DON'T LET HIM KILL ME!
ARE YOU JERKS FINISHED—?
HUH?
H-HEY, WE'RE SAVED! IT AIN'T DEATH — IT'S OL' DREDDY!
YOU GOTTA EXCUSE US, JUDGE. WE KINDA TOOK YOU FOR THE OTHER J.D.!
BOY, THEM SISTERS OF DEATH SURE MESSED YOU UP PRETTY BAD, HUH?
YOU THE CITIZENS REPORTED SIGHTING JUDGE DEATH?
YEAH, US ALL RIGHT! IN THERE — THE OLD HOLOGRAPH THEATRE! SAW HIM CLEAR AS DAY!

WHAT WERE YOU CREEPS DOING IN THERE? THAT'S PRIVATE PROPERTY – CLEAR CASE OF **TRESPASS**.
HEY, WHAT ABOUT THE REWARD –?
BOY, SOME THINGS NEVER CHANGE!
YOU **DARE** TO CALL YOURSSSELFF **CHNIEFFF JJUDGGGE**!
DREDD
YOU WHO HAVVE CONSSSISSTENTLY ALLOWED YOUR CCITIZZZENSSS TO ESSCAPE PUNISSHHMENT FOR THEIR **CRIME**!
WHAT CRIME?
THE ONE TRUE CRIME – **LIFFFE** ITSSSELFFF!
DEATH
BEFFFORE YOU DIE YOU WILL **ABASSSE** YOURSSELFFF BEFFFORE ME! YOU WILL BEG **FFORGIVVENESSSS** FOR YOUR SSSINSSS! YOU WILL CRINGGGE AND WHHIMPER!
NO!
INSTINCTIVE REACTION –
GET HIS HEAD DOWN!
COME ON, OLD MAN! THE BOSS SAID **BEG**!

NEVER!
LASER PROJECTION.
CURSSSE YOU!
PRIVATE NO ADMITTANCE
SILVER'S MURDER- RECORDED FOR POSTERITY...
PROJECTION ROOM
WAS THAT HOW IT HAPPENED?

AUTOMATIC RUNNING--
SCANSEG
0.28
0.27
0.26
0.25
0.24
RAPID FIRE! BLOW HIS BONES AWAY!
MY FIRST ENCOUNTER WITH DEATH — IN THE NIGHTCLUB. *
*SEE PROG 149.
HIMSELF — YOUNGER.
SWITCH TO INCENDIARY!
BEFORE HIS ENCOUNTER WITH THE SISTERS OF DEATH.
BEFORE THEIR BLACK FIRE TURNED HIM INTO AN IMITATION OF DEATH —

US
PROGRAM
SCANSEG
0.41
0.40
0.39
0.38
HERE LIES THE BODY OF JUDGE ANDERSON – AND TRAPPED WITHIN HER THE SPIRIT OF JUDGE DEATH. A HIDEOUS CREATURE FROM A DIMENSION WHERE LIFE IS A CRIME.
SUPREME SACRIFICE
OLD ARCHIVE RECORDING – FROM THE BLACK MUSEUM.
WHETHER SHE IS ALIVE OR DEAD, NO ONE KNOWS...
...FOR WE CAN NEVER RELEASE HER – NEVER RISK JUDGE DEATH ESCAPING TO STALK THE CITY AGAIN.
$$$$$$$!

JUDGE DREDD
THEATRE OF DEATH PART TWO
CONTROL! DREDD – AT THE OLD HOLOGRAPH THEATRE.
LOOKS LIKE WE GOT SOME KIND OF PRIVATE SNUFF SHOW RUNNING – FEATURING ALL JUDGE DEATH'S BIG MOMENTS.
WHOEVER'S ORGANISING IT HAS ACCESS TO SOME PRETTY SENSITIVE MATERIAL. GET SOME HELMETS DOWN HERE TO CHECK IT OUT.
NO SIGN OF DEATH ?
NEGATIVE.
Script JOHN WAGNER
Art RON SMITH
Lettering TOM FRAME
GREETINGGGSSSS!
MY NAME ISSS DEATHHHH!
I HAVVE COME TO JJUDGGGE YOU!
DROKK!
Fzzzttttt

GOOD MORNINGGGG, CCCITIZZZENSSS!
YESSS, IT ISS MORNINGG, THOUGH YOU MAY BE EXXCUSSSED IFF YOU DID NOT REALISSSE... A MORNINGG ASSS BLACK AND CHILLL AS MY HEARTTT!
THE CRIME ISS LIFFFE - THE SSSENTENCOE ISS DEATHHH!
NOT IF I CAN HELP IT, PAL!
HERE'SSSS NAUSSSEA WITHH THE WEATHHHER.
SSSENTENCCCE ISSS DEATHHHH... ISSS DEATHHHHH...
A ROBOT-!
OUR BROTHERSSS WORK TIRELESSLY TO BRING JUSSSTICE TO YOU ALLL, BUT THEY ARE FEWW AND YOUU ARE SSSO MANY.
WE ASSSK YOU TO BE PATIENT. REMAIN IN YOUR BLOCKSSS. THEY WILL GET TO YOU IN TIME!

CONTROL: STILL NEGATIVE ON THAT DEATH SIGHTING – AT LEAST THE REAL ONE.
DON'T KNOW WHO'S BEHIND THIS BUT I'M BEGINNING TO GET ANNOYED.
I'LL KEEP YOU INFORMED.
SCANSEG
Fzz-zzttt
0.02
0.01
0.00
Sprakkk!
HELLO! I'M JUDGE UDWIN WINSTANLEY. WELCOME TO THE THEATRE OF DEATH.
WINSTANLEY – HE WAS THE CURATOR OF THE BLACK MUSEUM.
THE FOG BEGINS TO CLEAR...
CHIEF JUDGE DEATH HIMSELF INSTRUCTED ME TO SET UP THIS EXHIBITION AS A PERMANENT MONUMENT TO HIS GREAT WORKS.
WHY? I MUST ADMIT IT PUZZLED ME AS WELL. IF HE INTENDS TO EXECUTE THE WHOLE CITY, WHO WILL BE LEFT TO COME AND SEE IT?
STILL, OURS NOT TO REASON WHY...
OFFICE
PRIVATE
WINSTANLEY~

DROKK!
W.WINSTANLEY
HE HASSSS BEEN JJUDGGGED!
DON'T TELL ME — I'M NEXT!
DAMN THINGS POPPIN' UP ALL OVER THE PLACE —!
CRUNCHHHH!

DREDD-?
IT'S DEATH!
RELAX!
BAKUUUUM!
Donk!
Donk!
DONK!
SEARCH THE WHOLE PLACE — COULD BE MORE OF THEM ABOUT.
AND SOMEBODY SWITCH OFF THE PROJECTOR — WE'VE SEEN ENOUGH OF THAT CREEP!

I'D GUESS THE ROBOTS WERE THOSE DEATH GUARD DROIDS WE TOOK IN THE BEECHER CASE – THEY WERE KEPT IN THE BLACK MUSEUM
THEY TURNED ON THEIR OWNER OWNER AND EIGHT GUESTS AT A DINNER PARTY, IF I REMEMBER.
AND THEY TURNED ON WINSTANLEY, TOO
QUITE A NUMBER OF TIMES BY THE LOOK OF HIM THEY WERE USING HIM AS A PUNCHBAG
THE THEATRE OF DEATH .. A SHOW NOBODY WAS SUPPOSED TO LIVE TO SEE IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE.
WHAT DOES, WHERE THE DARK JUDGES ARE CONCERNED ?
OURS NOT TO REASON WHY...
OURS JUST TO PICK UP THE PIECES – AND DO OUR BEST TO GET THIS CITY BACK ON ITS FEET AGAIN

2000 AD

FEATURING JUDGE DREDD

PROG 702

45p

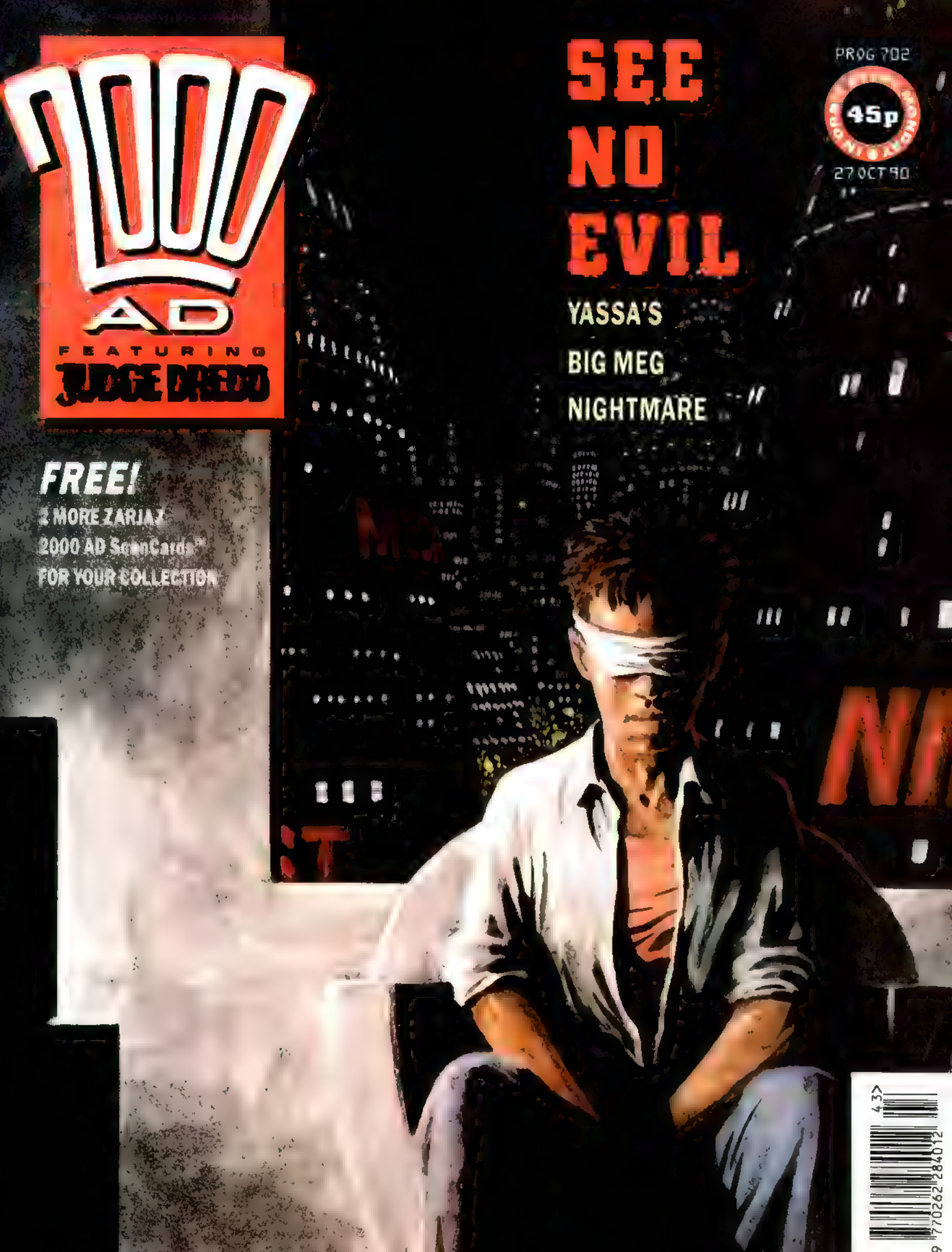
27 OCT 90

SEE NO EVIL

YASSA'S BIG MEG NIGHTMARE

FREE!

2 MORE ZARJAZ 2000 AD ScanCards™ FOR YOUR COLLECTION

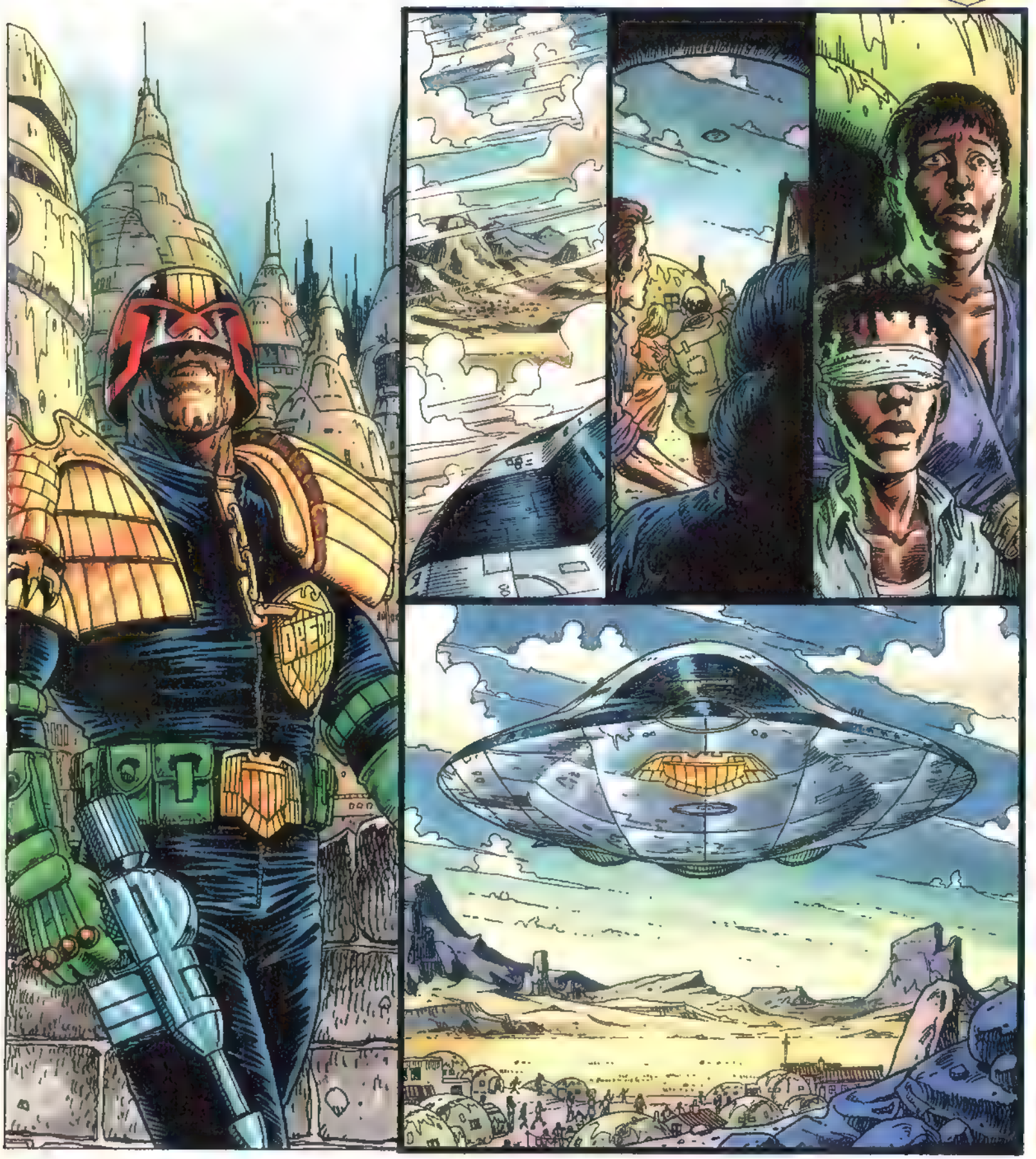


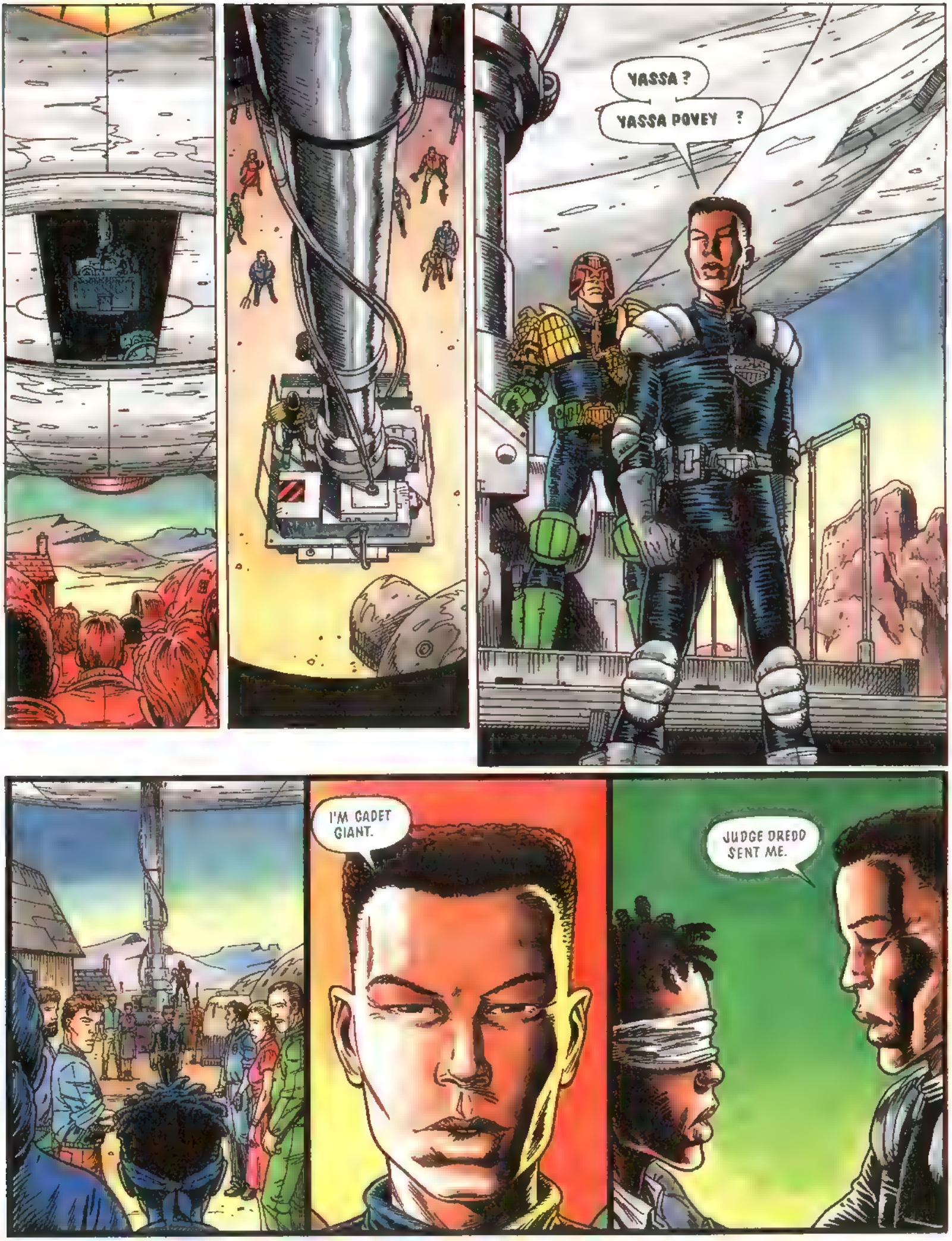
JUDGE DREDD

NIGHTMARES

PART ONE

JOHN WAGNER
STEVE DILLON
TOM FRAME




YASSA ?
YASSA POVEY ?
I'M CADET GIANT.
JUDGE DREDD SENT ME.

THAT'S ALL FOR TODAY.
DON'T NOTICE MUCH DIFFERENCE.
YOU WILL. IN TIME IT'LL TAKE QUITE A NUMBER OF TREATMENTS. I'M AFRAID.
DERMAGRAF
THIS IS NO SIMPLE REJUVE JOB. THE DAMAGE IS QUITE THE MOST EXTENSIVE I'VE SEEN — IN ANYONE STILL **LIVING**, THAT IS
FRANKLY. IT'S A WONDER YOU'RE HERE AT ALL
THANKS TO GRUD AND GREASEPLANT JELLY...*
*SEE 'THE DEAD MAN', PROGS 650-662
SAME TIME NEXT WEEK.
ATTENDANCE MANDATORY. CHIEF JUDGE FEELS IT'S BETTER FOR PUBLIC MORALE TO GET YOU LOOKING A LITTLE MORE, UH, NORMAL.
SHE'S ONE TO TALK.
SOMEBODY OUGHT TO TELL HER TO GET A SHAVE.
DREDD

AS CHIEF JUDGE OF MEGA-CITY ONE WE WOULD LIKE TO SAY, ON THIS SAD OCCASION: FAREWELL, BRAVE CITIZENS! YOUR SACRIFICE WAS NOT IN VAIN!
PIT 49
UNFORTUNATELY, IF WE DID WE'D BE **LYING** – 'COS IF EVER THERE WAS A TRAGIC, PATHETIC, DOWNRIGHT **SENSELESS** WAY FOR SIXTY MILLION PEOPLE TO CASH IN THEIR CHIPS THEN THIS WAS IT
AND WE WOULD FURTHER LIKE TO SAY. GOODBYE, DEAR FRIENDS! THOUGH WE CAN NEVER ATONE FOR THE NIGHTMARE OF YOUR FINAL DAYS, WE CAN AT LEAST ENSURE THAT YOU ARE LAID TO REST WITH DIGNITY AND FULL CEREMONY.
HERE LIE MILLIONS WHO PERISHED DURING THE DARK DAYS OF NECROPOLIS.
MAY THEY FIND ETERNAL PEACE
BY ORDER – JUSTICE DEPARTMENT
SADLY, WE CAN'T SAY THAT EITHER, 'COS WE'RE PRETTY STRETCHED AS IT IS JUST LOOKING AFTER THE **LIVING** AND YOU'RE STARTING TO SMELL A MITE HIGH

Uhhhhh
SO I GUESS THE BEST WE CAN DO IS PUSH THE DIRT ON AND BE THANKFUL THINGS DIDN'T TURN OUT WORSE
GOODBYE. GOOD LUCK AND MAY YOUR GRUD GO WITH YOU.
WHAT'D YOU THINK OF THE SPEECH?
DON'T GIVE UP THE DAY JOB
WISH WE COULD SAY IT WAS THE END OF IT.
HAB STOCK IN RUINS – DISEASE RUNNING WILD – STREETS ALIVE WITH RUNAWAY PERPS. THE WHOLE CITY'S STILL IN A STATE OF SHOCK...
TEX-AID'S SENDING IN FOURTEEN EXTRA CONSTRUCT TEAMS WE'VE MADE ISO-BLOCK REPAIR A PRIORITY.
WISE.
RECKON WE'LL DECLARE AN AMNESTY, TOO – PETTY OFFENDERS, ANY SENTENCE LESS THAN A YEAR.
GOOD WE'RE OVERLOADED AS IT IS.

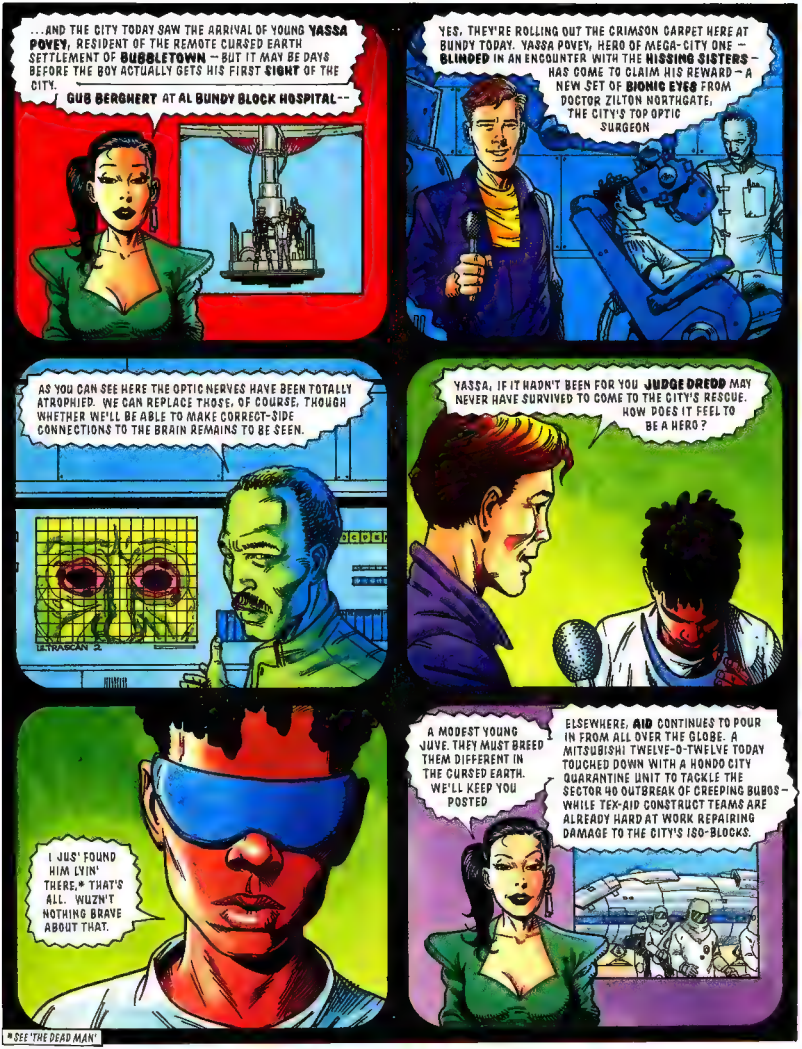
NEXT PROG: WE, THE PEOPLE.

JUDGE DREDD
DOWN THERE'S THE BURIAL PITS.
NIGHTMARES
JOHN WAGNER
CHRIS BLUM
TOM FRAME

WE LOST OVER SIXTY MILLION, MOSTLY TO DISEASE AND STARVATION AND COLD... BUT THE DARK JUDGES GOT MORE THAN A FEW TOO, I CAN TELL YOU.
THERE WAS THIS JUVE WITH US – JULIO. I SAW MORTIS GET HIM. BOY, HE JUST ROTTED AWAY LIKE –

UH-OH... GUESS YOU DON'T WANT TO HEAR ALL THIS, HUH? SORRY.
'SOKAY
YOU CAN'T TELL ME NUTHIN' WORSE THAN I BEEN LIVIN'

AL BUNDY
WELCOME TO MEGA-CITY ONE, YASSA.
I'M DOCTOR NORTHGATE I'LL BE DOING YOUR OPERATION. ANY QUESTIONS YOU HAVE, DON'T HESITATE TO ASK.
THE BIG MEG.
I HEARD ABOUT IT — NEVER RECKONED ON GETTIN' HERE...
IS IT TRUE WHAT THEY SAY — THE BUILDINGS IS SO HIGH IF A BODY WUZ TO FALL OFF HE'D BE A YEAR OLDER 'FORE HE HIT BOTTOM ?
NOT QUITE THAT HIGH...
BUT YOU'LL SEE IT ALL FOR YOURSELF SOON.
AIN'T SURE I WANNA SEE. SEE ENOUGH WITHOUT SEEIN'.
THE SISTERS HURT YOU BAD, DIDN'T THEY, YASSA? *
DON'T WORRY. WE CAN HEAL THOSE KIND OF SCARS TOO.
* SEE 'THE DEAD MAN' — PROGS 650-662


...AND THE CITY TODAY SAW THE ARRIVAL OF YOUNG YASSA POVEY, RESIDENT OF THE REMOTE CURSED EARTH SETTLEMENT OF BUBBLETOWN – BUT IT MAY BE DAYS BEFORE THE BOY ACTUALLY GETS HIS FIRST SIGHT OF THE CITY.
GUB BERGHERT AT AL BUNDY BLOCK HOSPITAL--
YES, THEY'RE ROLLING OUT THE CRIMSON CARPET HERE AT BUNDY TODAY. YASSA POVEY, HERO OF MEGA-CITY ONE – BLINDED IN AN ENCOUNTER WITH THE HISSING SISTERS – HAS COME TO CLAIM HIS REWARD – A NEW SET OF BIONIC EYES FROM DOCTOR ZILTON NORTHGATE, THE CITY'S TOP OPTIC SURGEON
AS YOU CAN SEE HERE THE OPTIC NERVES HAVE BEEN TOTALLY ATROPHIED. WE CAN REPLACE THOSE, OF COURSE, THOUGH WHETHER WE'LL BE ABLE TO MAKE CORRECT-SIDE CONNECTIONS TO THE BRAIN REMAINS TO BE SEEN.
RETINASCAN 2
YASSA, IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOU JUDGE DREDD MAY NEVER HAVE SURVIVED TO COME TO THE CITY'S RESCUE. HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE A HERO?
I JUS' FOUND HIM LYIN' THERE.* THAT'S ALL. WUZN'T NOTHING BRAVE ABOUT THAT.
A MODEST YOUNG JUVE. THEY MUST BREED THEM DIFFERENT IN THE CURSED EARTH. WE'LL KEEP YOU POSTED
ELSEWHERE, AID CONTINUES TO POUR IN FROM ALL OVER THE GLOBE. A MITSUBISHI TWELVE-O-TWELVE TODAY TOUCHED DOWN WITH A HONDO CITY QUARANTINE UNIT TO TACKLE THE SECTOR 40 OUTBREAK OF CREEPING BUBOS – WHILE TEK-AID CONSTRUCT TEAMS ARE ALREADY HARD AT WORK REPAIRING DAMAGE TO THE CITY'S ISO-BLOCKS.
*SEE 'THE DEAD MAN'

CONTAMINATED BLACK MARKET FOODSTUFFS HAVE CLAIMED AT LEAST EIGHTEEN LIVES IN THE NW HAB ZONE. CITIZENS ARE ADVISED TO AVOID PACKAGES BEARING THE "GLUTAMATE GOURMET" LABEL. ALL INFORMATION TO JUSTICE DEPARTMENT.
ONCE AGAIN, VIOLENCE ON FOODLINES CALLED FOR SPEEDY INTERVENTION FROM THE JUDGES, INCREASING PRESSURE ON AN ALREADY OVERSTRETCHED JUSTICE DEPARTMENT, AS ALL FORMS OF CRIME CONTINUE TO SOAR AMID THE CHAOS.
MEANWHILE, THE DEMS ARE ON THE MARCH AGAIN. THE CRY IS THE SAME WE'VE HEARD SO MANY TIMES BEFORE BUT NOW THERE'S A NEW STRIDENCY IN THEIR VOICES —
POWER TO THE PEOPLE!
SO FAR, JUDGES ARE TAKING NO ACTION.
DREDD
DAMN JUDGE!
JUDGES OUT!

INSTANT JUSTICE
NOW MORE THAN EVER THEY NEEDED IT.
SHAME!
SHAME!
SHAME!
SHAME!
WHAT DID THEY WANT? TAKE THE CREEPS IN, BOOK 'EM? PRESENT THE PROOF TO TWELVE GOOD CITS AND TRUE...?
AND WHILE YOU'RE DOING THE PAPERWORK, HOW MANY MORE VICTIMS ARE PILING UP?
MOVE ON!
NO. THIS WAS THE ONLY COURT OF LAW – OUT HERE; ON THE STREETS. IT HAD TO BE. ANYTHING ELSE WAS CHAOS.
CONTROL, WE GOT AN ARV. TREVINO LANE. ONE FOR RESYK.
VICTIMS AND SECOND ASSAILANT REQUIRE MEDICAL ATTENTION.
SENTENCE: FIVE YEARS.
OFFER THE CREEP THE OPTION OF EXILE WHEN HE COMES ROUND – SAVE A LITTLE CUBE SPACE.
INSTANT JUSTICE. OUR WAY OR NO WAY.
AND THAT WAS THE PROBLEM.
ROGER. WE'LL PICK 'EM UP.
CHIEF JUDGE ASKS US TO REMIND YOU, COUNCIL MEETING 2100.
I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN.
THAT'S WHEN YOU STOP BEING SERVANTS OF THE PEOPLE – AND BECOME THEIR MASTERS.
UPDATE ON THE POVEY BOY – OPERATION SCHEDULED FOR 0900 TOMORROW.
TELL THE HOSPITAL I'LL STOP BY ON MY WAY IN.

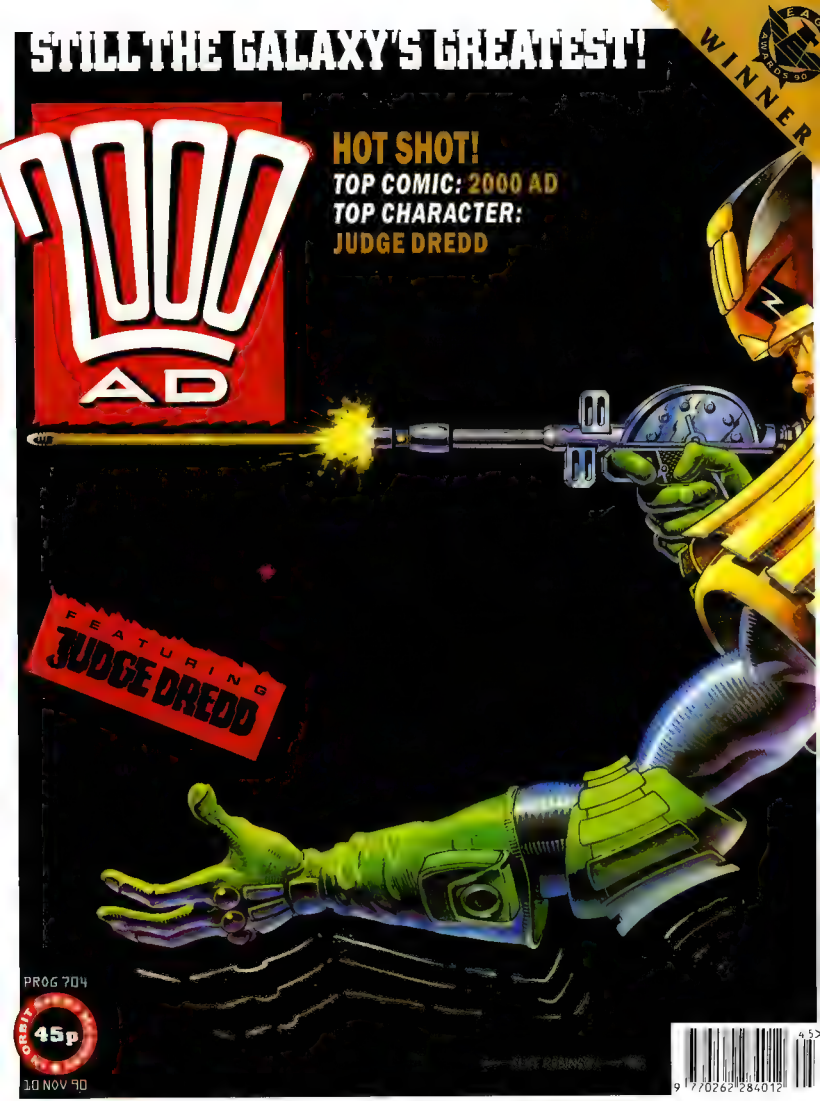
NEXT PROG: HOSTAGE!

STILL THE GALAXY'S GREATEST!

WINNER

2000 AD

HOT SHOT!
TOP COMIC: **2000 AD**
TOP CHARACTER:
JUDGE DREDD



PROG 704
45p
10 NOV 90

JUDGE DREDD
NIGHTMARES
PART THREE
QUIET PLEASE
AL SUNDY MED CENTRE
YASGA POVEY?
OH, YES-THROUGH CASUALTY, DOWN THE CORRIDOR, THROUGH THE DOORS-ROOM 9.
JOHN WAGNER
DILLON/HART
PEDICLES
CASUALTIES...
SO MANY CASUALTIES...
NECROPOLIS CAME AND WENT BUT THE NIGHTMARE STILL WENT ON.
NOBODY LEFT UNSCARRED-THE WHOLE CITY LIKE AN OPEN WOUND.
AND YOU HAD TO BE THE HEALER. THERE WAS NO ONE ELSE.
THE QUESTION WAS, WHAT TREATMENT DID YOU PRESCRIBE?
SURGERY
INTENSIVE CARE
still no sign of Judge Death despite intensive efforts to locate him.

Psi Division's Judge Anderson, who personally apprehended two Dark Judges, told us that it was probable Death abandoned his physical incarnation and escaped the city in spirit form.
Warnings have been issued worldwide, but despite numerous false alarms from Hondo City to Oz, no clue to the Dark Judge's actual whereabouts has so far been found.
Meanwhile, Death's three cronies are under maximum security guard while scientists work on a method of disposing of them permanently. A Justice Department spokesman today said: 'Rest assured, these three will never be allowed to prey on the city again.'
10 MILLION CREDS OR THE BLIND JUV GETS ATE
YOU WILL BE CONTACTED
We seem to have heard that one before
LET HER GO!
GLUK GLUK

STILL SLEEPIN' LIKE A BABE!
UNNHH!
WATCH THE JUVE-!
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?
IT'S THEM STOMACH PAINS-GETTIN' WORSER! DON'T FEEL RIGHT--
ROT YOUR SOUL, RATRAY! YOU BETTER NOT START GOIN' CROCK ON ME!
GIVIM HERE!
GO CROCK ON ME AN' I'LL DROP YA WHERE YA STAND, UNNERSTAND? THIS SCAM'S TOO BIG TO TAKE A CHANCE ON NO FOUL-UP SICKO!
I-IM OKAY, GEECH! I CAN MAKE IT!
WHAT MAKES YOU SO SURE THE LAW'S GONNA PAY TEN MIL FOR HIM ANYWAY?
HERO OF MEGA-CITY ONE-THEY LET HIM GET ATE BY CANNIBALS? THAT'S ALL THE PUBLICITY THEY NEED, AIN'T IT?
THEY'LL PAY, ALL RIGHT!

DREDD TO CONTROL-I GOT AN ABANDONED GURNEY BY THE SERVICE ELEVATOR
ALSO TWO SURGEONS' GOWNS-MASKS, CAPS, GLOVES
COULD EXPLAIN WHY WE'RE FINDING SO LITTLE UP HERE I'LL SEND SOMEONE DOWN TO CHECK THEM.
THAT SUGGESTS TWO KIDNAPPERS-THREE IF THEY USED A DRIVER.
THERE'S A FRESH OIL PATCH HERE
IF IT'S THEM THEY TOOK THE SOUTH EXIT OFF BUNDY. I'LL FOLLOW AS FAR AS IT LEADS.
WE RAN THE RANSOM NOTE THROUGH THE SCANALYSER. IT'S WRITTEN IN HUMAN BLOOD, TYPE "O".
THAT DOESN'T PROVE THEY'RE CANNIBALS.
WHETHER THE BLOOD WAS THEIR OWN OR A VICTIM'S DOESN'T MAKE MUCH DIFFERENCE. SCANALYSER SHOWED UP SOMETHING ELSE-
WHOEVER THE BLOOD CAME FROM HAD CREEPING BUBOS.

YOU CAN TAKE IT THAT AT LEAST ONE OF YOUR KIDNAPPERS IS INFECTED. PROBABLY BOTH. YOU BETTER FIND THAT BOY WHILE THERE'S STILL TIME.
DREDD-ANDERSON!
WHAT'S YOUR LOCATION?
HEADING SOUTH ON THE OLD SKED. JUST PASSING LEVINE.
OKAY-THERE'S A DEMOLITION ZONE JUST ACROSS THE SECTOR LINE. TRY THERE.
YOU FOUND THEM?
NOT THEM. IT'S YASSA-COMING THROUGH STRONG.
I'M PICKING UP ON HIS NIGHTMARE--

HOW YOU TREMBLE, CHILD!
YOU ARE RIGHT TO BE AFRAID! YOU CANNOT EVEN GUESSS HOW SSSICK I AM!
BUT I'M GOING TO SSSHHOW YOU! OH, YESSSS!
N-NO-!
NAUS
AAHHHH
AHHHHHHHHHhhhh
DEMO
ŽO
KE
D
DREDD

IT WAS ALWAYS THE SAME —

NO. . .

HER HAND, COLD AND BLACK, COLD AS ICE, BURNING, BURNING INTO HIM.

JOHN WAGNER
STEVE DILLON
TOM FRAME

TOO TERRIFIED TO CRY OUT, FROZEN SPEECHLESS IN THAT GROTESQUE, GHASTLY MOMENT. —

IFF THINE EYE OFFFEND THEEEE —

THEN PAIN RELEASES THE SCREAM —

BURNN ITT OUTTTT!

JUDGE DREDD

NIGHTMARES PART

AAAAAAAAAAAAA
CONTROL! I HEAR A CHILD SCREAMING, SOMEWHERE IN THE RUINS OF DE CARLO! COULD BE THE BOY!
BACK UP ON ITS WAY!
GRUDDAM JUVE! GONNA SHUT 'IM UP!
GETCHER HANDS OFF, RATRAY!
THE SAME NIGHTMARE, THE SAME HORRIFIC SCENES, REPLAYED, OVER AND OVER, NIGHT AFTER NIGHT—
NO...!
WE DON'T NEED 'IM! SAFER IF HE'S OUTA THE WAY!
AND WHAT IF THE JUDGES WANT PROOF THE LITTLE HERO'S ALIVE BEFORE THEY PAY THE RANSOM?
HANDS OFF, I SAY!
GRUD!

BUBOS. BY GRUD! YOU GOT THE CREEPIN' BUBOS!
OH JEEZ, I—I GOTTA GET TREATMENT!
YOU COME NEAR ME WIT' THE BUBOS— I'LL GIVE YA TREATMENT!
N-NO, GEECH—
BADOW BADOW
BADOW
AAAAA
GRUDAMMIT! YOU SHUT UP, JUVEY! I'M GETTIN' MIGHTY SICK OF YOU TOO!

AAAAAA
YA HEAR ME! KEEP THAT UP AN' I'M GONNA PLUG YA ANYWAYS! I'M LOSIN' MY PATIENCE HERE—!
THAT'S NOT ALL YOU'RE LOSING
DROP IT!
NO WAY—!
KA-CHOOM!
THAT'S ONE WAY.

AAAA
EASY, BOY, EASY!
BURNN ITT OUTTT!
EASY... WAKE UP NOW...
D-DEAD MAN? IS THAT YOU..?
IT'S ME, YASSA EASY NOW
IT'S ALL OVER..
DEMOLITION ZONE
KEEP OUT

TWO KIDNAPPERS, BOTH DEAD. APARTMENT Z, SECOND FLOOR.
ONE OF THEM'S A DEFINITE BUBO CASE, DON'T KNOW ABOUT THE OTHER. BETTER CALL UP A DECONTAM UNIT.
BUBOS SHOULDN'T BE ANY PROBLEM — WE CAUGHT IT EARLY. OTHERWISE THE BOY SEEMS UNHARMED
YOU'LL NEED ANOTHER ONE OF THESE YOURSELF TOMORROW — JUST A PRECAUTION.
MED
THEY'LL TAKE YOU BACK TO THE HOSPITAL NOW, YASSA.
AIN'T YOU COMIN' ?
NO, I'M LATE FOR A MEETING AS IT IS. I'LL SEE YOU TOMORROW, WHEN IT'S OVER.
AND DON'T WORRY — THERE'LL BE A GUARD WITH YOU ALL THE TIME FROM NOW ON. WE DON'T WANT ANY MORE LITTLE MISHAPS. THIS CAN BE A DANGEROUS CITY.
KIDNAP AND CREEPIN' BUBOS IN ONE NIGHT — YOU'RE TELLIN' ME !

2000 AD
FEATURING
JUDGE DREDD

PROG 706
EVERY
45p
24 NOV 90

THE SHINING

DREDD CLEANS UP
IN MEGA-CITY 1!

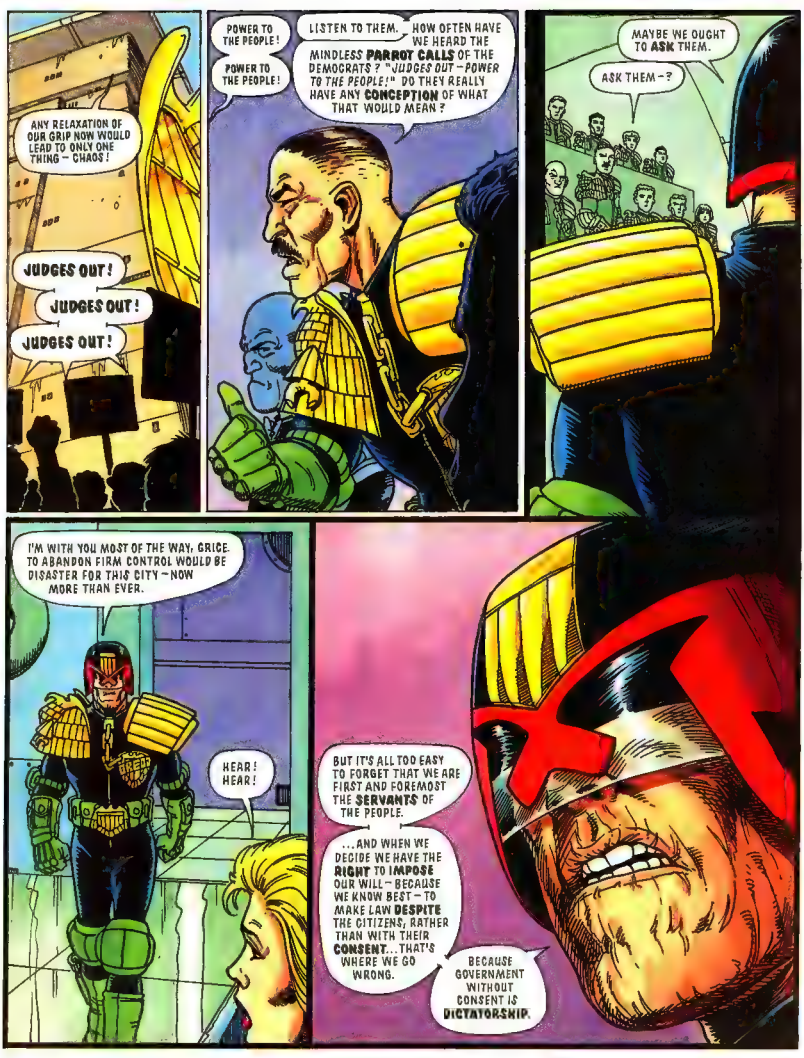
ISSN 0262-284X

JUDGE DREDD
NIGHTMARE
POWER TO THE PEOPLE
ONE-TWO-THREE-FOUR-
NO MORE JUDGES ANYMORE!
FIVE-SIX-SEVEN-EIGHT-
LET THE PEOPLE LEGISLATE!
WE SHALL OVERCU-U-UM.
WE'RE ALL HERE, 'CEPT FOR DREDD-
AN' IF HE CAN'T MAKE IT IN TIME
THEN WE'LL JUST START THE
MEETING WITHOUT HIM.
IT IS OUR INTENTION NOT TO REFORM THE COUNCIL OF FIVE, BUT TO CALL ON ADVICE FROM ALL SENIOR JUDGES AS AND WHEN REQUIRED.
WE TAKE IT NONE OF YOU HAS ANY OBJECTION TO US CONTINUIN' AS CHIEF JUDGE?
JOHN WAGNER
STEVE DILLON
TOM FRAME

MAY I SUGGEST, CHIEF JUDGE, THAT YOU MIGHT CUT A MORE... CONVINCING FIGURE WITH THE PUBLIC IF YOU, UH... HAD THAT GROWTH REMOVED.
YOU DON'T LIKE OUR BEARD. OKAY. WE'LL TAKE THAT UNDER CONSIDERATION.
WE ? IS THIS SOME KIND OF JOBSHARE ARRANGEMENT?
I TAKE IT IT'S THE ROYAL WE.
YOU THERE! WHAT'S ALL THE WHISPERIN' ABOUT? YOU GOT SOMETHIN' TO SAY, SAY IT TO ALL OF US !
BY ALL OF US DO YOU MEAN EVERYONE ASSEMBLED HERE — OR JUST YOURSELF ?
YOU GOT A LOT OF LIP, GRICE — FOR A LILY LIVER WHO TURNED TRAITOR WHEN THE CHIPS WERE DOWN !
CHIEF JUDGE, THAT'S UNFAIR!
NONE OF US WANTED TO SERVE THE SISTERS OF DEATH — WE WEREN'T GIVEN ANY CHOICE!
WHAT COULD WE DO, WITH THEM TWISTING OUR BRAINS? YOU ASK THE SHRINKS —
WELL MAYBE THAT'S TRUE AND MAYBE IT AIN'T — BUT IT SEEMS TO US THERE WERE PLENTY WHO DIDN'T KNUCKLE UNDER. THEY'RE DEAD AND YOU'RE HERE...
THAT'S A MATTER FOR ANOTHER DAY PERHAPS... WHAT CONCERNS US NOW IS THAT THIS CITY IS IN ONE GRUDAWFUL MESS AND WE ARE NOT ENTIRELY BLAMELESS IN THE MATTER — AND BY WE WE MEAN ALL OF US.
SO WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE ?
GO ? WHY GO ANYWHERE?
THE CITY'S BEEN THROUGH A NIGHTMARE, THAT'S TRUE. BUT ARE WE REALLY CULPABLE ? I THINK NOT.
WE MUST NOT LET ANY MISPLACED SENSE OF GUILT FORCE US INTO MAKING RASH CHANGES.

...AT THE GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE WHERE SENIOR JUDGES ARE AT THIS MOMENT MEETING TO DETERMINE THE FUTURE OF MEGA-CITY ONE
ROOM 9
THE CROWD OF DEMOCRATIC AGITATORS IS GROWING BY THE MINUTE. SO FAR JUDGES ARE TAKING NO ACTION, THOUGH HOW LONG THIS NEW-FOUND TOLERANCE WILL CONTINUE IS ANYONE'S GUESS.
RUMOUR FROM JUSTICE DEPARTMENT IS THAT THE MEETING WILL COME DOWN FOR A TIGHTENING OF JUDICIAL CONTROL. SO WHAT'S NEW?
AND NEWS IS JUST COMING IN OF A KIDNAP ATTEMPT ON YASSA POVEY, THE YOUNG CURSED EARTH BOY HERE IN THE CITY TO BE FITTED WITH A NEW PAIR OF EYES. WE'LL BRING YOU MORE ON THAT STORY AS SOON AS IT COMES IN...
HEY, IT'S ME! THEY'RE TALKIN' ABOUT ME!
YOU'RE A VERY FAMOUS YOUNG MAN, YASSA.
THIS IS JUDGE ANDERSON SHE'S COME TO HELP YOU
HELLO, YASSA.
THOSE NIGHTMARES ARE BAD, AREN'T THEY?
YES, MA'AM. GOT SO'S I'M 'FRAID TO SLEEP. EVERY TIME I DO SHE'S THERE, WAITIN' TO POKE MY EYES OUT AGAIN...
WE CAN'T HAVE THAT. A GROWING BOY NEEDS HIS SLEEP.
WH-WHAT'RE YOU DOIN'?
THAT FEEL GOOD-?
YES, MA'AM, IT SURELY DOES. LIKE A BIG WEIGHT OFF MY BRAIN...
YOU'VE GOT A SPOOK IN RESIDENCE. I'M GOING TO CARRY OUT AN EVICTION...

JUDGES OUT!
JUDGES OUT!
JUDGES OUT!
POWER TO THE PEOPLE!
JUDGES OUT!
JUDGES OUT!
JUDGES OUT!
CLEAR THE WAY!
SLEEPING LIKE A BABY... MARVELLOUS!
HE MAY NEED ANOTHER SESSION OR TWO, BUT HE'S VERY RECEPTIVE TO TREATMENT.
LET'S HOPE MY SIDE OF IT GOES AS WELL.
WE MUST TAKE DRASTIC MEASURES TO BRING THE SITUATION UNDER CONTROL. I SAY INCREASE POWERS OF TERMINATION – THE FEWER PRISONERS WE TAKE THE BETTER!
I THINK THAT MIGHT BE GOING A BIT FAR, BUT I AGREE WITH THE GENERAL CONSENSUS. THE ISO-BLOCKS ARE IN A STATE OF DISREPAIR. WE'RE UNDERSTAFFED AS IT IS. THE SUPPLY OF CADETS FROM THE ACADEMY WILL BE DISRUPTED FOR SOME YEARS.
WHAT ACADEMY?
EXACTLY


ANY RELAXATION OF OUR GRIP NOW WOULD LEAD TO ONLY ONE THING – CHAOS!
JUDGES OUT!
JUDGES OUT!
JUDGES OUT!
POWER TO THE PEOPLE!
POWER TO THE PEOPLE!
LISTEN TO THEM. HOW OFTEN HAVE WE HEARD THE MINDLESS PARROT CALLS OF THE DEMOCRATS? "JUDGES OUT – POWER TO THE PEOPLE!" DO THEY REALLY HAVE ANY CONCEPTION OF WHAT THAT WOULD MEAN?
MAYBE WE OUGHT TO ASK THEM.
ASK THEM –?
I'M WITH YOU MOST OF THE WAY, GRICE. TO ABANDON FIRM CONTROL WOULD BE DISASTER FOR THIS CITY – NOW MORE THAN EVER.
HEAR! HEAR!
BUT IT'S ALL TOO EASY TO FORGET THAT WE ARE FIRST AND FOREMOST THE SERVANTS OF THE PEOPLE.
...AND WHEN WE DECIDE WE HAVE THE RIGHT TO IMPOSE OUR WILL – BECAUSE WE KNOW BEST – TO MAKE LAW DESPITE THE CITIZENS, RATHER THAN WITH THEIR CONSENT... THAT'S WHERE WE GO WRONG.
BECAUSE GOVERNMENT WITHOUT CONSENT IS DICTATORSHIP.

NEXT PAGE: Wot I did During MeKropolis...

THE MUTANT

PERSONAL DATA

REAL NAME: The Mutant
ALSO KNOWN AS: "The Judge Child"
SOCIAL CATEGORY: Clone
PLACE OF ORIGIN: Grunwald's World (formerly Xanadu)
OCCUPATION: Conqueror of Mega-City 2120
KNOWN RELATIVES: Cloned from Owen Krysler (The Judge Child)
GROUP AFFILIATIONS: None
FIRST APPEARANCE: Prog 397
CURRENT STATUS: Dead

BIOG

After the Judges executed the Judge Child, the Grunwalder set about trying to produce a clone of his powerful ally. His efforts, however, were met with mixed success, as he created an horrific monster bent on revenge against Mega-City One! It was over ten years before The Mutant was fully developed and had learnt to use all of its terrifying powers. Then, in 2120, it set out to fulfil its destiny by bringing the doom to Mega-City One that had been predicted by Judge Feyy in 2102. It began by killing Judge Dredd and turning him into a zombie, then proceeded to transform the city into a nightmare of vampire Judges, monsters and wailing dead souls! Then, Judges Dredd and Anderson arrived from the year 2107 in the time capsule, Proteus. When they discovered the catastrophe, the two Judges tried to take on The Mutant, but to no avail. Dredd soon realised that their only chance was to get back to 2107 and try to change history and, despite the best efforts of The Mutant, they managed to get home. Once there, they ordered the execution of the young Judge Child clone and the Grunwalder, too, in case he tried to repeat his experiment.

PROG CHECK
397-406

CURRENT STATUS: DEAD

2000 I.D.

JUDGE HERSHEY

PERSONAL DATA

REAL NAME: Hershey (first name unknown)
ALSO KNOWN AS: No aliases
SOCIAL CATEGORY: Member of the Council of Five
PLACE OF ORIGIN: Mega-City One
OCCUPATION: Judge
KNOWN RELATIVES: None
GROUP AFFILIATIONS: Mega-City One Judges
FIRST APPEARANCE: Prog 162
CURRENT STATUS: Active

BIOG

When the quest for the Judge Child led Judge Dredd into space in pursuit of the notorious Angel Gang, a small crew was required to man the Justice 1. One member of that crew was a young, up and coming Judge called Hershey. Along the way, she worked side by side with Dredd and faced all manner of weird and wonderful threats. Hershey returned to the streets of Mega-City One a much tougher and experienced Judge. Some time later, Fink Angel sought revenge for the deaths of his father and brothers, but Dredd and Hershey survived his attack. During the Apocalypse War Dredd called on Hershey to join his "Apocalypse Squad" in their effort to destroy East-Meg One. After the war Hershey was quickly promoted to Senior Judge and, following the resignation of Chief Judge McGruder, she became the youngest ever member of the Council of Five, Mega-City One's ruling body.

PROG CHECK

162, 164, 167-170, 172-177, 181, 194-196, 263-266, 269, 270, 284, 300-303, 395-396 (future "vampire" Hershey of 2120) 457, 573
Judge Dredd Annual 1988
Judge Dredd Special 1989

CURRENT STATUS: ACTIVE

2000 I.D.

JUDGE CHILD

PERSONAL DATA

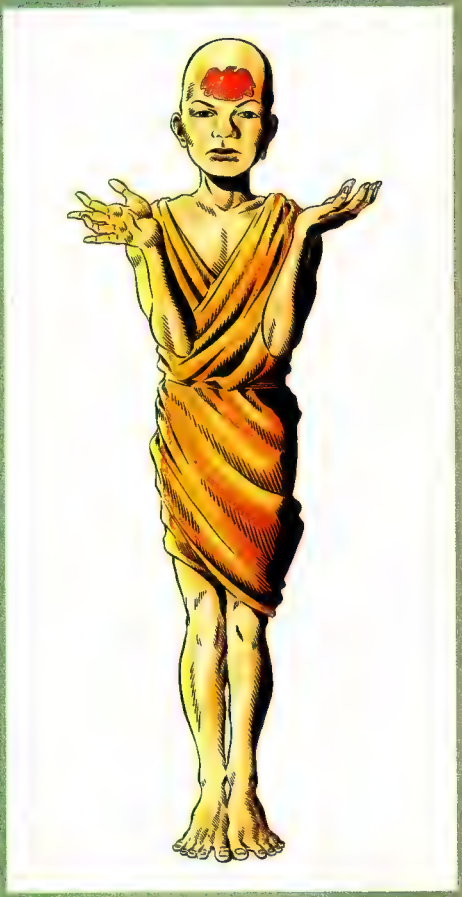
REAL NAME: Owen Krysler
ALSO KNOWN AS: The Judge Child
SOCIAL CATEGORY: Citizen
PLACE OF ORIGIN: Mega-City One
OCCUPATION: None
KNOWN RELATIVES: mother, father (both deceased)
GROUP AFFILIATIONS: None
FIRST APPEARANCE: Prog 156
CURRENT STATUS: Dead

BIOG

Born with an eagle emblem on his forehead, Owen Krysler was a very unusual child. He had mysterious mind powers that set him apart from ordinary people and at a young age his parents took him away from Mega-City One and went to live in a small Cursed Earth settlement. When mutant slavers attacked the settlement and murdered his mother and father, Owen took things very dispassionately. His eyes were already on the remarkable destiny that he believed to be his. As a captive of the slavers, he soon found himself in the hands of the Brotherhood of Trash and then the Angel Gang. By this time, he was also being sought by Judge Dredd, as psi predictions had suggested that only the Judge Child could save Mega-City One from disaster in 2120. After pursuing the boy right across the galaxy, Dredd finally left him behind on Xanadu, in the hands of the Grunwalder. The Judge Child was tinged with evil and unfit to lead Dredd's city. The Grunwalder was able to use the Judge Child to help him conquer all of Xanadu, but after the boy made a revenge attempt to kill Judge Dredd, the mysterious alien allowed the Judges to execute the boy.

PROG CHECK

156, 160, 176, 177, 179-181, 282-286, 288



CURRENT STATUS: DEAD

2000 AD
FEATURING
JUDGE DREDD
PROG 700
45p
13 OCT 90
5 NEW STORIES!
ZARJAZ FREE GIFT!
FREE IN THIS PROG!
YOUR FIRST SET OF 2000 AD ScanCards
TIME FLIES
HEWLIGAN'S HAIRCUT
JUDGE ANDERSON – new colour story
NEMESIS & ABC WARRIORS – special story
THARG'S NEW-LOOK NERVE CENTRE
IT'S ALL HAPPENING NOW IN THE GALAXY'S GREATEST COMIC!

"Hungry Horace" Eats Neighbours

SECTOR 4 GIANT CRUSHES 13!A

THUGGEE SECT RAIDED IN SECTOR 17!

Who... or what... is THE KINF OG THE WORLD?

NEW DIMENSION SOUGHT BY MATHIES!

The Astounding Truth About The Block Ness Monster!

ANDERSON · PSI-DIVISION

SUPER-RAT OUT-THINKS

URBAN CAT BLOODBATH!

LUCY EWING IS MY SPIRIT LOVER!

In an interview today, Ms. Ewing claimed to be in touch with the ghosts of her TV series past. We must [illegible] promises to reveal all in his new videobook.

• NOTICE • to whom it may concern • The Luminous Lodge of the Vril-Ya is seeking new members • If you are interested, wait; you will be contacted

• SATANIST ELECTED SQUASH CLUB CHIEF

Dr Eric L. Satanist has been sworn in [illegible] basis to [illegible] favourite

• SECRETS OF THE MULTIVERSE REVEALED (with diagrams, tables and authorial sketches

8-METRE PYRAMID RAN OFF WITH MY WIFE!

END OF THE WORLD IN 2113?

Self styled prophet William Zinkyw[illegible]

"HITLER ALIVE" claim by Archbishop

THE UNIVERSE IS DEAD

MAN HAS X RAY VISION!

SIRIUS The Dogo DOGON

WAS GOD A MAN? by Renfrew Wissle

Numerology, and How It Can Help You Make As Much Money As Me! Send 49.95, and start the countdown!

ISIS — SIZEIST?

BISECTING THE DEVIL'S TRIANGLE

The Single Bullet Theory

DINASOURS - Did They Ever Exist?

According to megatrich flautist Erwell Weller, III, the answer has to be a resounding NO

Citizen Weller's wife's cousin, an engineer on Luna City

CHARLES FORT NEVER DIED!

SINGER'S TONSILS EXPLODE

ARE YOU POSSESSED OF PHYCHIC POWER AND DON'T EVEN KNOW IT? If so — or if not — try this infallible test 1 Peel a large banana

AUTHORS DOES YOUR BOOK DESERVE PUBLICATION?

SHAMBALLA

SCRIPT: ALAN GRANT

ART: ARTHUR RANSON

Who... or what... is THE KING OF THE WORLD?

Do Spiders Hallucinate?

Artist fights council for right to embalm body of second tramp

JUNGIAN SYMBOLISM IN EVERYDAY UNEMPLOYMENT

THEY USED TO SAY WHEN SOMEONE DIED, A NEW STAR SHONE IN HEAVEN
THAT ONE'S COREY'S
.....
WITH TELEPATHS, FRIENDSHIP RUNS DEEP WE KNEW EACH OTHER FROM THE INSIDE— SHARED EACH OTHER'S HOPES AND FEARS AND HIGHS AND LOWS—
HELPED EACH OTHER MAKE IT THROUGH THE MADNESS OF MEGA-CITY LIFE
WHY AM I A JUDGE? WHAT GIVES ME THE RIGHT OF AUTHORITY OVER 400 MILLION PEOPLE? WHY IS MY WORD LAW?
NOW SHE'S GONE, AND A PART OF ME IS, TOO, AND SOMEHOW IT'S GOT A WHOLE LOT HARDER TO GIVE MYSELF GLIB ANSWERS WHEN I ASK MYSELF "WHY?"
WHY DO NICE THINGS NEVER HAPPEN?

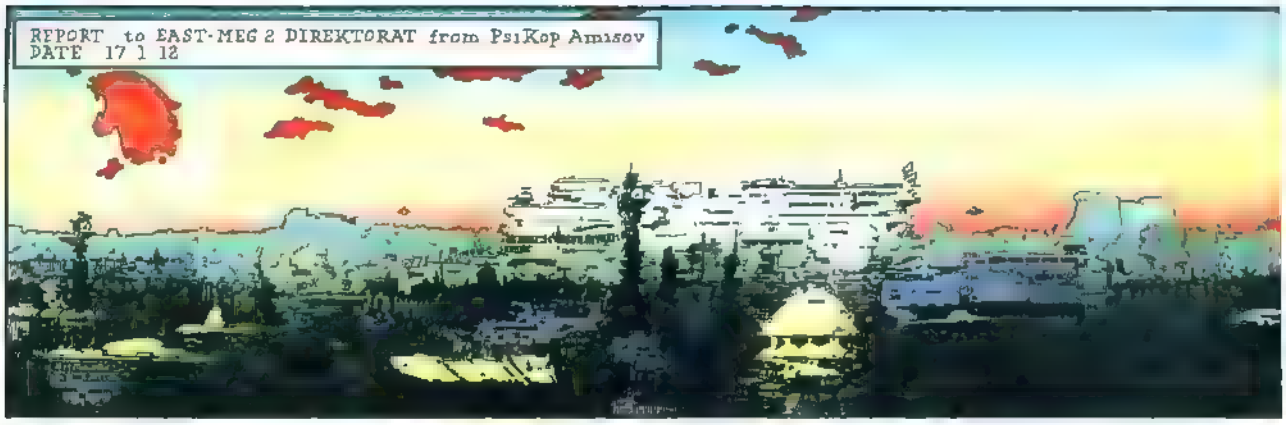
"HUMANITY. THE HIGH POINT OF MOTHER EARTH'S DEVELOPMENT A HUGE BRAIN AND OPPOSABLE THUMBS WE SHOULD BE LIVING LIKE KINGS AND QUEENS.

"INSTEAD, WE'RE JUST WELL-DRESSED MONKEYS—"
JUDGE =NAZI

HEY! NICE PUSSY—
C'MON, BOY! HOWJA LIKE A LITTLE SPRAY JOB?

AAH-AAH-AHH-
NAZI
YOU SHAY "CAT", AL? ISH 'AT A CAT? LET'SH HAVE SHOME—

fun!


REPORT to EAST-MEG 2 DIREKTORAT from PsiKop Amisov
DATE 17 1 12

I was coming off duty after a standard night patrol in the company of Judge Yenko

While returning to the Sektor House I experienced a vivid psionic impression --

It was the image of some creature, like a bear yet not, with slavering jaws and green glaring eyes--

I barely had time to react before the beast was on us-
YENKO LOOK OUT!

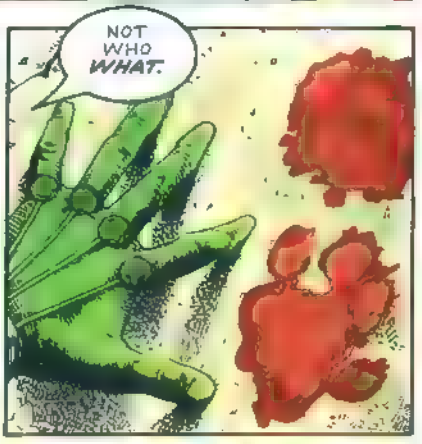
In the seconds it took me to recover and draw my weapon, Yenko was brutally slain--

Despite my fire, the beast seemed unfazed. It turned its attention to me, and I swear that before it disappeared--

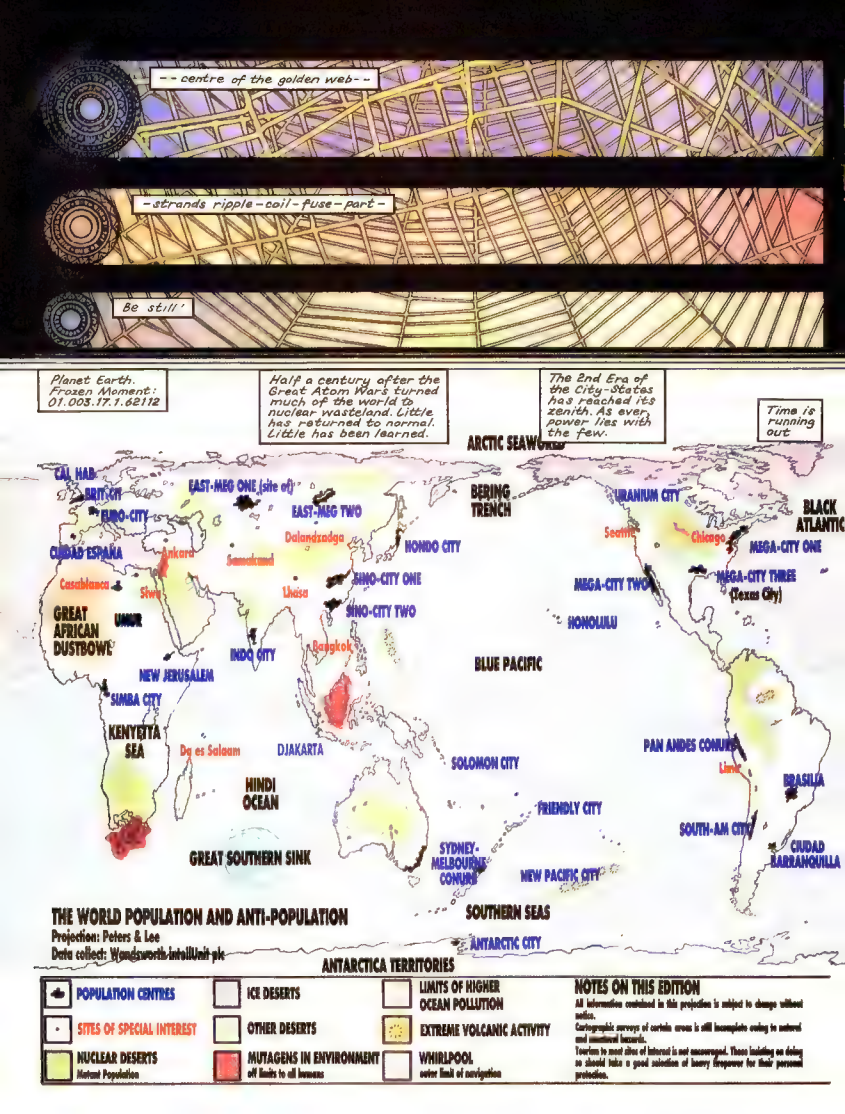
It smiled at me

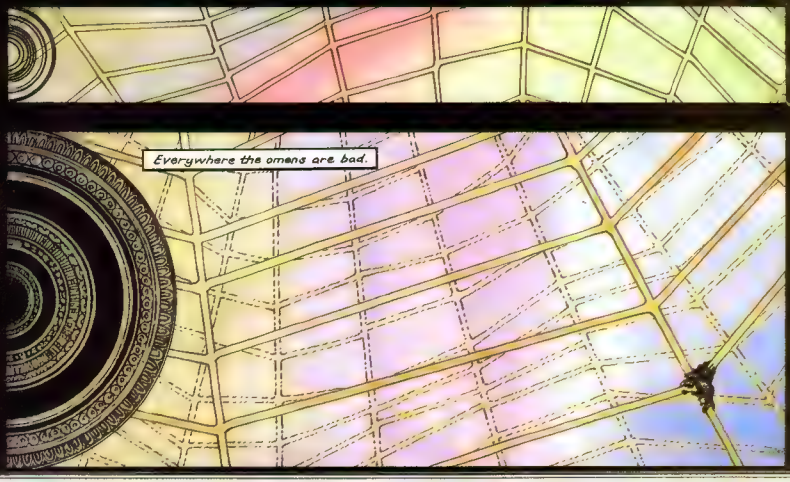
SUBJECT AMISOV
Interogation. Confirms
Lie Detector Confirms
Deep Probe: Confirms

NAZI
SWEET GRUD'
WHO THE HELL COULD DO SOMETHING LIKE THIS.?

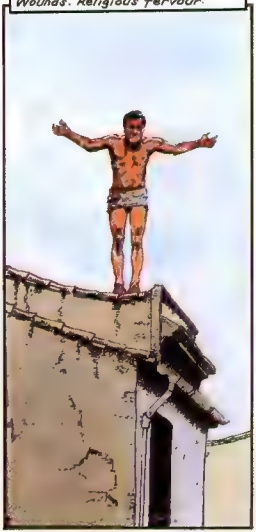

NOT WHO WHAT.

TRAIL LEADS NOWHERE— LIKE THE ANIMALS JUST DIS-APPEARED
I'LL SEE WHAT THE STIFFS HAVE TO SAY ABOUT IT !
In an attempt to discover more, I employed my ability as a psychometrist--


--centre of the golden web--
-strands ripple-coil-fuse-part-
Be still'
Planet Earth. Frozen Moment: 01.003.17.1.62112
Half a century after the Great Atom Wars turned much of the world to nuclear wasteland. Little has returned to normal. Little has been learned.
The 2nd Era of the City-States has reached its zenith. As ever, power lies with the few.
Time is running out
ARCTIC SEAWAY
CAL HAB
BRIT-CIT
EURO-CITY
CIUDAD ESPAÑA
Casablanca
Siwa
GREAT AFRICAN DUSTBOWL
UMUR
NEW JERUSALEM
SIMBA CITY
KENYETTA SEA
Da es Salaam
HINDI OCEAN
GREAT SOUTHERN SINK
EAST-MEG ONE (site of)
EAST-MEG TWO
Dalandzadga
Ankara
Samarkand
Lhasa
HONDO CITY
SINO-CITY ONE
SINO-CITY TWO
INDO CITY
Bangkok
DJAKARTA
SOLOMON CITY
SYDNEY-MELBOURNE CONURB
BERING TRENCH
BLUE PACIFIC
FRIENDLY CITY
NEW PACIFIC CITY
SOUTHERN SEAS
ANTARCTIC CITY
URANIUM CITY
Seattle
Chicago
MEGA-CITY TWO
HONOLULU
BLACK ATLANTIC
MEGA-CITY ONE
MEGA-CITY THREE (Texas City)
PAN ANDES CONURB
Lima
SOUTH-AM CITY
BRASILIA
CIUDAD BARRANQUILLA
THE WORLD POPULATION AND ANTI-POPULATION
Projection: Peters & Lee
Data collect: Wordsworth intelUnit plc
ANTARCTICA TERRITORIES
POPULATION CENTRES
SITES OF SPECIAL INTEREST
NUCLEAR DESERTS
Natural Population
ICE DESERTS
OTHER DESERTS
MUTAGENS IN ENVIRONMENT
off limits to all humans
LIMITS OF HIGHER OCEAN POLLUTION
EXTREME VOLCANIC ACTIVITY
WHIRLPOOL
outer limit of navigation
NOTES ON THIS EDITION
All information contained in this projection is subject to change without notice.
Cartographic surveys of certain areas is still incomplete owing to natural and unnatural hazards.
Tourists to most sites of interest is not encouraged. Those insisting on doing so should take a good selection of heavy firepower for their personal protection.


Everywhere the omens are bad.

Brit-Cit: 419 sightings of the Black Dog in one week. Thanatonia up a thousand percent.

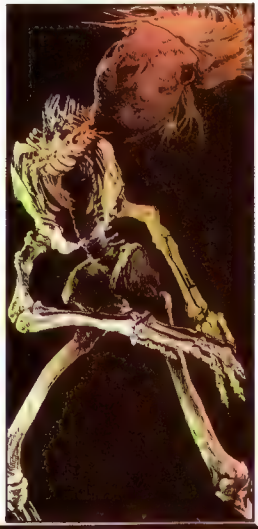

CuidadEspana: 73 stigmatics spontaneously mimic the Sacred Wounds. Religious fervour.

Oz: Suburbia terrorised by phantom aboriginal Bunyip. The deaths are real.

Djakarta: The Manticore has surfaced. Born again Cannibals hold high government office.

SouthAm: Massed ghosts of The Disappeared Ones witnessed by millions.

Hondo-Cit: Oni demons seen walking on Mount Fuji The cherry harvest failed. Suicides trebled.



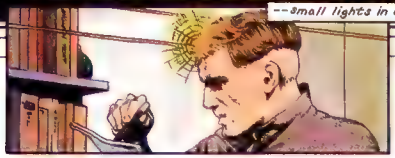
--centre of the golden web--

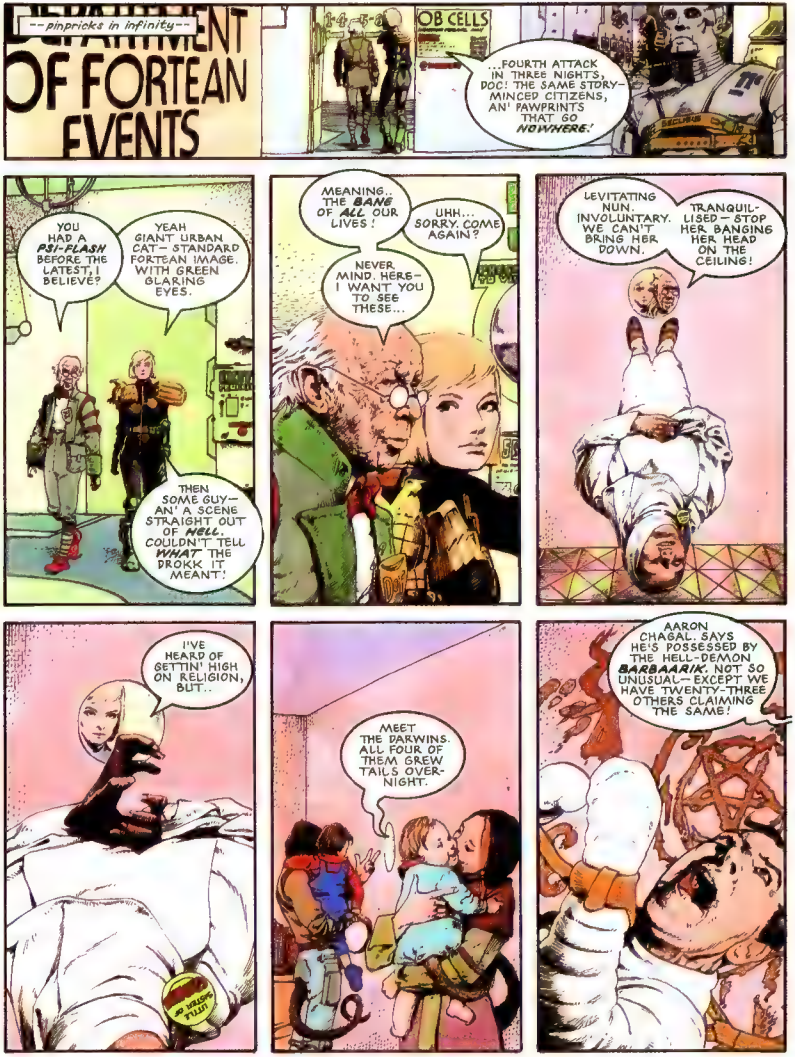
The omens are bad The strands sever

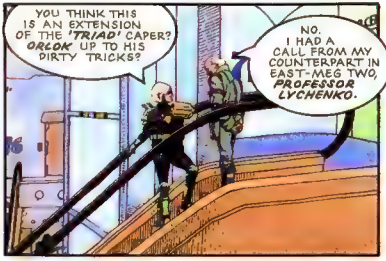
Time is running out.

--strands reach out, questing--

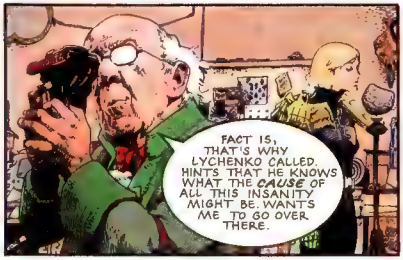
--small lights in a great darkness--

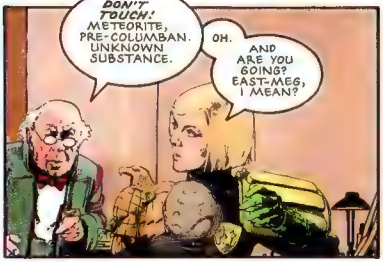



--pinpricks in infinity--
DEPARTMENT OF FORTEAN EVENTS
OB CELLS
...FOURTH ATTACK IN THREE NIGHTS, DOC! THE SAME STORY-MINCED CITIZENS, AN' PAWPRINTS THAT GO NOWHERE!
YOU HAD A PSI-FLASH BEFORE THE LATEST, I BELIEVE?
YEAH GIANT URBAN CAT— STANDARD FORTEAN IMAGE. WITH GREEN GLARING EYES.
THEN SOME GUY— AN' A SCENE STRAIGHT OUT OF HELL. COULDN'T TELL WHAT THE DROKK IT MEANT!
MEANING.. THE BANE OF ALL OUR LIVES!
UHH... SORRY. COME AGAIN?
NEVER MIND. HERE— I WANT YOU TO SEE THESE...
LEVITATING NUN. INVOLUNTARY. WE CAN'T BRING HER DOWN.
TRANQUIL-LISED— STOP HER BANGING HER HEAD ON THE CEILING!
I'VE HEARD OF GETTIN' HIGH ON RELIGION, BUT..
MEET THE DARWINS. ALL FOUR OF THEM GREW TAILS OVER-NIGHT.
AARON CHAGAL. SAYS HE'S POSSESSED BY THE HELL-DEMON BARBAARIK. NOT SO UNUSUAL— EXCEPT WE HAVE TWENTY-THREE OTHERS CLAIMING THE SAME!

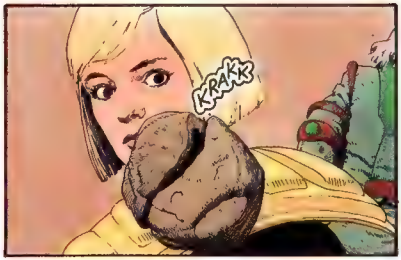

YOU THINK THIS IS AN EXTENSION OF THE 'TRIAD' CAPER? ORLOK UP TO HIS DIRTY TRICKS?
NO. I HAD A CALL FROM MY COUNTERPART IN EAST-MEG TWO, PROFESSOR LYCHENKO.

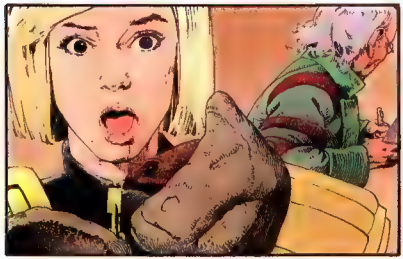
THERE'S A NEW SPIRIT OF GLASNOST AROUND. THEIR JUDGES HAVE DISOWNED ORLOK — HE AND HIS FOLLOWERS HAVE BEEN RE-DEFINED AS 'MISGUIDED TERRORISTS'.
BESIDES, THE EAST-MESS ARE HAVING THEIR OWN BOOM IN FORTEAN EVENTS — LIKE HALF THE REST OF THE WORLD!

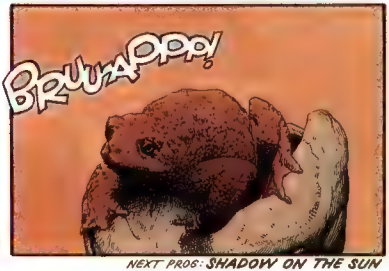

FACT IS, THAT'S WHY LYCHENKO CALLED. HINTS THAT HE KNOWS WHAT THE CAUSE OF ALL THIS INSANITY MIGHT BE. WANTS ME TO GO OVER THERE.

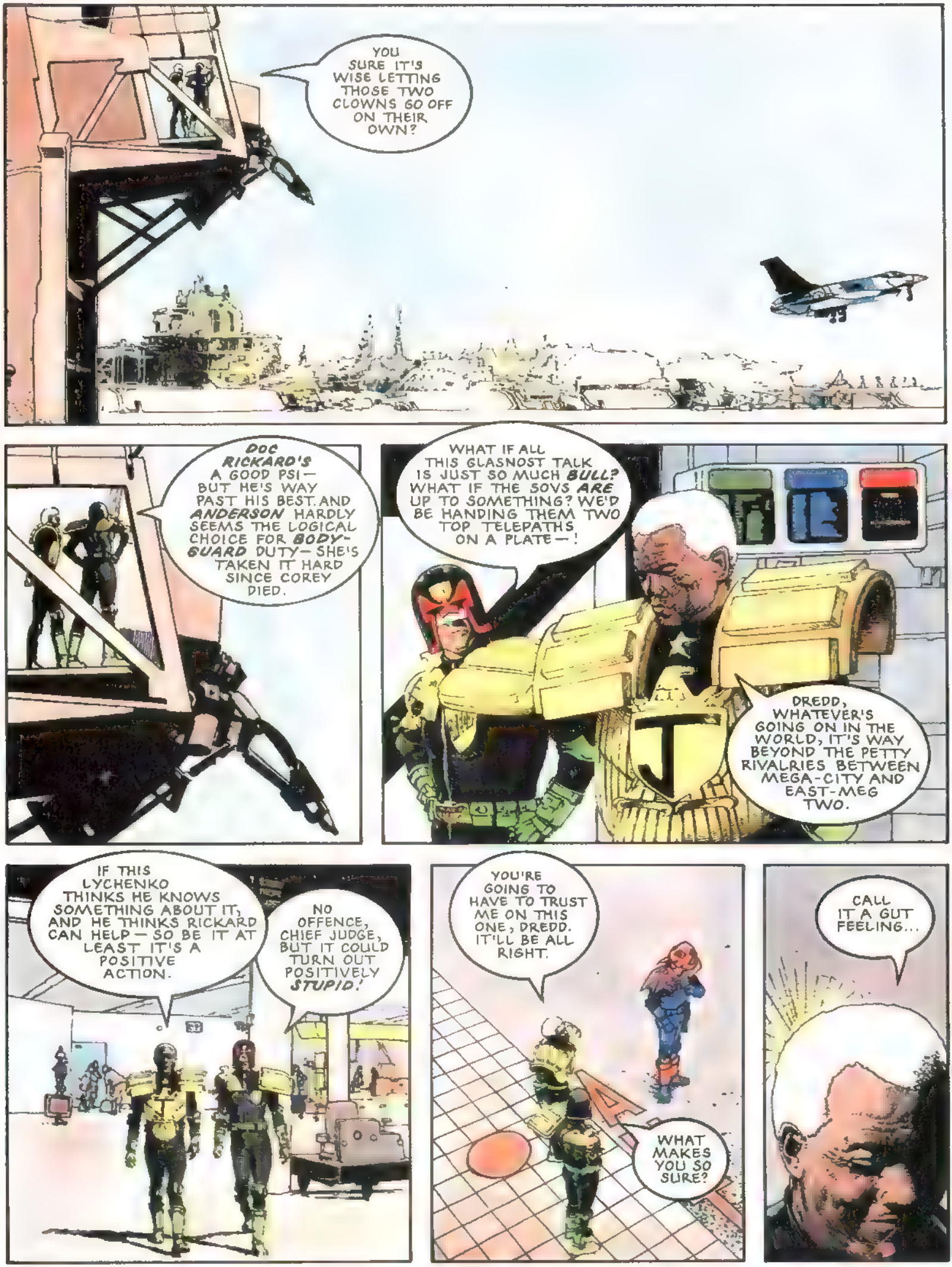

DON'T TOUCH! METEORITE, PRE-COLUMBAN. UNKNOWN SUBSTANCE.
OH. AND ARE YOU GOING? EAST-MEG, I MEAN?

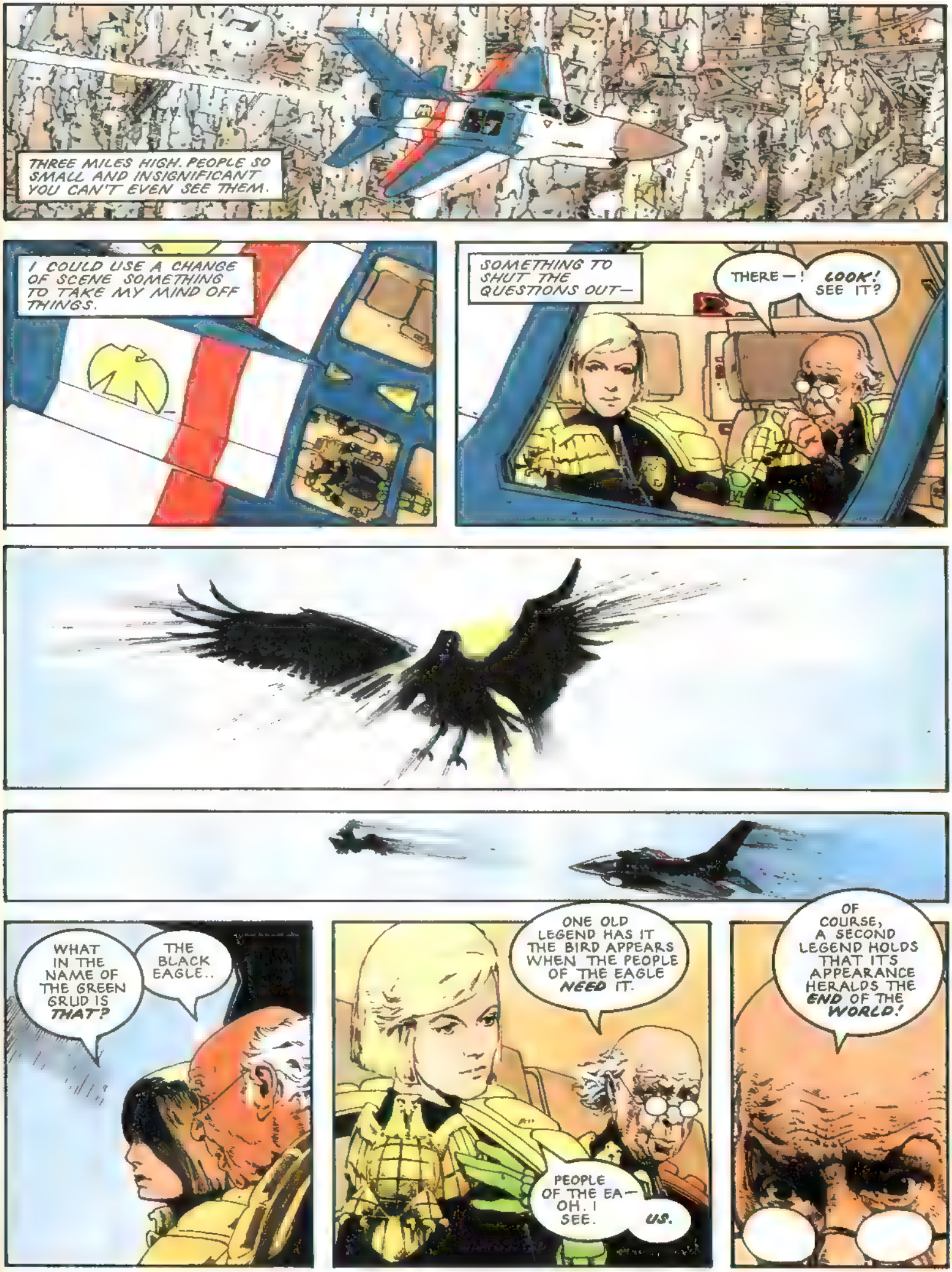
YES. OF COURSE, CHIEF JUDGE DOESN'T TRUST ME ALONE INSISTS I TAKE A BODYGUARD.
KK RK K


KRAKK




BRUUZAPOOP!


YOU SURE IT'S WISE LETTING THOSE TWO CLOWNS GO OFF ON THEIR OWN?
DOC RICKARD'S A GOOD PSI— BUT HE'S WAY PAST HIS BEST. AND ANDERSON HARDLY SEEMS THE LOGICAL CHOICE FOR BODY-GUARD DUTY— SHE'S TAKEN IT HARD SINCE COREY DIED.
WHAT IF ALL THIS GLASNOST TALK IS JUST SO MUCH BULL? WHAT IF THE SOVS ARE UP TO SOMETHING? WE'D BE HANDING THEM TWO TOP TELEPATHS ON A PLATE—!
DREDD, WHATEVER'S GOING ON IN THE WORLD, IT'S WAY BEYOND THE PETTY RIVALRIES BETWEEN MEGA-CITY AND EAST-MEG TWO.
IF THIS LYCHENKO THINKS HE KNOWS SOMETHING ABOUT IT, AND HE THINKS RICKARD CAN HELP— SO BE IT AT LEAST IT'S A POSITIVE ACTION.
NO OFFENCE, CHIEF JUDGE, BUT IT COULD TURN OUT POSITIVELY STUPID!
YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO TRUST ME ON THIS ONE, DREDD. IT'LL BE ALL RIGHT.
WHAT MAKES YOU SO SURE?
CALL IT A GUT FEELING...


THREE MILES HIGH. PEOPLE SO SMALL AND INSIGNIFICANT YOU CAN'T EVEN SEE THEM.
I COULD USE A CHANGE OF SCENE SOMETHING TO TAKE MY MIND OFF THINGS.
SOMETHING TO SHUT THE QUESTIONS OUT—
THERE—! LOOK! SEE IT?
WHAT IN THE NAME OF THE GREEN GRUD IS THAT?
THE BLACK EAGLE..
ONE OLD LEGEND HAS IT THE BIRD APPEARS WHEN THE PEOPLE OF THE EAGLE NEED IT.
PEOPLE OF THE EA— OH. I SEE. US.
OF COURSE, A SECOND LEGEND HOLDS THAT ITS APPEARANCE HERALDS THE END OF THE WORLD!

YOU REALISE OF COURSE, COMRADE LYCHENKO, THAT THIS COULD BE A MEGA-CITY TRICK?
THE DIKTATORAT EVIDENTLY THINK SO — ELSE THEY WOULD NOT HAVE GIVEN US OUR ...MINDERS.
PAH! THE DIKTATORAT LIVE IN THE PAST, AMISOV. THEY HAVE PLAYED AT WARS AND SPIES AND SOLDIERS FOR TOO LONG TO BE ABLE TO SEE THE REAL DANGER, EVEN WHEN IT SNARLS IN THEIR FACES!
BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU SAY, PROFESSOR THESE TWO WILL REPORT BACK EVERY WORD!
PAH! LET THEM! EVENTS WILL PROVE ME RIGHT IN THE END
HOW CAN YOU BE SO SURE.?
I HAVE WHAT OUR VISITORS WOULD CALL A... FEELING IN THE LOWER PART OF MY ALIMENTARY CANAL!

DOCTOR RICKARD! SO GOOD TO MEET YOU AT LAST!
LIKEWISE, MY DEAR LYCHENKO
YOU .!
ANDERSON— PSI DIVISION HI... AGAIN!
AMISOV— PSIKOP I AM GLAD THE CIRCUMSTANCES ARE MORE PLEASANT THIS TIME!
YOU TWO KNOW EACH OTHER?
ONLY SLIGHTLY.
SO FAR.
I WILL NOT BEAT ABOUT THE BUTCH—
BUSH, PROFESSOR

NEXT PROG: THE INHERITORS!

PROG 703
45p
3 NOV 90

2000 AD

FEATURING JUDGE DREDD

FREE!

LAST 2 *ZARJAZ*
2000 AD ScanCards™
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GLASNOST

ANDERSON PSI DIVISION

TRIBAL MEMORIES IN THE SOV-BLOK

9 770262 284012

"60,000 YEARS AGO, GIANTS WALKED THE EARTH.

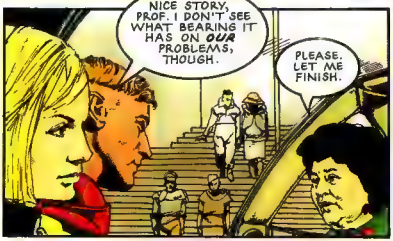
"THEY WERE IN THEIR HEYDAY THEN, AND THE OTHER TRIBES WERE NO MATCH FOR THEIR SHEER SIZE AND SAVAGERY.

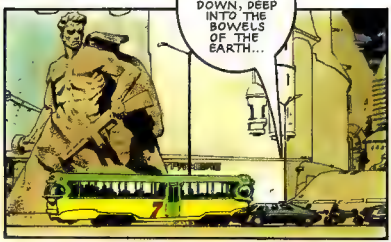
"ACCORDING TO LEGEND, A SHAMAN— TCHUD, THEY CALL HIM IN PARTS OF THE SOV-BLOK— SURVIVED WITH A FEW OF HIS TRIBE.

"TCHUD SPOKE WITH THE EARTH-MOTHER, AND ASKED HER WHERE HIS PEOPLE COULD GO TO BE SAFE—

"AND THE EARTH OPENED HERSELF UP TO THEM."

TCHUD'S TRIBE FOLLOWED THE CAVES DOWN, DEEP INTO THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH...


NICE STORY, PROF. I DON'T SEE WHAT BEARING IT HAS ON OUR PROBLEMS, THOUGH.
PLEASE. LET ME FINISH.

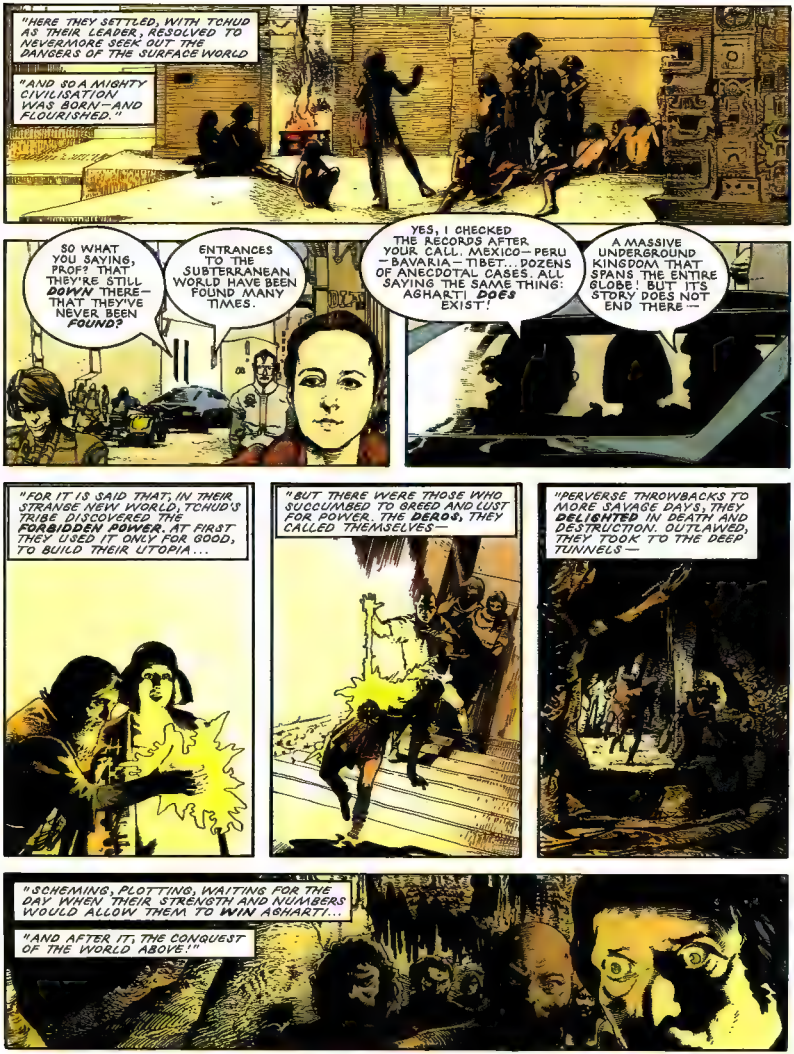


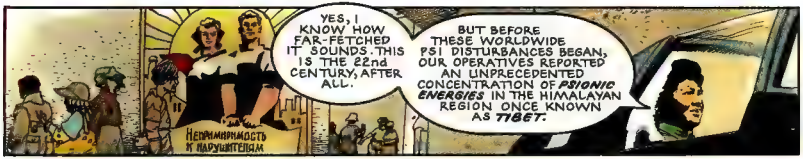
"WHEN THEIR TORCHES FAILED, THEY FOUND CAVES THAT HAD THEIR OWN ILLUMINATION — LUMINESCENCE FROM THE ROCKS.

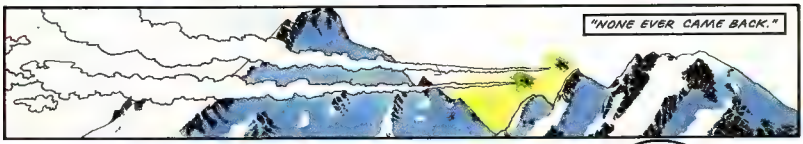
"FUNGI AND MOSSES GROWING IN THE EERIE GREEN LIGHT PROVED HIGHLY NUTRITIOUS, AND PROVIDED ALL THEIR DIETARY NEEDS.

"AND THEN THEY FOUND THE CITY.

"THEY HAD NO WAY OF KNOWING HOW OLD IT WAS. WHOEVER— OR WHATEVER —HAD BUILT IT, EVEN THEIR MEMORY WAS LONG FORGOTTEN.
"THE SILENCE OF MILLENIA LAY ON IT LIKE A SHROUD.

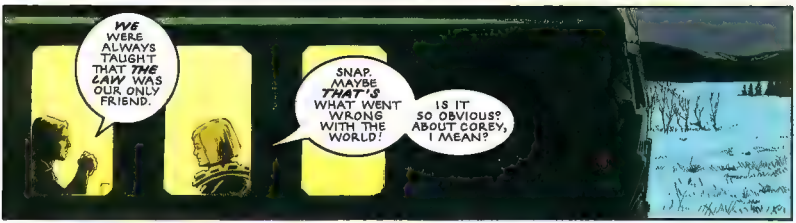

"HERE THEY SETTLED, WITH TCHUD AS THEIR LEADER, RESOLVED TO NEVERMORE SEEK OUT THE DANGERS OF THE SURFACE WORLD
"AND SO A MIGHTY CIVILISATION WAS BORN—AND FLOURISHED."
SO WHAT YOU SAYING, PROF? THAT THEY'RE STILL DOWN THERE— THAT THEY'VE NEVER BEEN FOUND?
ENTRANCES TO THE SUBTERRANEAN WORLD HAVE BEEN FOUND MANY TIMES.
YES, I CHECKED THE RECORDS AFTER YOUR CALL. MEXICO— PERU —BAVARIA— TIBET... DOZENS OF ANECDOTAL CASES. ALL SAYING THE SAME THING: AGHARTI DOES EXIST!
A MASSIVE UNDERGROUND KINGDOM THAT SPANS THE ENTIRE GLOBE! BUT ITS STORY DOES NOT END THERE—
"FOR IT IS SAID THAT, IN THEIR STRANGE NEW WORLD, TCHUD'S TRIBE DISCOVERED THE FORBIDDEN POWER. AT FIRST THEY USED IT ONLY FOR GOOD, TO BUILD THEIR UTOPIA...
"BUT THERE WERE THOSE WHO SUCCUMBED TO GREED AND LUST FOR POWER. THE DEROS, THEY CALLED THEMSELVES—
"PERVERSE THROWBACKS TO MORE SAVAGE DAYS, THEY DELIGHTED IN DEATH AND DESTRUCTION. OUTLAWED, THEY TOOK TO THE DEEP TUNNELS—
"SCHEMING, PLOTTING, WAITING FOR THE DAY WHEN THEIR STRENGTH AND NUMBERS WOULD ALLOW THEM TO WIN AGHARTI...
"AND AFTER IT, THE CONQUEST OF THE WORLD ABOVE!"



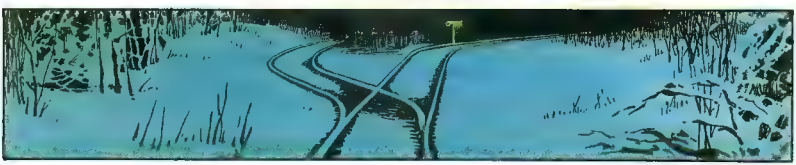


NEXT PROG: THE PSIBERIAN XPRESS

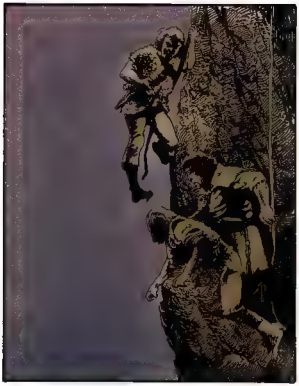
WHO WAS COREY?
MY FRIEND. MY BEST FRIEND.

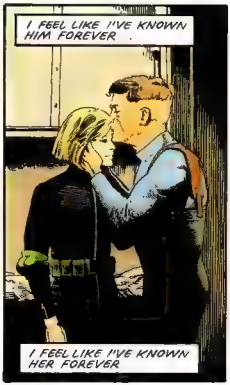

WE WERE ALWAYS TAUGHT THAT THE LAW WAS OUR ONLY FRIEND.
SNAP. MAYBE THAT'S WHAT WENT WRONG WITH THE WORLD!
IS IT SO OBVIOUS? ABOUT COREY, I MEAN?

SHE KILLED HERSELF. SAID PEOPLE WITH GIFTS LIKE OURS SHOULDN'T USE THEM FOR UGLY THINGS.
I'M A TELEPATH, CASSANDRA. I CAN'T HELP WHAT I PICK UP. YOU THINK OF HER A LOT



I KEEP THINKING...
WHAT IF SHE WAS RIGHT?
I'M SORRY.
SO AM I.
LIKE YOUR CURSED EARTH, YES? A FESTERING REMINDER OF THE ATROCITIES WE ARE ALL CAPABLE OF.
I THINK YOUR FRIEND WAS RIGHT. WE SHOULD NOT DO UGLY THINGS.
THEY HURT US TOO MUCH.




I FEEL LIKE I'VE KNOWN HIM FOREVER.
I FEEL LIKE I'VE KNOWN HER FOREVER.

CASSANDRA—
MIKHAEL—

—ugly things—
—cancer in the golden web—
—spreading—
PLANET EARTH FROZEN MOMENT: 09.080 18.1.62113
A PAN-AFRICAN SUPERTANKER SET COURSE DIRECTLY FOR THE SOUTHERN SINK. IT IS THE MAELSTROM'S 666th VICTIM.
IN BRIT-CIT A DESCENDANT OF DORIS STOKES HAS FOUND FABLED EXCALIBUR AND PRONOUNCED THE RETURN OF AVALON.
THE PACIFIC VOLCANO NAI-NO-KANAI SPEWED FORTH A MILE-LONG PLUME OF POISON DUST IN THE SHAPE OF K'UN, THE CHINESE IDEOGRAM FOR OPPRESSION.

IN THE RUINS OF DELHI, A RENEGADE CULT HAS ANNOUNCED THE START OF THE NEW **TOWER OF BABEL** — TO BE BUILT ENTIRELY OF VOLUNTEERS' CORPSES.

THE SPIRITS OF FOUR ROCK GIANTS PERFORMED AN 8-HOUR VERSION OF "A HARD RAIN'S GONNA FALL" ON A PARIS BOMBSITE.

IN THE VATICAN, THE **TURIN SHROUD** IS WEEPING TEARS OF BLOOD.

— the omens are screaming —

— the web is split —

— can the centre hold? —

WE DON'T NEED TO SPEAK
MY THOUGHTS ARE HIS THOUGHTS ARE MY THOUGHTS.
--THREE OF THEM--
--LIKE THE ONES WE SAW IN OUR VISION--
--REEK OF EVIL--
--GOING FOR THE CONTROL POD--
--HAVE TO STOP THEM--

--GRUD!--
--INCENDIARY!--
--THE OTHERS!--
ЧЕРТ ВОЗЬМИ!
--TWO DOWN--
--HE'S IN--

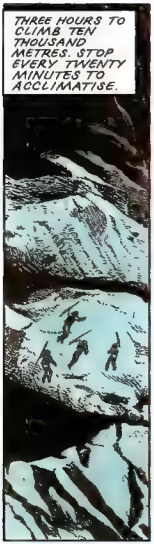
--THE SENSORS--
--SPEEDING UP--
--GOING OUT OF CONTROL--
CASSANDRA!
20
--OH MY GRUD!--

MY THOUGHTS--
--THE COUPLINGS--
HIS THOUGHTS--
--EMERGENCY BRAKE--
--WERE WE IN TIME?--
--WILL WE STOP?--
HIS THOUGHTS--
MY THOUGHTS--
DAMN! WE DON'T WANT TO DIE!

NEXT PROG THE ROOF OF THE WORLD

THEY WERE LIKE MUTANTS. BIG. HAD GREEN EYES.
HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT OUR LITTLE EXPEDITION NOW, ANDERSON?
I'M, UH... MORE OPEN-MINDED, SIR. THOUGH I GUESS THE JAUNT ENDS HERE!
OH, I THINK NOT. SOMEONE— OR SOMETHING— OBVIOUSLY DOESN'T WANT US TO CONTINUE.
BUT LIKE ALL GOOD PSIS, WE COME PREPARED...
WE WOULD HAVE HAD TO LEAVE THE TRAIN SOON, ANYWAY.
HOV-KITS! I HAVEN'T USED ONE OF THEM IN YEARS!
AND YOU WILL NOT BE USING ONE TONIGHT!
THAT EQUIPMENT WAS NOT DECLARED TO THE DEPART-MENT.
NO-ONE LEAVES UNTIL WE RECEIVE FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS FROM THE DIKTATORAT!
RUBBISH!
LOOK—

YOU ARE DOING NO GOOD HERE. WHY NOT GO AND DO SOMETHING USEFUL—LIKE SHOVEL SNOW, PERHAPS?
WE AGREED WE'D HAVE TO LOSE THEM SOONER OR LATER. SO I PLANTED A POST-HYPNOTIC COMMAND THE OTHER NIGHT AT SUPPER!
YOU THINK OF EVERYTHING, LYCHENKO!
MIGHT HAVE MADE MORE SENSE TO MAKE THE K.G. BEAST'S COME *WITH* US! THOSE TWO ARE TOO OLD FOR THIS KINDA GIG.
LOOK AT THEM—LIKE A COUPLE OF KIDS ON THEIR FIRST ADVENTURE!
IT MUST BE SOMETHING IN THE AIR
HURRY UP! DO YOU WANT US TO GO WITHOUT YOU?
FUNNILY ENOUGH, NO.
I GUESS THERE *MUST* BE SOMETHING IN THE AIR... APART FROM THE COLD
THANK GRUD THE SUITS COME INSULATED!

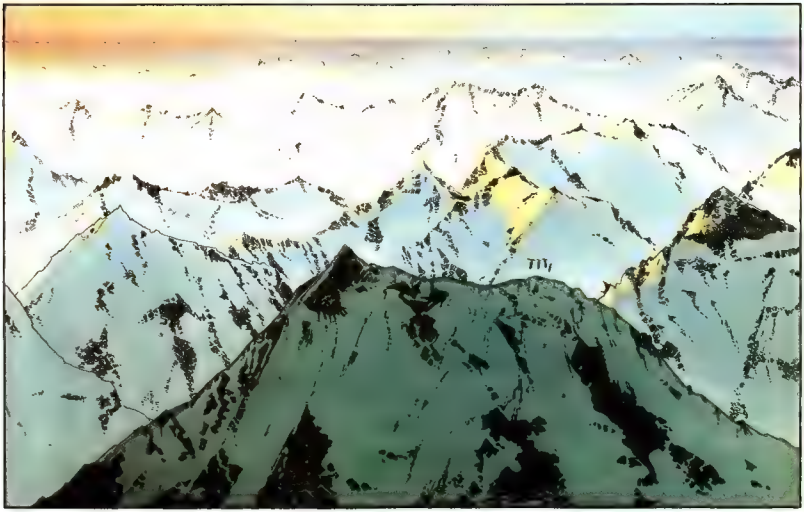

THREE HOURS TO CLIMB TEN THOUSAND METRES. STOP EVERY TWENTY MINUTES TO ACCLIMATISE.

OXYGEN FROM THE CANISTERS LIKE NECTAR TO PAINED WHEEZING LUNGS.

THE MOUNTAINS DWARF US. OUR FRAIL MACHINES CARRY US UP, LIKE GNATS STRIKING OUT FOR HEAVEN...

ANT'S ON THE ROOF OF THE WORLD.

FROZEN— ETERNAL— AWESOME. THEY USED TO CALL IT TIBET.



A WHOLE LOT SNAPPIER THAN "SUBJUGATED REGION OF THE ONE RIGHTFUL IDEOLOGY"!!
热烈欢迎
各国朋友
THEY'RE WAITIN'!

DIVE!

AND SUDDENLY, THE HOME OF THE GODS IS JUST ANOTHER FIREFIGHT.

PROFESSOR LYCHENKO—!

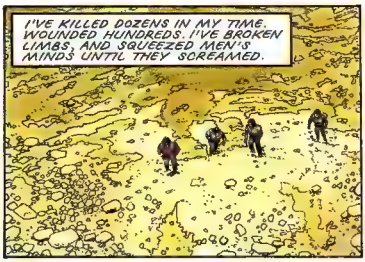
AAAAAAH!

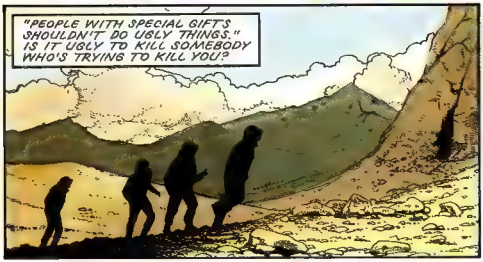
MIKHAEL—!
I HAVE HER!
CHINESE PIGS!
WE'RE DOING THIS FOR *YOUR* GOOD, TOO!

WE MUST HURRY! MY HOV-KIT WILL NOT CARRY TWO FOR LONG!
DAMN! MORE OF THEM ABOVE US!
TIME WE PUT AN END TO THIS— HI-EXPLOSIVE!
AAAAH!
AHIEEE!

NICE WORK, ANDERSON!
YEAH. SURE, PROF.
HOME OF THE GODS... I FEEL AS IF I JUST DEFILED IT.
POWER'S RUNNING LOW. WE'D BETTER LAND BEFORE WE JOIN THOSE SOLDIERS ON THE FAST ROUTE DOWN!
WE DITCH THE HOVS AND GO ON AFOOT.
ACCORDING TO LYCHENKO, THE OLD STORIES NAME SOME UNPRONOUNCEABLE MONASTERY AS THE GATE WE'RE LOOKING FOR.

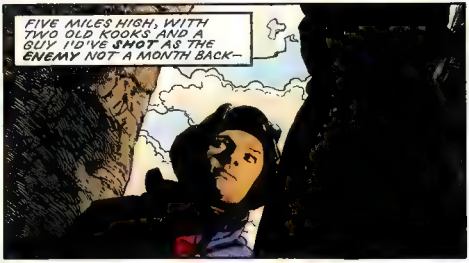
CASS... DON'T BROOD. YOU HAD TO KILL THEM.
I KNOW. BUT I DON'T HAVE TO LIKE IT!


I'VE KILLED DOZENS IN MY TIME. WOUNDED HUNDREDS. I'VE BROKEN LIMBS. AND SQUEEZED MEN'S MINDS UNTIL THEY SCREAMED.


"PEOPLE WITH SPECIAL GIFTS SHOULDN'T DO UGLY THINGS." IS IT UGLY TO KILL SOMEBODY WHO'S TRYING TO KILL YOU?

DAMN YOU, COREY! YOU WERE MY FRIEND. WHY DID YOU HAVE TO MAKE IT SO HARD?

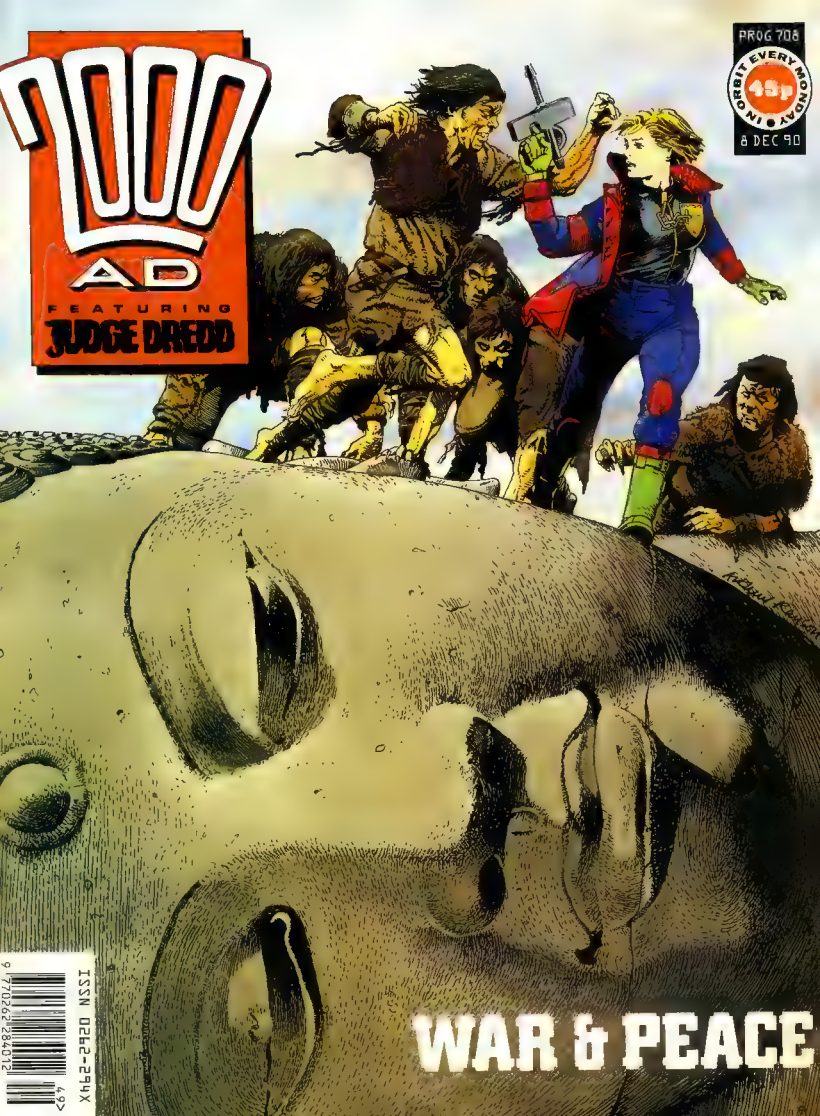
WHAT THE HELL AM I DOING HERE?

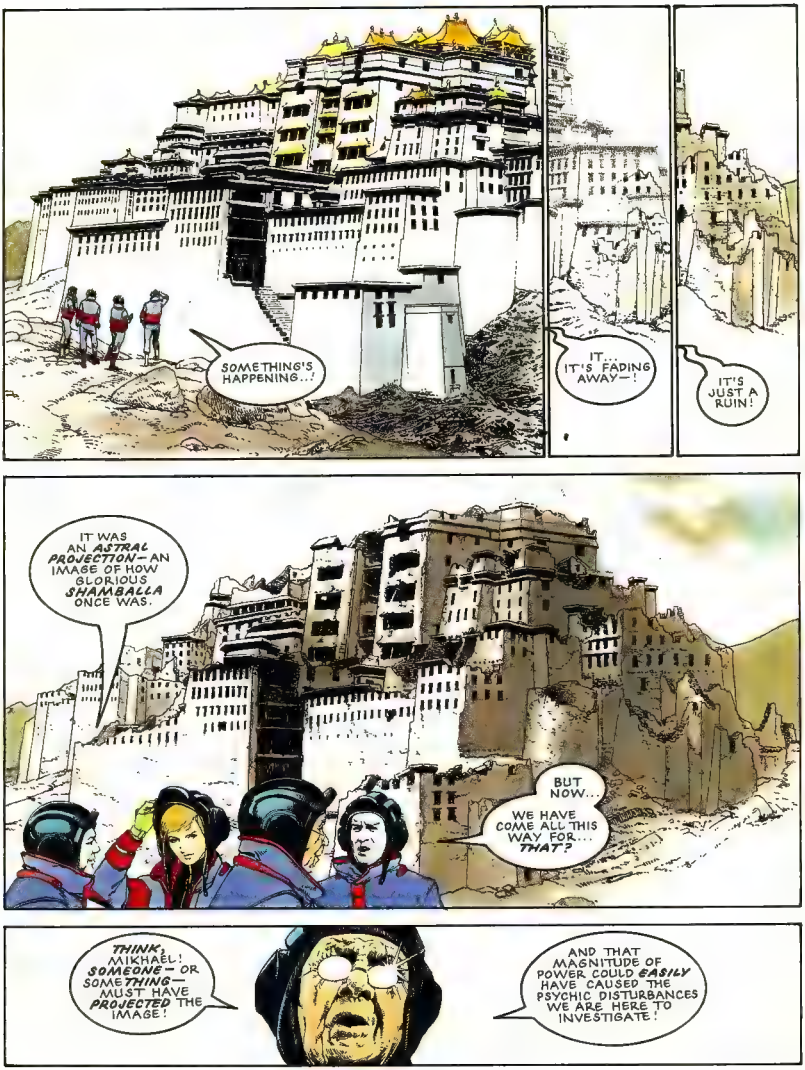

FIVE MILES HIGH, WITH TWO OLD KOOKS AND A GUY I'D'VE SHOT AS THE ENEMY NOT A MONTH BACK—

IN THE DARK...

CHASIN' AN OLD LADY'S HUNCH THAT'LL TURN OUT TO BE A TOTAL CROCK. CLIMBIN' MOUNTAINS WHILE THE WORLD BURNS.

AHH, SO WHAT DO I KNOW?!
YOU SEE? WHAT DID I SAY? IT EXISTS! SHAMBALLA EXISTS!
CASS?
YOU ARE NOT PLEASED?
SURE. I'M JUST WONDERIN'— WHO LIVES THERE?


2000 AD
FEATURING
JUDGE DREDD
PROG 708
IN ORBIT EVERY MONDAY
45p
8 DEC 90
WAR & PEACE
ISSN 0262-794X


SOMETHING'S HAPPENING..!
IT... IT'S FADING AWAY—!
IT'S JUST A RUIN!
IT WAS AN ASTRAL PROJECTION— AN IMAGE OF HOW GLORIOUS SHAMBALLA ONCE WAS.
BUT NOW... WE HAVE COME ALL THIS WAY FOR... THAT?
THINK, MIKHAEL! SOMEONE— OR SOMETHING— MUST HAVE PROJECTED THE IMAGE!
AND THAT MAGNITUDE OF POWER COULD EASILY HAVE CAUSED THE PSYCHIC DISTURBANCES WE ARE HERE TO INVESTIGATE!

I HAVE TO SAY I'VE GOT A BAD FEELING ABOUT THIS
BUT WHAT THE HELL – WE'RE HERE NOW!
INSIDE, IT FEELS LIKE A MAUSOLEUM–
LIKE, ONCE, SOMETHING BEAUTIFUL LIVED HERE, SOMETHING THAT WORSHIPPED GODS WE'VE NEVER HEARD OF, LIVED LIVES WE CAN'T EVEN DREAM ABOUT.
A SOUL-DEEP SADNESS PERMEATES THE STONES. HIDDEN IN THE SILENCE, ECHOES OF DEATH-SCREAMS.
AND SOMETHING ELSE–
DEROS!

LOTS OF THEM! THE PLACE IS INFESTED!
LOOK OUT—!
ШЛЮХИНСЫН!
USE ARMOUR PIERCING ON THEM!
MIKHAEL— HOLD ON!
GET OFF HIM, YOU CREEP! OFF!
OFF!
IT... BIT ME!
TAKE IT EASY. LET ME SEE—

DEEP, BUT CLEAN. I'LL PUT ON A MED-PAK, SPEED UP THE HEALING.
HURRY IT UP! THERE ARE MORE COMING!
TOO MANY TO FIGHT! THIS WAY—!
BRUD! MORE OF THEM!
ZAAK
SHRAAAK!
UP HERE! MAYBE IF WE CAN GET ABOVE THEM...!
IT'S NO GOOD! THEY'RE WAITING!
WE'RE TRAPPED!
HOLD YOUR FIRE!

THEY'VE STOPPED ATTACKING. THEY'RE JUST... SITTING THERE.
AS IF... THEY ARE *WAITING.*

LOOKS LIKE WE GOT A BREATHER, PROF. WHAT YOU FOUND?
OUR WAY OUT, PERHAPS. ALTHOUGH—

THESE ARE *DEATH SYMBOLS.* WHATEVER THE PASSAGE WAS USED FOR, *PSYCHICALLY* IT'S LEFT IT'S *MARK.*
IT FEELS... *HORRIBLE* IN THERE.

AIN'T EXACTLY WONDERFUL OUT HERE, EITHER, PROF!
THERE'S *HUNDREDS* OF THEM—AND OUR GUNS ARE LOW ON CHARGE.
SO UNLESS YOU'RE PLANNIN' SOME KIND OF DIPLOMATIC *MIRACLE*—

I SAY WE AT LEAST TAKE A PEEK!

INTERESTING... THE SAME SORT OF LUMINESCENCE MENTIONED IN THE TCHUD LEGEND!
WHAT'S THAT SMELL..?
OH GRUD..!
DOZENS OF THEM!
SOME OF THEM LOOK AS IF THEY DIED YEARS AGO...
...YET OTHERS MIGHT HAVE PERISHED ONLY YESTERDAY!
THEN SUDDENLY—

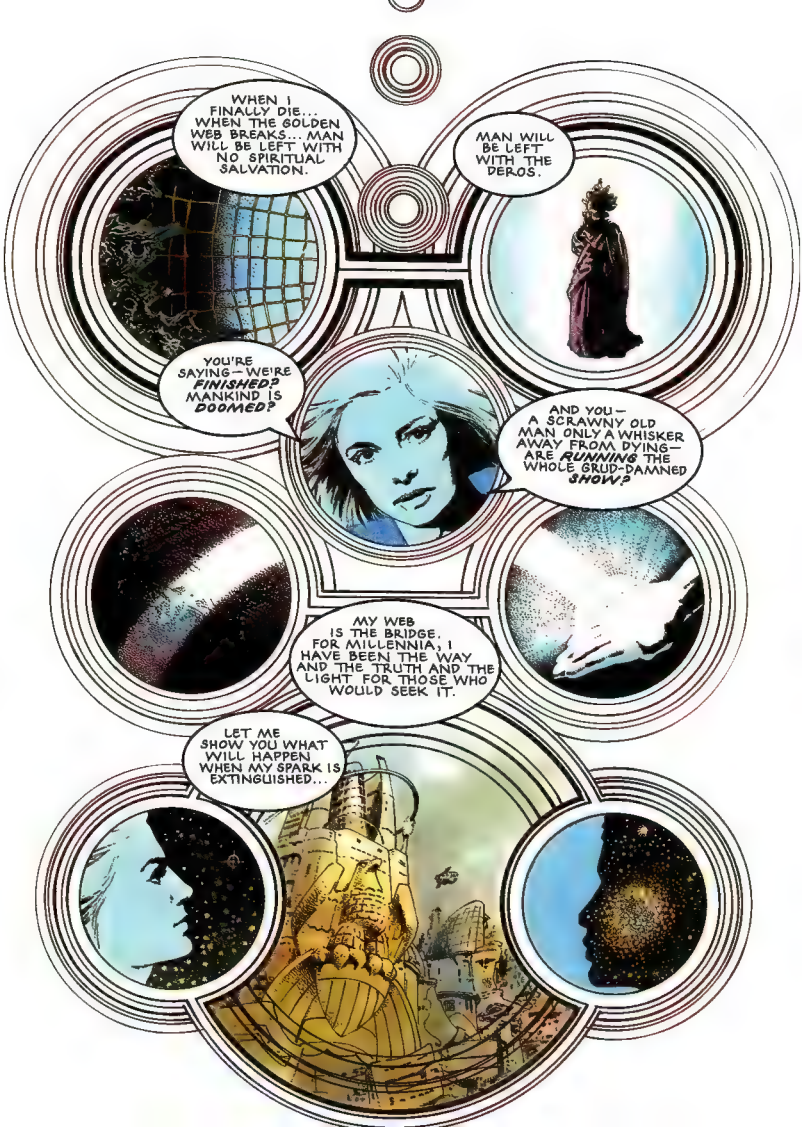
I'M IN HELL
EVERY HORROR— EVERY MONSTROSITY I'VE EVER SEEN COMES BUBBLING AND SEETHING FROM THE DARK PITS OF MY MIND
FILLING ME— SCRAPING AT THE INSIDE OF MY SKULL... SQUEEZING MY BRAIN WITH ROTTING, LONG-DEAD FINGERS...

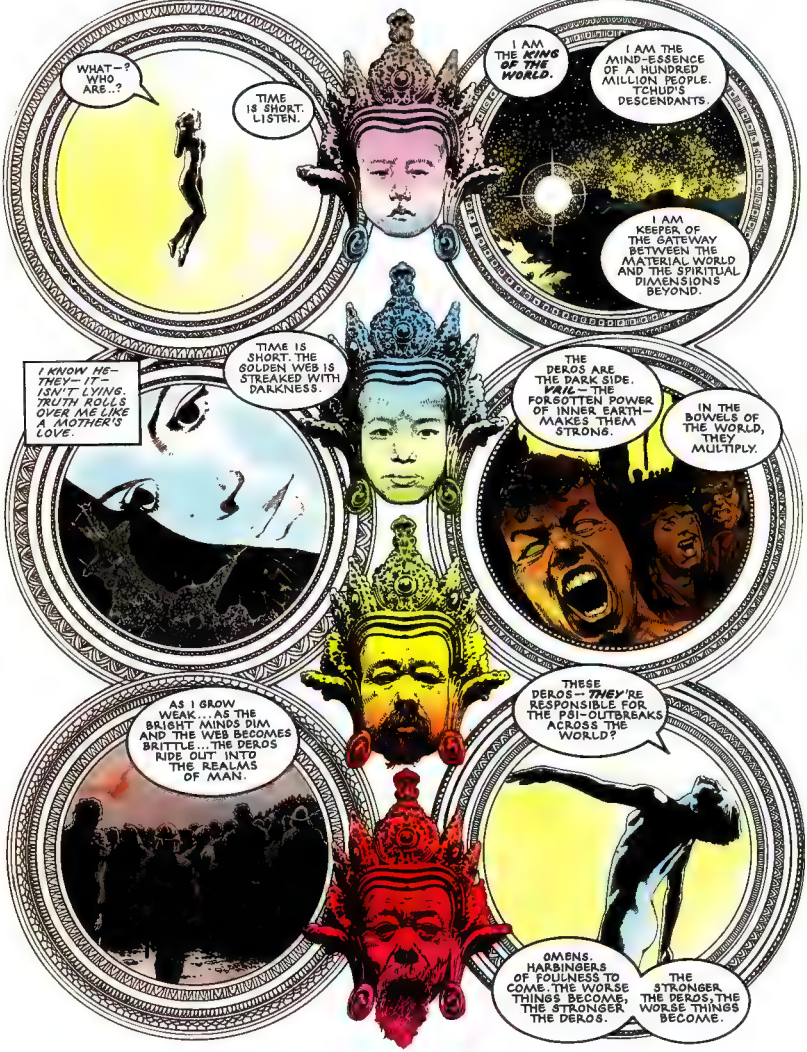
KaccaHRpa!
KaccaHRpa!
CASSANDRA! SNAP OUT OF IT..!
WH-WHAT HAPPENED..?
WHERE ARE—?
END OF THE ROAD, I'M AFRAID. THERE'S NO OTHER WAY OUT OF HERE!
AS FOR WHAT— WE EVIDENTLY TRIGGERED SOME SORT OF PSI-TRAP. IT SENT US ALL ON A VERY BAD TRIP.
THOUGH IT SEEMED TO AFFECT YOU WORST.
PSI-TRAP? BUT WHY WOULD ANYONE—
THE BEST WE CAN GUESS AT...
IS TO PROTECT HIM!
IS HE... DEAD?
ABOUT A THOUSAND YEARS, BY THE LOOK OF HIM!
BUT NO. SOMEHOW— INCREDIBLY!— THERE IS STILL A SPARK OF LIFE IN THERE!

"WE'VE COME ALL THIS WAY—TO THIS RUIN ON THE TOP OF TIBET—TO FIND OUT WHAT THE HELL'S HAPPENING IN THE WORLD.. AND HE IS IT?
"BUT WHY, FOR GRUD'S SAKE? WHY?
"THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT
"SOMEONE'S GOING TO HAVE TO GO IN THERE AND SEE!"
SOMEONE..?
OH, I GET IT. ME!
I WOULD DO IT, CASSANDRA. BUT...THIS BITE. I DO NOT FEEL SO GOOD.
NO PROBLEM, PAL.
I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO DO THIS!
HA HA!
I EXPECT DARKNESS AND MAGGOTS AND CORPSE THOUGHTS—
BUT LIGHT EXPLODES IN A GREAT GOLDEN BALL—

AND I'M IN!

TEN MINUTES— AND SHE HASN'T MOVED OR SPOKEN. REMARK-ABLE!
DO YOU THINK SHE IS . . . ALL RIGHT?
I HOPE SO. SHE'S THE BEST WE HAVE.
PERHAPS WE SHOULD ASK—
NO!
GOOD GRUD, MAN! DON'T YOU KNOW THE DANGERS OF INTERRUPTING A TRANCE AS DEEP AS THAT? SHE COULD *LOSE* HER *MIND* IN THERE!
OF COURSE. I KNOW. I . . . I'M SORRY.
I'M JUST NOT THINKING STRAIGHT. IT'S THIS DAMN BITE . . .
IT WON'T STOP THROBBING . . !


WHEN I FINALLY DIE... WHEN THE GOLDEN WEB BREAKS... MAN WILL BE LEFT WITH NO SPIRITUAL SALVATION.
MAN WILL BE LEFT WITH THE DEROS.
YOU'RE SAYING—WE'RE *FINISHED?* MANKIND IS *DOOMED?*
AND YOU—A SCRAWNY OLD MAN ONLY A WHISKER AWAY FROM DYING—ARE *RUNNING* THE WHOLE GRUD-DAMNED *SHOW?*
MY WEB IS THE BRIDGE. FOR MILLENNIA, I HAVE BEEN THE WAY AND THE TRUTH AND THE LIGHT FOR THOSE WHO WOULD SEEK IT.
LET ME SHOW YOU WHAT WILL HAPPEN WHEN MY SPARK IS EXTINGUISHED...


WHAT—? WHO ARE..?
TIME IS SHORT. LISTEN.
I AM THE KING OF THE WORLD.
I AM THE MIND-ESSENCE OF A HUNDRED MILLION PEOPLE. TCHUD'S DESCENDANTS.
I AM KEEPER OF THE GATEWAY BETWEEN THE MATERIAL WORLD AND THE SPIRITUAL DIMENSIONS BEYOND.
I KNOW HE— THEY— IT— ISN'T LYING. TRUTH ROLLS OVER ME LIKE A MOTHER'S LOVE.
TIME IS SHORT. THE GOLDEN WEB IS STREAKED WITH DARKNESS.
THE DEROS ARE THE DARK SIDE. VRIL— THE FORGOTTEN POWER OF INNER EARTH— MAKES THEM STRONG.
IN THE BOWELS OF THE WORLD, THEY MULTIPLY.
AS I GROW WEAK... AS THE BRIGHT MINDS DIM AND THE WEB BECOMES BRITTLE.. THE DEROS RIDE OUT INTO THE REALMS OF MAN.
THESE DEROS— THEY'RE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE PSI-OUTBREAKS ACROSS THE WORLD?
OMENS. HARBINGERS OF FOULNESS TO COME. THE WORSE THINGS BECOME, THE STRONGER THE DEROS.
THE STRONGER THE DEROS, THE WORSE THINGS BECOME.

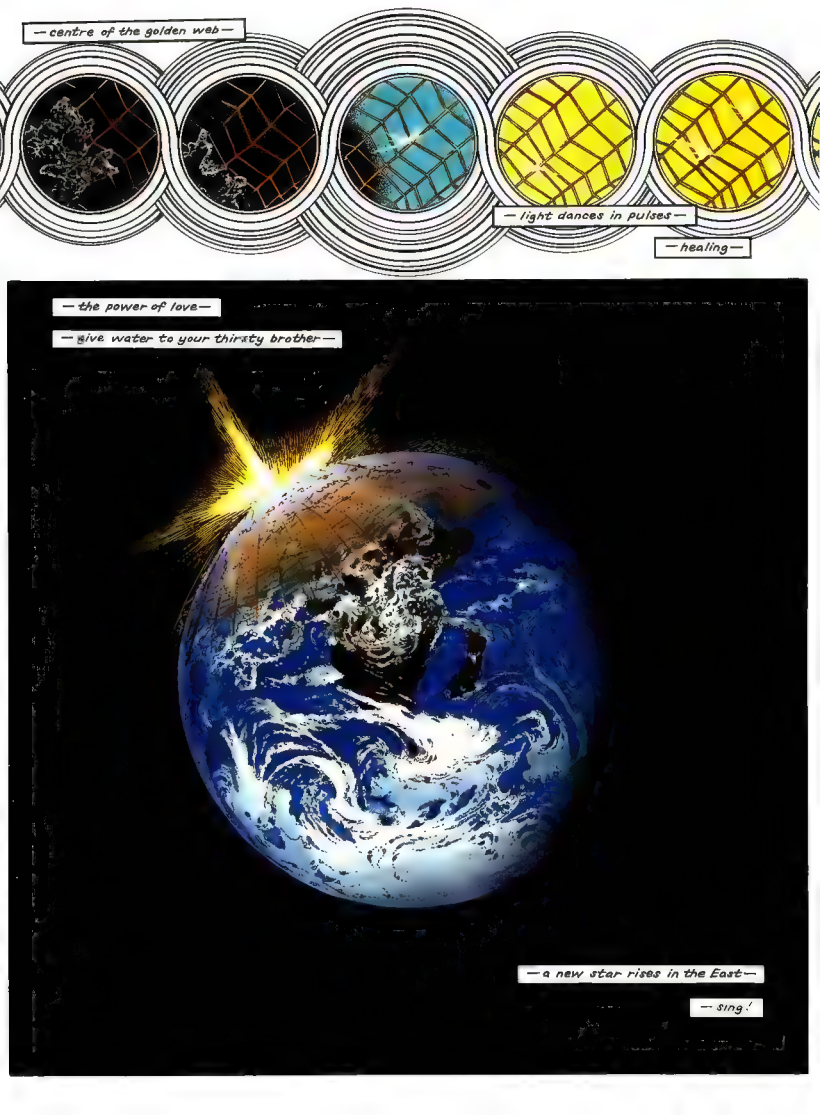
WHEN THE EYES THAT SAW GOD ARE FILMED OVER WITH BLOOD...
WHEN THE HEART THAT BEAT TRUE IS GROWN ROTTEN WITH LIES...
WHEN NO-ONE STILL HARKS TO THE SMALL SILENT VOICE...
MAN DIES.

NEXT PROG: ***NIGHTFALL***

AMISOV?
AMISOV, WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU, MAN?
DO YOU HEAR ME?
AMISOV- NO!
AAAH!
ONE MINUTE I'M IN A HEAVEN THAT'S TURNING INTO HELL
THE NEXT—

WHAT THE DROKK—?
MIKHAEL!
MIKHAEL, LET ME—
NO! DEROS BITE... INFECTED ME..! CAN'T— CAN'T STOP MYSELF..!
PLEASE, MIKHAEL— BACK OFF! WE CAN—
IT'S NO GOOD! I CAN FEEL IT IN ME.. SPREADING.
I... CAN'T STOP MYSELF..!
BLAM!

I... I LOVE YOU, CASSANDRA. I'M So sorry...
A SACRIFICE...?
YOU OLD GHOUL! YOU TOOK THEM ALL!
YOU KNEW HE'D BEEN BITTEN! MURDERER! I OUGHT TO—

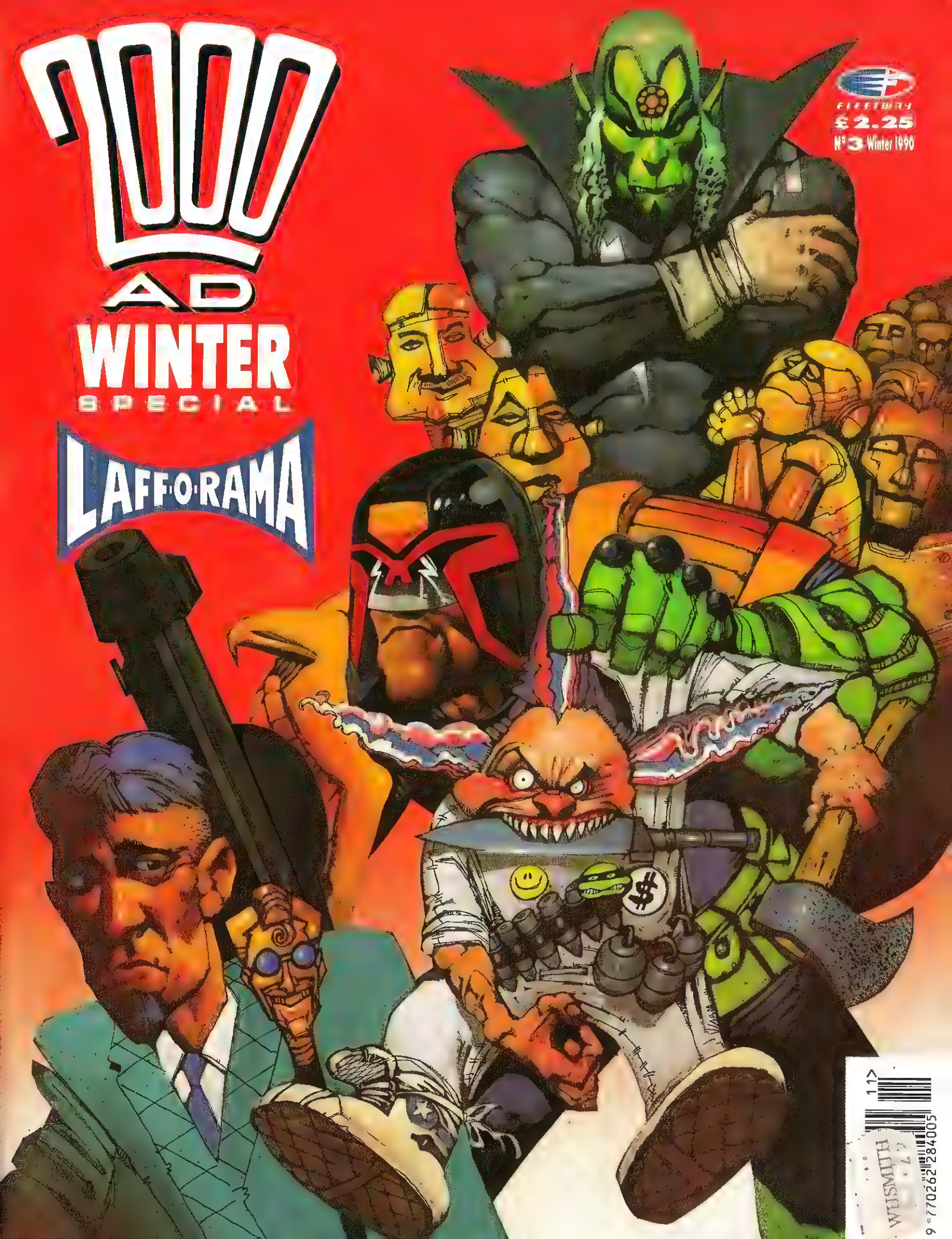

— centre of the golden web —
— light dances in pulses —
— healing —
— the power of love —
— give water to your thirsty brother —
— a new star rises in the East —
— sing! —

I DON'T BELIEVE ANY OF IT.
I DON'T BELIEVE THERE'S AN ANCIENT MAN SITS ON THE ROOF OF THE WORLD AND KEEPS THE WHOLE CABOODLE ROLLING.
I DON'T BELIEVE THERE'S A RACE OF MALIGNANT SUBTERRANEANS JUST WAITING TO INVADE US
I DON'T BELIEVE IN SACRIFICE
I DON'T BELIEVE THAT WHEN A LOVED ONE DIES, A NEW STAR SHINES IN THE SKY.
The End

2000 AD

WINTER SPECIAL

LAFF-O-RAMA



FLEETWAY
£2.25
N°3 Winter 1990

JUDGE DREDD
I'M COLLECTING FOR CARDBOARD CITY
DREDD OVERHEARD THIS AND PUT HIM ON REPORT TO THE CHIEF JUDGE
MIND YOU, THE SCOT BLOCKS HAVE ALWAYS MEANT TROUBLE
JUDGE POTTER SAID TO ME THAT HE NEVER GOES NEAR THE SCOT-BLOCKS AT NIGHT
IF HE SEES ANY TROUBLE HE JUST DRIVES ON PAST.
THAT'S WHY, JUST A FEW WEEKS BACK, THE CHIEF JUDGE HAD WEE CAMERAS INSTALLED IN EVERY APARTMENT IN THE AREA.
THAT'S WHY TECH-DIVISION HAS ME DOING MONITER DUTY ON CHRISTMAS EVE.
CONTROL TO DREDD.
HE'S TRYING TO ESCAPE VIA ALLEY BETWEEN ARCHIE MCPHERSON AND BILLY CONNOLLY BLOCKS.
THIP THIP THIP
NOT THAT I'D COMPLAIN. MIND
OH NO..
WELL, NOT TO DREDD ANYWAY
DREDD
BARRY ENWINS

BUT MA, WHY WILL THE JUDGES NO' LET US HAVE ANY PRESENTS THIS CHRISTMAS ?
COZ THEY SAID WE WERE TOO NAUGHTY THIS YEAR, CAM.
THEY SAID WE'LL GET A CHRISTMAS NEXT YEAR, IF WE'RE GOOD.
UNGHH!
MARK MILLAR
BRETT EWINS
T.F. KLOH!
LOOK MA, IT'S SANTA. I KNEW HE'D COME.
HEY JUDGE, IS HE GONNA GI'E ME A CHRISTMAS PRESENT NOW ?
HAVEN'T YOU HEARD, JUVE ?
CHRISTMAS IS CANCELLED!

HE MEANS IT, TOO.
YESTERDAY, A BOTTLE O' BOOTLEG WHISKY WAS FOUND UNDER THE FLOOR-BOARDS IN ARCHIE MCPHERSON BLOCK.
IF POSSESSION OF COFFEE CAN GET YOU FIVE YEARS IN AN ISO-CUBE YOU CAN GUESS HOW SERIOUS HAVIN' A HOME STILL IS.
NEEDLESS TO SAY, DREDD TOTALLY LOST THE HEID.
MERRY CHRISTMAS SCOT-BLOCKS
RIPPED THE PLACE APART LOOKING FOR THE DISTILLERY.
NOBODY GAVE HIM ANY LEADS TAE THE SOURCE SO HE CAME UP WITH A WAY TO PUNISH EVERYONE IN THE AREA
NO ONE IN THE SCOT-BLOCKS CAN CELEBRATE CHRISTMAS THIS YEAR.
I DON'T CARE IF IT IS CHRISTMAS EVE, NOBODY GETS THEIR TEN MINUTES ON THE SLEEP MACHINE UNTIL THAT DISTILLERY IS FOUND.
DREDD ?
WE'VE PICKED UP A WHOLE BUNCH OF CAROL-SINGERS. WHAT SHOULD WE DO WITH THEM ?
TAKE THEM AWAY
THEY CAN DO THEIR SINGING IN AN ISO-CUBE.
THE JAIL ? FER SINGIN' CAROLS AT CHRISTMAS ?
ARE YE OFF YER HEID, PAL ?
AND YOU CAN DO AN EXTRA SIX MONTHS FOR RESISTING ARREST.
ANY MORE COMPLAINTS, CITIZEN ?

"ALCOHOL-FREE SCOTCH WHISKY". HAH.
AYE, THAT'LL BE RIGHT!
JINGS, HOW CAN WE SEE IN CHRISTMAS WITH MINERAL WATER AND CARAMEL COLOURINGS?
"WHIT DAE THEY THINK WE ARE, EH?
"ENGLISH?"
WILL YE LOOK AT THAT. GRAND, SO IT IS.
THANKS TAE YER WEE HOME-MADE DISTILLERY WE SHOULD HAVE A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS, WULLIE.
AHH!!
HELP M'BOAB!
AW NAW.

FIELD! GET DOWN!
AHH.
MY DROKKIN' SHOULDER.
YOU'RE JUST MAKING THINGS WORSE.
GIVE YOURSELF UP AND I'LL SEE THAT YOU RECEIVE A FAIR TRIAL.
O-OKAY, JUDGE.
I GIVE UP. SLAP THE CUFFS ON ME.
THE VERDICT IS GUILTY. YOU'RE DOIN' TIME, JIMMY.
I'LL ASSUME THAT WAS MEANT TO BE SOME SORT OF JOKE, FIELD?
DREDD, THERE'S STILL A FEW STRAY BOTTLES AROUND THE SCOT-BLOCKS, BUT AT LEAST THE DISTILLERY'S OUT OF COMMISSION.
GUESS WE CAN ALL HEAD BACK AND CATCH OUR TEN MINUTES ON THE SLEEP-MACHINES.

THE VIDEO CAMERAS IN EVERY HOOSE IS JUST A TRIAL SCHEME.
THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT RECKON THAT IF IT'S A SUCCESS IN THE SCOT-BLOCKS THEN THEY MIGHT TRY IT IN OTHER PARTS OF THE CITY.
KIRSTY WARK BLOCK
DREDD'S GOT A LIST O' SUSPECTS HE THINKS MIGHT HAVE THE WHISKY AND HE WANTS ME TO CHECK ON THEM EVERY FEW MINUTES.
I WISH WE LIVED SOMEWHERE ELSE, PA. IF WE LIVED IN ANOTHER AREA WE COULD GET SOME TOYS FOR CHRISTMAS.
DON'T YOU WORRY ABOUT A THING, MY WEE DARLIN'. I'LL SEE THAT SANTA BRINGS YE A WEE TOY IN THE MORNIN'.
YE THINK SO, PA? DO YE REALLY THINK SO?
HERE'S A NICE CUP OF SYNTHI-CAFF, SHUGGY. MIND NOW, IT'S AWFY HOT.
RIGHT. AWAY TAE YER BED, NOW. SANTA WON'T COME IF YE STAY UP LATE.
JINGS. YER NO KIDDIN', SENGA. IT'S HOT, ALRIGHT.
WHIT A WAY TAE SEE IN CHRISTMAS. NOT A DROP OF THE GOOD STUFF IN SIGHT.
AH WELL. THAT'S WHERE YER WRONG. BIG TAM GOT ME A BOTTLE FROM A WEE BACK-ROOM DISTILLERY.
NOW DON'T SAY SANTA'S NO' GOOD TAE YE.
THE OLD BALONEY
A-HA.
GOT YE, YE WEE DEVILS.
CONTROL TO DREDD.
GOT A CITIZEN HERE WITH THE WRONG TYPE O' CHRISTMAS SPIRIT.

EVEN THOUGH THE JUDGES HAVE TAKEN AWAY MOST OF OUR THINGS, I THINK THIS IS GOIN' TAE BE A REALLY SPECIAL CHRISTMAS.
AYE. HERE'S TAE US
HANDS ON YOUR HEAD
CRIME-SWOOP!
MOVE A MUSCLE AND YOU'RE HISTORY, CREEP
IT'S WHISKY ALRIGHT, DREDD.
IT'S A SET UP, JUDGE. I ASKED THE MAN IN THE SHOP FOR "IRN BRU".
THERE MIGHT BE MORE WHERE THIS CAME FROM.
TEAR THIS PLACE APART AND SEE WHAT YOU CAN COME UP WITH.

DREDD'S BOYS CAN'T FIND THAT LAST BOTTLE. I CANNAE HOLD IN A LAUGH WHEN I HEAR HIS TEETH GRIND THROUGH THE SPEAKERS.
IT'S ABOOT TIME HE HAD A WEE LESSON IN HUMILITY.
DREDD? THERE'S SOMETHING IN HERE.
TOYS. A FEW TOYS.
LOOKS LIKE THESE CITIZENS WERE THINKING OF CELEBRATING CHRISTMAS AFTER ALL.
IT WAS JUST A COUPLE OF WEE THINGS...FOR THE BAIRNS.
I DON'T THINK YOU REALISE WHAT KIND OF TROUBLE YOU'RE IN. WE'VE GOT ENOUGH HERE TO PUT YOU AWAY FOR TWENTY YEARS.
GET HIM OUT OF MY SIGHT.
IF HE'S SO INTENT ON CELEBRATING CHRISTMAS THEN WE CAN HANG SOME TINSEL IN HIS ISO-CUBE.
IF YOU'RE TAKIN' AWAY MY PRESENTS, WILL SANTA BRING ME SOME NEW ONES TONIGHT ?
I DON'T THINK SO, KID...
JUDGE ? JUDGE DREDD ?
SANTA CLAUS DOESN'T EXIST.

HEH.
HE'S AWFY GOOD. OLD DREDD REALLY IS GOOD AT HIS JOB.
HE'S GOT EVERY-BODY SCARED STIFF O' HIM.
BUT SOMETIMES HE CANNAE SEE THE WOOD FOR THE TREES.
IMAGINE PUTTIN' A SCOTTISH JUDGE IN CHARGE O' MONITORIN' AN ILLEGAL WHISKY SCARE.
HEH HEH HEH.
HERE'S TO YOU, DREDDY BOY HERE'S A TOAST TO A MERRY CHRISTMAS.
HEH...
YOU BIG NYAFF!
STILL, YOU'RE ONLY HUMAN.
NOBODY'S INFALLIBLE, RIGHT?
YE CANNAE BE WATCHIN' EVERYWHERE AT ONCE, CAN YE?
THE OLD BALONEY
THE END.

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

WALTER THE WOBOT

by Simon Jacob

2000 AD
FEATURING
JUDGE DREDD
BAD APTITUDE
P. J. MAYBE WRITES AGAIN!
PROG 707
45p
1 DEC 90
Dred Suxs
wot i did during Necalis
ISSN 0262-284X

Wot I Did during Necroplis by P.J. Maybe aged 15½

Part One

Fobia real Yuk! and Nausia Deato

I gess for Most folks Necroplis was not a good time, wat with Judge Deth an them killing evrybody Left right and Center and Milions dyeing and stuff, but for some it was a positiv Godssend. Take Me, for instance. .

I Hallvv Comm to Juddge Yoooo!

Me Excaping Hooray!

I Mean, there I was locked up in the Psycho cubes and lookin at the rest of My life in a Rubberoom less they decided to burn out half my Brain out, wich I'm Pretty sure they were fixing to do anyways just to be Nasty. An all cos I murdered 14 poeple wich I think is a bit harsh considdering I was only young at the time and it was a first offense an I've got a psychopathic personallity so I couldn't help it anyway. the most they aughta given me was Juve rehab or somethin. But you can't reason with the judges.

you get kinda cut off in the secure unit, so the first thing I iknew about Nercoplis is when Looey Dewey the Mad Axeman from the Next cube chops through My door –
Chopper Chop
GONNA CHOP YOUR HEAD OFF, JUVEY!
I WOULDN'T TRY IT IF I WERE YOU, LOOEY – I'M ARMED WITH A BUZZSAW.
WHAT BUZZSAW –? YOU AIN'T GOT NO BUZZSAW!
OH YES IT'S AN INVISIBLE BUZZSAW. LISTEN –
BZZZZZZZZZZZZ
YOU'RE DOIN' THAT!
CAN'T BE ME. SEE – MY LIPS DON'T MOVE –
BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ
UH... JEEZ! YOU'RE RIGHT!
BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ
NAAAAH! K-KEEP BACK FROM ME WIT' THAT THING!
There are ways of getting round most folk, even Crazy ones – Speshally crazy Ones! its just a matter of how you Approach them.
KEYS!

It din't take long to figger out wot was goign on. Most of the staff had run home to be with their families when Fobia an Nausia came to kill them and theyre was only old matron and a couple of staff robots to watch Evrybody ..
So I set a couple of fires to add to the confushion an just walked out the front door...
We mustve bin prety close to the action cos I could see old Foby and Nausy up there screaming like banshеys an sayin how they was gonna give evrybody hell They were sure making the judges look sick...
Maybe it was just a psychotic hallusinashun but it seemed to me Fobia cought sight of me an smiled real evil-like and reached out her grate, gastly claw --
--and patted my head
GOOOOOD BOYYYY!
I gess she mustve sensed that deep down I'm almost as rotten and twisted as she is.
Its nice to know **somebody** appreshiates you!

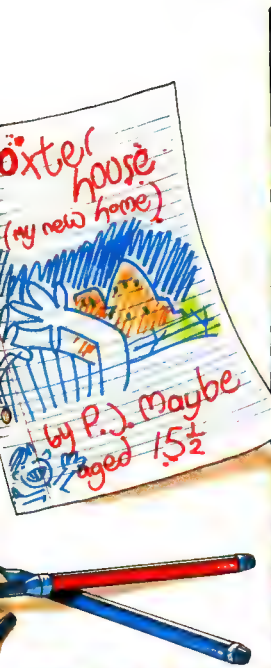
CONTROL, I'M OUTSIDE OXTER HOUSE, UP ON HILLCREST. ANYBODY CHECKED OVER THE PLACE SINCE NECROPOLIS ?
NEGATIVE
OXTER HOUSE
JUDGE DREDD
OUR LAST INFORMATION IS RESIDENT ONE DIEGO URCHISON, 38 – MULTI-BILLIONAIRE, INVENTOR OF THE UNIVERSAL 24-HOUR CROTCH AND OXTER LINER – OWNS THE "UNIVERSAL ARMPIT" CHAIN.
ALSO RESIDENT WIFE DIMBA, 37, AND SON JUNIOR, 14
NONE OF THE NAMES APPEAR ON ANY SURVIVOR LIST.
WARNING
THESE PREMISES PROTECTED BY
LETHALFORCE
security inc
I'M GETTING NO ANSWER ON THE INTERCOM. I'M GOING TO TAKE A LOOK
YOU GOT A CROAKER ON THE 'LECTRIC WIRE, BETTER SEND A UNIT FOR HIM.
HOUSE SECURITY SYSTEMS STILL POWERED UP. CONTACT LETHAL FORCE, TELL THEM TO TRIP THE MASTER SWITCH.
NO CAN DO LETHAL FORCE NO LONGER OPERATING.
THAT'S HANDY.
HALT! YOU HAVE ENTERED THESE PREMISES ILLEGALLY! LEAVE AT ONCE OR YOU WILL BE TERMINATED!

THIS COULD BE TRICKY I'LL KEEP YOU NFORMED
I stole a car and headed for home. It wasn't any trouble to override its pod computer — I'm pretty smart at stuff like that. The shrinks told me I've got some fantastic IQ that's like so high even I couldn't count it, except I'm not verry good at some things like speling and being nice to poeple.
MOM! DAD! IT'S ME, P.J.!
My folks own Emphatically Yess, the big browser company. They only got control cos I murdered all our relations, but the judges said it wasn't theyre fault I was a psychopathic killer and they could just keep it, which was prety decent of them you have to admit. We're stinking rich, which is the best way to be...
OH, HI, P.J.
MAYBE. P.J.
DARLING — IT'S P.J.!
P.J. ...I HOPED I'D SEE YOU ...ONE LAST TIME.
IT'S...ALL OVER FOR US, P.J. THOSE CREATURES - PHOBIA AND NAUSEA - THEY'RE KILLING EVERYONE! THE JUDGES ARE BEING MASSACRED — WE'LL BE NEXT. THERE'S . THERE'S NO HOPE FOR ANYONE!
COME ON, THERE'S ALWAYS HOPE
MAYBE. P.J.

UHHHHHHHHHHH
SHE'S DEAD.
YES
IT'S OUR 007 PANT – A SPECIALITY LINE.
SOAK THEM WITH WATER AND THEY EXUDE LETHAL POISONS ONTO THE SKIN DEATH TAKES ABOUT FIVE MINUTES.
WE'RE BOTH WEARING THEM QUITE A PLEASANT, TINGLY SENSATION. THERE'S A PAIR HERE FOR YOU, IF YOU LIKE.
THUNK!
Being a psychopathic personallity I don't much care who dies, as long as its not me But in a funny kind of a way I was sorry to see them go.
Still, I didn't have time to brood on things. I'D kinda figgered on Mom and Dad to help me get out of the city an set up somewhere under a false identity. This was an unexpected hickup in my plans...
Fortunately then the phone rang. It was Mums' pal Mrs Urchison...
...And my neatest, wickedest sceme ever sprang practically fullblown into my Head!
NEXT PROG UNDER FIRE!

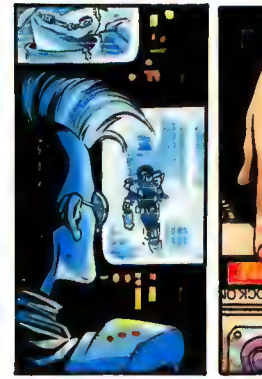
JUDGE DREDD
Wot I Did during Necropolis
Part two
SECURITY SYSTEM'S BEEN WORKING OVERTIME, CONTROL. WE GOT ANOTHER COUPLE OF STIFFS BY THE MAIN ENTRANCE.
WHEN THE CITY GETS BACK ON ITS FEET WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO REVIEW THE LICENCES ON THIS STUFF.
ENTRY DEFENCES NULLIFIED.
I'LL KEEP YOU INFORMED
Script J. WAGNER
Art A WILLIAMS
Lettering T. FRAME

In my experience the psychopath has one big edge over your normal cit – killing doesn't worry us. Take me – I'd as soon slit your throat as cross the street, if it worked to my advantage. And usually I'm smart enough to get away with it...
P.J.! WHAT ARE YOU DOING THERE?
I THOUGHT YOU WERE IN THE PSYCHO CUBES FOR ALL THOSE MURDERS.
I GOT OUT TODAY.
YOU'RE CURED?
RIGHT AS RAIN.
THAT'S WONDERFUL NEWS. LISTEN, IS YOUR MOTHER THERE?
MUM AND DAD JUST... POPPED OUT, I'M AFRAID.
CAN I HELP YOU, MRS URCHISON?
YES, I SUPPOSE YOU CAN
HAVE YOU SEEN WHAT'S GOING ON? THOSE TERRIBLE CREATURES – THEY'RE SLAUGHTERING EVERYONE! WHY DON'T THE JUDGES DO SOMETHING?
I IMAGINE THEY'RE TRYING
DIEGO AND I HAVE DISCUSSED IT – WE'VE DECIDED TO GO INTO OUR SHELTER TILL IT'S ALL OVER. WE WONDERED IF YOUR PARENTS WOULD LIKE TO JOIN US – YOU TOO, OF COURSE. THAT'S IF THEY HAVEN'T MADE OTHER PLANS
The Urchisons were Universal Armpit. They'd really cleaned up last year with their Universal 24-our crotch and armpit liner – absolutely everybody was wearing them. The Urchisons were a 1000 times richer than us. Maybes.
It looked like I'd landed on my feet again
NO, I'M SURE THEY DON'T HAVE ANY OTHER PLANS. WE'LL BE RIGHT OVER, MRS URCHISON
DON'T DO THAT – YOU WON'T GET PAST THE SECURITY SYSTEM. I'LL SEND JUNIOR OVER TO PICK YOU UP
JUNIOR...
EVEN BETTER.

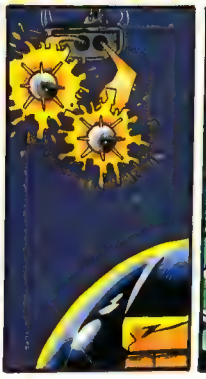

Oxter house
(my new home)
by P.J. Maybe
aged 15½

HELLO?

ACCORDING TO THE PLANS THERE'S AN EXTENSIVE NUCLEAR SHELTER UNDERNEATH OXTER HOUSE – ENTRANCE VIA A FALSE WALL IN THE BASEMENT
ROJ. I'LL CHECK IT.



JUNIOR



DROKK

HEY HEY, P.J.! I GOT THE LIMO WAITIN'!

JEEZ! WH-WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM?
SUICIDE.
JEEZ! YOU-YOU NEVER SAID ANYTHING TO MY MOM!
DIDN'T WANT TO WORRY HER.

HERE, THEY LEFT THESE FOR YOU. TRY 'EM ON
HUH?
YOU GOTTA BE JOKING — NOW?

IT WAS THEIR LAST WISH THAT YOU SHOULD WEAR THESE, JUNIOR. YOU KNOW HOW FOND OF YOU THEY WERE. ARE YOU GOING TO DISAPPOINT THEM?
OH, FOR PETE'S SAKE, P.J.! GIVE 'EM HERE —

WHAT THE HECK ARE YOU DOING?
JUST WETTING THEM.

YOU GOTTA WET THEM FIRST TIME ON — SHRINK FIT.

DETONATED
THIS KEEPS UP I'M GOING TO HAVE TO ORDER AN AIRSTRIKE!

It didn't take long for the pants to do their work...
FEEL ALL... KIND OF FAINT...
SIT DOWN, JUNIOR
THAT'S THE POISON. SEEPING INTO YOUR BLOODSTREAM.
P-POISON..?
THE PANTS ARE IMPREGNATED WITH IT. ALL YOU DO IS WET THEM. YOU SHOULD DEAD IN ABOUT..OH, THREE MINUTES.
YOU. .YOU'RE KILLING ME .?
DAD CALLED THEM 007 PANTS— FOR SECRET AGENTS AND THE LIKE. IF THEY GET CAPTURED ALL THEY HAVE TO DO IS WET THEMSELVES AND THEIR LIPS ARE FOREVER SEALED
I DON'T THINK THEY WERE VERY SUCCESSFUL, THOUGH. I MEAN, IMAGINE IF YOU GOT CAUGHT OUT IN THE RAIN OR SOMETHING
DAD HAD A LOT OF DUMB IDEAS LIKE THAT.
NOT LIKE YOUR DAD. NOW YOUR DAD, HE REALLY KNOWS HOW TO SPOT A WINNER... I MEAN, THE 24-HOUR CROTCH AND ARMPIT LINER? BEAUTIFUL!
THAT'S REALLY WHERE I SEE MY FUTURE NOW, IF THERE IS ANY FUTURE— WITH HIM. YOU'D HAVE TO BE GOT RID OF SOONER OR LATER, SO BEST TO GET IT OVER AND DONE WITH.
B-BUT HOW..?
OH, I DUNNO. I'LL WORK ON IT I'M PRETTY RESOURCEFUL, YOU KNOW.
It wasn't one of my best killings. Kind of boring, watching Junior slowly slip away.
there's not A lot of Satisfacshun in Murder by Trowser, reelly
NEXT PROG: ABOUT FACE!

PROG 709
45p
15 DEC 90

2000 AD

FEATURING JUDGE DREDD

WHO'S THAT JUVE?

CAN J.D. I.D. P.J?

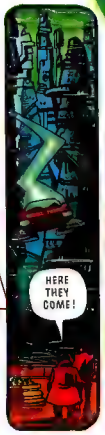
Wot i did during Necroplis part three

Script: J WAGNER
Art: A WILLIAMS
Lettering: T FRAME

Burning Junior
by
P.J. Maybe
aged 15¼

My old house burning
Juniors in there
by by Junior
Arson is fun
HAHA

JUDGE DREDD



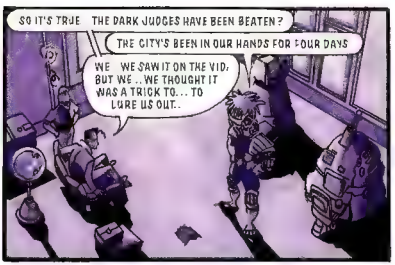
SNIKK!
HAVE LOCATED THE SHELTER, CONTROL.
THE SECURITY SYSTEM MUST BE LINKED INTO THE SHELTER. YOU'D FIGURE IF ANYONE WAS IN THERE THEY'D HAVE SEEN ME BY NOW...
DANGGGG!
DANGGGG!
DANGGGG!
YOU HEAR THAT? THEY'VE FOUND US!
JUH!
THOSE CREATURES, THEY CAN GO THROUGH SOLID WALLS! WE'RE NOT SAFE, EVEN IN HERE!
RELAX. IT'S A JUDGE.
I THINK HE'S ON OUR SIDE

Life in the shelter was a lot better than the Psycho cubes I can tell you. In fact if the Psycho Cubes had been like the Urchinson's shelter people would have been fighting to get in.
News from outside got worse and worse. It seemed like we mite be trapped in there till we ran out of food – which would'nt be for four years at least cos if theyres one thing you can say about the urchisons, they always did things Big corse, they could afford to. thats the beuty of being STINKING RICH
Still I had to plan for the future, just in case things turned out okay. Killing Junior was only stage 1
The reel hard bit was goign to be convinsing his mom and dad to accept me as theyre own...
As it happened, it was a lot easyer than I expected...
OUR BROTHHHERSSS WORK TIRELESSSSLY TO BRING JUSSSTICCE TO ALL, BUT THEY ARE FEWWW AND YOUUU ARE SSO MANY!
WE ASSSKK YOU TO BE PATIENT. REMAIN IN YOUR BLOCKSSS. THEY WILL GET TO YOU IN TIME!
OH GRUD! THERE'S NO HOPE FOR ANY OF US!
IT'S YOU I FEEL MOST SORRY FOR, JUNIOR. . SO YOUNG, SUCH A BRIGHT FUTURE AHEAD OF YOU...
DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, DAD
FOR GRUDSAKE, WILL YOU STOP CALLING HIM JUNIOR! HE'S NOT JUNIOR – JUNIOR'S DEAD!
THAT'S P.J. – THE MAYBE BOY!
OH ..OH, YES... IS HE ..?
Diego Urchison found Junior's deth reely hard to accept. I guess the horror of everything had affected his Mind, wich was reely handy for me
AND YOU! YOU STOP PLAYING UP TO HIM!

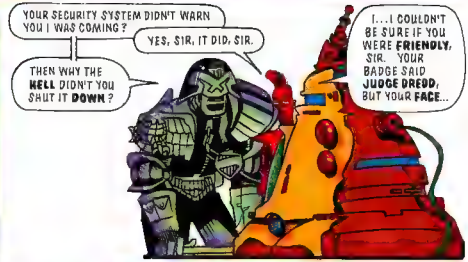
They had evRything in that shelter, includeing a face-change machine. Juniors Mum liked to change her face like some women change theyre hairstiles...
It was easy to program it with all Junior's details. .change just a little Bit each day, so's theyd hardly notice .
UTO DOC
SURG-U-LIKE
Old fatty cought Me at it though I guess she always suspected A cukoo in the Nest ..
WHAT ARE YOU UP TO, P J ?
JUNIOR'S FACE
SO THAT'S IT! YOU'RE TRYING TO TAKE HIS PLACE, AREN'T YOU?
ME ?
AUTO DOC
THERE'S ALWAYS BEEN SOMETHING SNEAKY ABOUT YOU, P.J. – SOMETHING I DON'T LIKE. EVER SINCE YOU CAME BACK AND JUNIOR DIDN'T...
MY GRUD, WE ONLY HAVE YOUR WORD YOU'VE BEEN CURED! FOR ALL WE KNOW YOU'RE STILL A DANGEROUS PSYCOPATH!
PERISH THE THOUGHT!

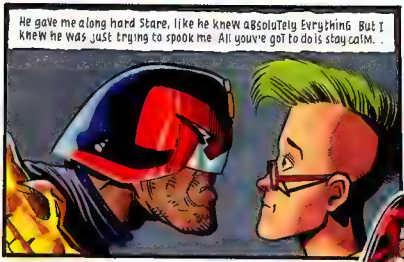
mrs Urchison had one other useful habit
She liked a hot dip before Breakfast . .
AAAHHHHHH!
OH GRUD, NO-!
SHE SET THE HEAT CONTROL TOO HIGH
WILL THE HORROR NEVER END ?
NEVER MIND YOU'VE STILL GOT ME.
DAD
DIEGO URCHISON-?
YES

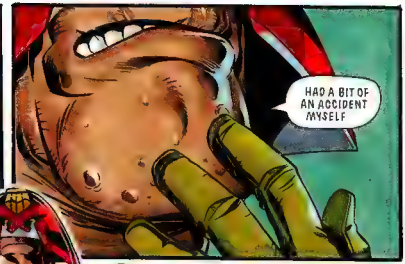
THIS IS MY SON, JUNIOR.
HELLO, SIR


SO IT'S TRUE - THE DARK JUDGES HAVE BEEN BEATEN?
THE CITY'S BEEN IN OUR HANDS FOR FOUR DAYS
WE - WE SAW IT ON THE VID, BUT WE ... WE THOUGHT IT WAS A TRICK TO... TO LURE US OUT..

OH MY GAWD!
YOU'LL HAVE TO EXCUSE MY DAD. HE'S TAKEN THIS ALL VERY BADLY. MY MOM DIED TOO – A TRAGIC ACCIDENT.
THAT SO ..?


YOUR SECURITY SYSTEM DIDN'T WARN YOU I WAS COMING?
YES, SIR, IT DID, SIR.
THEN WHY THE HELL DIDN'T YOU SHUT IT DOWN?
I... I COULDN'T BE SURE IF YOU WERE FRIENDLY, SIR. YOUR BADGE SAID JUDGE DREDD, BUT YOUR FACE...


He gave me a long hard stare, like he knew absolutely everything. But I knew he was just trying to spook me. All you've got to do is stay calm. .


HAD A BIT OF AN ACCIDENT MYSELF

So P J Maybe is gone forever. I'm Junior Urchison now, sole Heir to the ArmPit billions. WhooPee!
HE'S GOING TO NEED ALL YOUR SUPPORT FROM NOW ON, SON. LOOK AFTER HIM.
DON'T WORRY, SIR. I WILL.
You've got to admit, for me at least Necropolis didn't work out too bad at all!

THE END

THE MEGA-CITY SHAKESPEARE CO presents
DINK OLIVIER in
THE REVISED MACBETH
SUSPECT: UMBERTO BLUSE PROBABLE DRUGS TRAFFICKER, CURRENTLY UNDER LEVEL 2 SURVEILLANCE AS PER ORDER DS/41178.
BLUSE PURCHASED TWO TICKETS – SEATS C140-41 – FRIDAY NIGHT PERFORMANCE OF "MACBETH". BLUSE LATER OBSERVED TO MAIL TICKET TO PERSON UNKNOWN.
SUSPECT DRUGS BUY USING THEATRE AS MEETING POINT
CIVIC OLIVIERS MACBETH
OBSERVE AND RECORD. ACTION AS REQUIRED
JUDGE DREDD
COMMAND OFFICER: JUDGE DREDD.
SHOW'S ALMOST READY TO ROLL, CONTROL. JAI'S STILL EMPTY.
WE'LL BE AS UNOBTRUSIVE AS POSSIBLE. JUST TRY TO ACT LIKE IT'S ANY NORMAL PERFORMANCE OF MACBETH.
AHHHHH! NO! YOU MUSTN'T SAY THAT NAME!
WHAT – MACBETH?
AAAAHHHH!
PLEASE! TO SAY THAT NAME BRINGS BAD LUCK! IT'S AN ANCIENT SUPERSTITION – YOU MUST ALWAYS REFER TO IT AS THE SCOTTISH PLAY.
YOU MEAN JUST 'COS I SAY "MACBETH" IT'LL BRING YOU BAD LUCK?
NOOOOOO!
SOUNDS PRETTY UNLIKELY TO ME!
HE'S JINXED US ALL! SOMETHING'S TERRIBLE'S GOING TO HAPPEN! I CAN'T GO ON!
YOU'VE GOT TO! YOU'RE DINK OLIVIER, THE GREATEST SHAKESPEARIAN ACTOR OF OUR GENERATION! YOU CAN'T LET THE AUDIENCE DOWN!
HUBBLE BUBBLE, BIG MAC!
HUBBLE BUBBLE RIGHT BACK ATCHA, HAGS! WHAT'S THE BIG WORD?
WORD IS YOU IS UP FOR PROMOTION, BIG MAC.
YOU GONNA BE A THANE!
AN' THAT AIN'T ALL, BIG MAC – YOU GONNA BE A KING TOO!
WHAT'RE THEY FEEDIN' ME, MAN? I'M ALREADY A THANE, AIN'T I?
MAYBE YOU'RE GONNA BE A DOUBLE THANE. ANYWAY, WHO CARES? YOU'RE GONNA BE A KING! A GEN-U-INE KING!
GIMME FIVE, BABY!
J WAGNER
M HADLEY
T FRAME

ACT II –
DREDD! TICKET JAI JUST CHECKED IN!
SUBJECT IDENTIFIED AS REEBER, CARLO. APARTMENT 22G. PLACEBO CONAPTS
WE'VE BEEN AFTER THIS CREEP FOR SOME TIME.
IS THIS A HIGH-POWER, FAST-ACTION, SELF-AIMIN' LASER BLASTER I SEE BEFORE ME?
OH, MAN, THIS IS FREAKIN' ME OUT, HERE!
BLUSE IS HANDING OVER AN ENVELOPE. THIS IS IT.
REEBER'S SATISFIED. HE'S REACHING IN HIS JACKET.

IT'S A DOUBLE-CROSS!
REEBER'S RISING TO LEAVE.
STOP HIM IN THE FOYER! DON'T WANT ANYONE ELSE GETTING HURT!
I THOUGHT I HEARD A VOICE CRY – SLEEP NO MORE!
THE VOICE SAID BIG MAC HAS MURDERED SLEEP – IT SAID BIG MAC SHALL SLEEP NO MORE!
SO TAKE A PILL, HUH? WHAT'S THE BIG DEAL?
HE...HE'S MURDERED ME!
OH MY GRUD–!
YOU DON'T DIG IT! THIS AIN'T NO SIMPLE CASE OF INSOMNIA! THIS IS TERMINAL, BABY!

YOU DON'T WALK AWAY, CORLO!
BADOW!
THIS IS GETTING OUT OF HAND!
DROP IT, BLUSE!
AAAAHHH!
YAAAAH!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THERE WILL NOW BE AN INDEFINITE INTERMISSION!
EXIT
JOOLS
JOOLS
WHAT A MESS! I NEVER FIGURED ON THE DOUBLE-CROSS.
SOMETIMES CASES JUST GO THAT WAY.
THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT! I'M GOING TO SUE!
MY FAULT?
YES! YOU BROUGHT THE CURSE DOWN ON ME!
YOU MEAN, BECAUSE I SAID MACBETH-?
DREDD
AAAHHHH
GET ME OUTA HERE!
JUST COULDN'T RESIST IT, COULD YOU?

THE END.

2000 I.D.

PERSONAL DATA

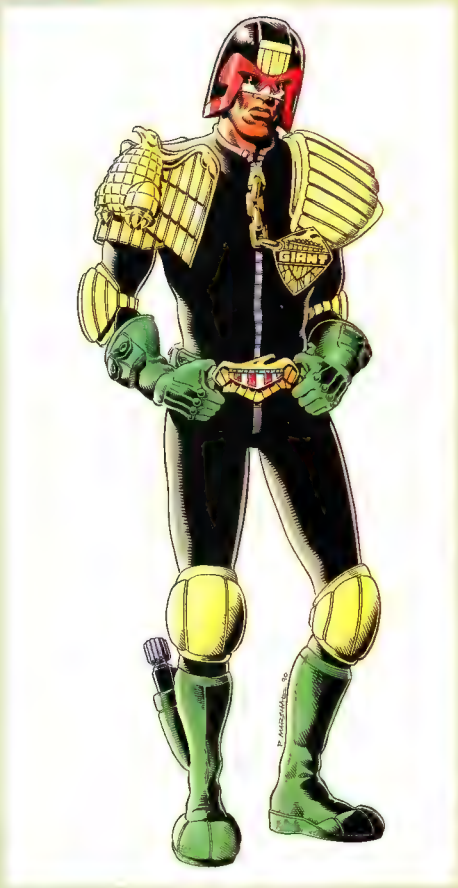
REAL NAME: Clay (first name unknown)
ALSO KNOWN AS: "Giant"
SOCIAL CATEGORY: Judge
PLACE OF ORIGIN: Mega-City One
OCCUPATION: Judge
KNOWN RELATIVES: John "Giant" Clay (father, former aeroball and Inferno star)
GROUP AFFILIATIONS: Mega-City One Judges
FIRST APPEARANCE: Prog 27
CURRENT STATUS: Dead

BIOG

Entered into the Academy of Law as a young boy, Cadet Clay soon demonstrated all the athletic abilities of his sporting star father. As he progressed through his training he became known to his comrades by his father's own nickname, "Giant". Eventually he dropped his surname to simply become Rookie Judge Giant. At the culmination of his training he drew Dredd for his final street test before graduation. It proved to be a tough draw, as he bungled the sentencing of a "futsie", but he redeemed himself when an emergency call came through on a kidnap and excelled himself in the capture of the perp. Not very long after his graduation he played a crucial role in Dredd's resistance against the mad Chief Judge Cal. Sadly Giant met his match just before the Apocalypse War when he was the first to directly encounter the deadly East-Meg assassin, Orlok, who killed him.

PROG CHECK

27, 28, 38, 41, 87, 90-94, 97-102, 106-108, 182, 200, 233-235, 242



CURRENT STATUS: DEAD

2000 AD
FEATURING
JUDGE DREDD
DREDD
THE FUTURE?
PROG 714
45p
19 JAN 91

JANUARY FIRST, 2113.
MEGA-CITY ONE.
IT ISN'T A HAPPY NEW YEAR FOR MORK HENCOCK, LATE OF APARTMENT 1066, SELLAR AND YEATMAN BLOCK.
IT ISN'T A HAPPY NEW YEAR FOR THE JUDGE WHO FINDS HIS BODY, EITHER.
JUDGE DREDD
IT NEVER IS
CONTROL, THIS IS DREDD. YOU GOT A STIFF IN JULIAN CLARY ALLEY — BETTER GET FORENSIC DOWN HERE ALONG WITH THE MEAT WAGON.
HE'S BEEN MURDERED

ONE BULLET FROM ABOUT THREE METRES AWAY SPIT GUN, BY THE LOOK OF IT. BLITZ JOB ?
UNLIKELY THIS HENCOCK CHECKS OUT AS AN AVERAGE CIT THEY EVEN LEFT HIS WALLET.
KEEP ME INFORMED ON THIS ONE, MCGRASS
SEE YOU GOT YOUR NOSE BACK, DREDD.
UH-HUH
GOOD REJUVE JOB, AIN'T IT ?
DIDN'T DO MUCH FOR HIS SENSE OF HUMOUR.

THE EVENTS LEADING UP TO MORK HENCOCK'S DEMISE BEGAN TEN DAYS EARLIER AT THE MEGA-CITY ONE **HUNTERS' CLUB** CHRISTMAS PARTY. *

ALL ACROSS THE VAST METROPOLIS, SEASONAL CELEBRATIONS WERE UNDER WAY... EVEN MORE WILDLY THAN USUAL, AS THE CITIZENS STROVE TO PUT THE DARK MEMORIES OF **NECROPOLIS** BEHIND THEM

AND THE HUNTERS' CLUB... THE MURDEROUS PSYCHOS WHO KILL PEOPLE FOR **SPORT**... THEY JUST JOINED IN WITH THE FUN

♪ LET'S ALL GET OUR CHAINSAWS OUT AND GO AND HACK AND SLAY! ♪

♪ JINGLE BELLS, JINGLE BELLS, JINGLE ALL THE WAY! ♫

CLUB CHAIRMAN **ELMORT DEVRIES**...

MERRY CHRISTMAS, GENTLEMEN!

MERRY CHRISTMAS, MISTER CHAIRMAN!

YES, IT'S A MERRY CHRISTMAS FOR **US**... BUT WHAT ABOUT ALL THE MILLIONS OF VICTIMS OF NECROPOLIS? ALL THOSE POOR LITTLE CHILDREN, **ORPHANED** BY THE DARK JUDGES?

GENTLEMEN, I BELIEVE IT'S TIME THAT THIS CLUB REALISED WHERE ITS **RESPONSIBILITIES** LIE.

* Thargnote *SEE PROGS 407-411 FOR MORE ABOUT THE HUNTERS' CLUB*

UH... I THOUGHT OUR RESPONSIBILITIES LAY IN BLOWING PEOPLE AWAY FOR FUN, MR CHAIRMAN. .

AH, **YES!** BUT JUST AS WE **TAKE** FROM THE CITY, SO WE MUST GIVE SOMETHING **BACK!**

GENTLEMEN, I HAVE AN IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT TO MAKE... A **SPLENDID** NEW SCHEME FOR THE CLUB... OUR FIRST FORAY INTO **CHARITY** WORK...

DEATH AID!

DEATH AID
KILL THE WORLD

NICE T-SHIRT, EH? GOT A BATCH OF THEM PRINTED IN SHIRT-U-LIKE. VERY REASONABLE!
ER, MR CHAIRMAN? DEATH AID?
YES, INDEED. DEATH AID.
WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A SPONSORED HUNT.
ON JANUARY FIRST YOU GENTLEMEN SHALL BEGIN OUR FIRST ANNUAL CHAMPIONSHIP, IN WHICH YOU SHALL ENDEAVOUR TO KILL AS MANY PEOPLE AS POSSIBLE.
AND, WHEN IT'S OVER, THE MEMBER WITH THE HIGHEST SCORE WILL BE CLUB CHAMPION! YOU CAN EVEN KILL OTHER CLUB MEMBERS IN ORDER TO HAVE THEIR SCORES ADDED TO YOURS!
AND HERE'S THE CLEVER BIT... YOU'LL EACH GET YOUR FRIENDS TO SPONSOR YOU FOR EACH KILL MADE!
OH, YOU WON'T TELL THEM IT'S A SPONSORED HUNT, BECAUSE THAT WOULD GET US ALL ARRESTED.
WHAT YOU'LL DO IS TELL THEM IT'S A SPONSORED RUN. THEY'LL THINK THEY'RE PAYING YOU BY THE MILE...
BUT WE'LL KNOW, WON'T WE?
AND THE SPONSOR MONEY WILL GO TO THE ORPHANS.
GOOD, EH?

SEE HERE, ELMORT! YOU'VE CRACKED! SINCE WHEN HAS THE HUNTERS' CLUB BEEN A CHARITY?
I THOUGHT YOU'D FEEL LIKE THAT, JUK. BUT IF YOU DON'T WANT TO JOIN IN—
THAT'S FAIR ENOUGH.
AK—!
SCORE ONE TO ME. YOU FELLOWS ARE BEHIND ALREADY!
NOW, HERE ARE YOUR T-SHIRTS AND BADGES...
I'LL ALSO BE GIVING YOU MINICAMS, SO I CAN FOLLOW YOUR PROGRESS BACK HERE. THINK I'M GETTING A LITTLE OLD FOR THE HUNT, MYSELF.
NOW BE UPSTANDING AND RAISE YOUR GLASSES, GENTLEMEN. I GIVE YOU... DEATH AID!
COME THE NEW YEAR, YOU FELLOWS WILL BE MURDERING PEOPLE BY THE DOZEN — BUT I WANT YOU TO REMEMBER...

IT'S FOR CHARITY!
AND SO, ON NEW YEAR'S EVE, THE FIRST HUNTERS' CLUB CHAMPIONSHIP BEGAN... THE MEMBERSHIP EVEN MORE EAGER FOR THE OFF THAN USUAL
KILL TH WORLD
AFTER ALL, IT WAS FOR A GOOD CAUSE
AND THAT'S WHY THE UNSUSPECTING MEGA-CITY WAS IN FOR A PARTICULARLY BLOODY NEW YEAR ..
AND THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED TO MORK HENCOCK

JUDGE DREDD
DEATH AID
PART TWO
HEY, MAN – IT WAS LEGIT SELF DEFENCE! GUY CAME AT ME WITH A BROKEN BOTTLE!
THAT'LL BE THE BROKEN BOTTLE STUCK IN HIS THROAT, HUH?
TWENTY YEARS, MEATHEAD!
GARTH ENNIS
C EZQUERRA
T FRAME
CONTROL – DREDD. YOU GOT ONE ON HOLD, SIDE OF BOKEY'S BAR. ONE MURDER, TWO GBH, PROPERTY DAMAGE.
MED SQUAD FOR THE WOUNDED, MEAT WAGON FOR THE STIFF.
UUHHH... OHHH...
BLEEUUUUHH!
NEW EVIDENCE COMING TO LIGHT, CONTROL.
WE GOT HIM FOR FOULING A HOLDING POST TOO.
OH, SWELL. HAPPY NEW YEAR, DREDD.
WHILE YOU'RE ON, WE GOT A MESSAGE FROM THE NORTHGATE CLINIC – THE POVEY KID'S GOING HOME TODAY. H-WAGON LEAVES WEST WALL PAD NINE IN AN HOUR.
I'LL BE THERE.

RAP RAP!
HAPPY NEW YEAR, PAL! WHAT CAN I DO FOR YA?
HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU, FRIEND. I HEAR YOU'RE HAVING A PARTY...?
SURE! C'MON IN!
THESE ARE THE OTHERS, MAN! TAKE YOUR COAT OFF AND GRAB A BEER!
YOU HEAR US ON YOUR WAY PAST?
NOPE. I'M COLLECTING FOR DEATH AID.
UH... DEATH AID?
YUP.
HAPPY NEW YEAR
HOLY RADS!
SPLENDID. ABSOLUTELY SPLENDID...

LOOK AT THAT! SUCH SKILL! SUCH MURDEROUS BEAUTY!
WHAT A MARVELLOUS IDEA TO HAVE A SPONSORED MASSACRE!
MORE CHERRY, SIR?
THANK YOU, IGGY.
DOESN'T IT MOVE YOU? ALL THESE DEATHS — AND ALL FOR SUCH A GOOD CAUSE!
WHATEVER YOU SAY, SIR.
AND LITTLE DO THE FELLOWS SUSPECT THAT THEIR CHARITY BADGES ARE MADE OF PLASTIQUE!
WAIT 'TIL YOU SEE THE LOOKS ON THEIR FACES WHEN I DETONATE THE LOT OF THEM AND CLAIM THEIR SCORES FOR MYSELF!
I'LL BE HUNTERS' CLUB CHAMPION!
GOOD FOR YOU, SIR
OH.. WHUHHH... WHYYYYY..?
HEY! LIGHTEN UP, FRIEND...
WE'RE DOING IT FOR THE KIDS!

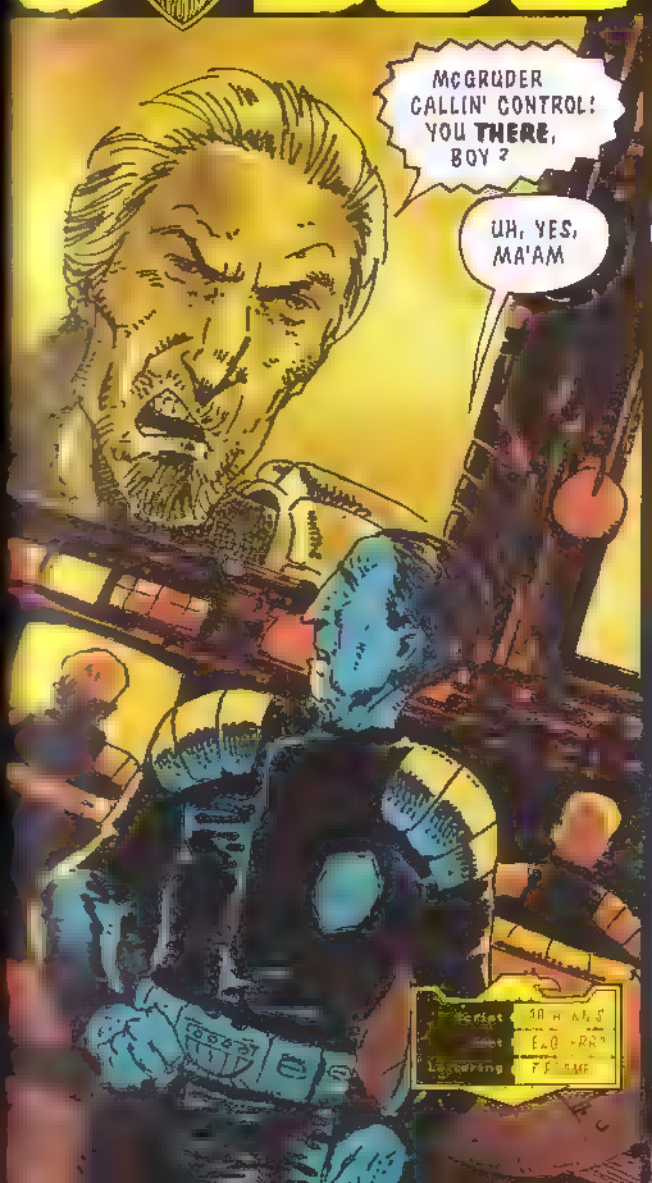
HOW'RE YOU FEELING, YASSA ?
AIN'T NEVER FELT SO GOOD IN ALL MY DAYS, JUDGE !
I WANNA THANK THE DOC AN' I WANNA THANK THE LADY...
AN' I WANNA THANK YOU FOR REMEMBERING 'BOUT ME
IT'S THANKS TO YOU I REMEMBERED ANYTHING, YASSA
GOODBYE, SON
CAN'T EVER THANK YOU ENOUGH, DOC. AN' YOU TOO, MA'AM, FOR GETTIN' HER OUTTA MY HEAD
ANYTIME, YASSA.
HURRY IT UP, PEOPLE! WE GO IN THIRTY SECONDS!
HERE'S LOOKIN' AT YOU, KID
GOOD LUCK.

SEE YA, DEAD MA... SORRY.
JUDGE DREDD.
EASY... EASY...
MY, MY. DOWNER MUST BE CONGRATULATED FOR HIS AUDACITY, IF NOTHING ELSE...
DROKK! LAS-SIGHT!
YASSA! GET DOWN!

HEADS UP.
AAAAAHH-!
AAAOOWW!
GET THE BOY IN AN' GET OUTTA HERE!
LIFT OFF!
CONTROL – DREDD! UNIDENTIFIED SNIPER JUST TOOK A POTSHOT AT YASSA POVEY, WEST WALL. GET A MED-SQUAD OVER HERE – DOC NORTHGATE IS DOWN!
I'M ON HIM!
HE'S RUNNING – HE'S CLOSE!
HE'S IN THE RUINED BLOCK!
SECOND FLOOR, DREDD! MY BACK'S STILL SCREWED – YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO TAKE HIM YOURSELF!
CAN DO!

JUDGE DREDD

DEATH AID
PART THREE



AND WHAT A MAGNIFICENT HUNT THIS **IS**!
SEE **THAT**, IGGY? TOP SCORER SO FAR IS SNEAKY HOWARD, WITH THAT FRAG BOMB AT THE SWIMMING POOL... BUT I LIKE THE LOOK OF YOUNG HIGGINS AND HIS LAS-SAW!
"VINZIE'S GOING FOR THE PERSONAL TOUCH, I SEE. TYPICAL!"
UGGLL-ULP-ULP!
"I'VE TOLD HIM AND **TOLD** HIM— IT'S NOT **STYLE** THAT COUNTS, IT'S A GOOD HIGH **BODYCOUNT**!"
♪ **KILL** THE WOORRR-RLLD, LET THEM KNOW IT'S CHRIST**MASS** TIIIIMME...
"**SEE**? BONID'S GOT THE IDEA! AND HE'S REALLY GETTING INTO THE **SPIRIT** OF CHARITY WORK."
"THERE'S DONNY UP TO HIS TRICKS! ALWAYS **SAID** THAT BOY HAD GOOD TASTE IN MUSIC!"
WAP!
SPRONG!
"AH! **WILL'S** LEFT A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR THE GOOD PEOPLE OF WAZZA PLEECE BLOCK, I SEE! **RASCAL!**
NOW... WHAT ARE THE **OTHERS** UP TO?
I SEEM TO RECALL THAT MISTER **MAGOO** HAD OVERSTEPPED THE MARK A LITTLE, SIR.
HASN'T HE **JUST**!

CONTROL FROM DREDD! IN PURSUIT OF SNIPER, WASTEGROUND NEAR WALL PAD NINE!
ROJ, DREDD. IS YOUR PERP MOBILE?
BUDDABUDDABUDDABUDDA
RADDDAAAMMM!!
NEGATIVE, CONTROL— HE'S ON FOOT.
NO ASSISTANCE REQUIRED.
JEEZ!
PERP NOW ENTERING MUNCHY-MUNCH PROCESSING PLANT, LEVEL 6!
HE'S A TRICKY ONE!
SPANG!
SPANG!
SPANG!
ONE CHANCE TO GIVE IT UP, CREEP! NOW!
G-G-GO FRY!
YOUR CHOICE.
RICOCHET!
BLAM BLAM BLAM
EEEAAARRRR!

GRUD! A MUNCE FACTORY!
WHO'S DIS GUY?
LISTEN, GUYS – YOU GOTTA HELP ME! THERE'S THIS MAN COMIN' TO KILL ME! TAKE MY CREDS! ANYTHING!
JUST HELP!
HEYYYY..
YOU GOT IT, BUDDY! RUN!
GOTTA BE MORE HERE'N I MAKE IN A MONTH STIRRIN' DAT GREEN MUCK!
COME ON OUTTA THERE, BOY! COME AN' GET IT!
GONNA WHUP YOUR BUTT, PAL!
COME ON! LET'S GET A LOOK ATCHA!
OH NO.
DREDD

WOOOO!
AAAARRG!
HEEEELP!
BAF!
ERPHHH!
YOU GOT MORONS IN THE MUNCE, CONTROL! CATCH WAGON REQUIRED!
HMMM... I HAVE A FEELING THAT YOUNG DOWNER'S ABOUT TO COME A CROPPER...
AND I CAN'T HAVE ANYONE BLABBING TO THE JUDGES ABOUT DEATH AID, CAN I?
BLOOD TRAIL TO THE ROOF, CONTROL. STILL IN PURSUIT.
DREDD, WE GOT A SPATE OF MURDERS GOING ON CITYWIDE SINCE MIDNIGHT.
YOUR BOY COULD BE INVOLVED — TAKE HIM ALIVE IF POSS, HUH?
I'LL LET YOU KNOW.
SORRY, DOWNER...

YOU! I'M FRESH OUTTA PATIENCE!
OKAY! OKAY!
YOU GOT ME, MAN!
HANDS BEHIND YOUR HEAD. KICK THE GUN AWAY.
YESSIR! JUST DON'T SH— HEY!
WHAT THE DROKK IS—
BDAM!

JUDGE DREDD
DEATH MED
DREDD HERE, CONTROL.
GOT THAT SNIPER ON HOLD FOR US, DREDD?
NEGATIVE CREEP EXPLODED ON ME.
EXPLODED ?
I D. COULD BE PRETTY DIFFICULT ON WHAT WE GOT HERE. GONNA NEED FORENSIC AN' A CLEAN UP SQUAD.
GRUD! HOW ABOUT YOU JUST BRING US A DOGGY BAG, DREDD?
THAT'S WHAT I SAID.
I GOT A PRETTY GOOD LOOK AT HIM BEFORE— DROKK!
NIX THE DOGGY BAG, CONTROL! THIS CREEP'S ALIVE!
MED TEAM TO MUNCHY MUNCH ROOF, IMMEDIATE!
GARTH ENNIS
C EZQUERRA
T FRAME

MASSIVE TISSUE AND ORGAN LOSS... SHRAPNEL IN THE BRAIN... EVERY LIMB GONE... AND HE'S STILL **ALIVE**, DREDD!
THIS IS ONE **LUCKY** GUY!
LUCKY. RIGHT
MACDONALD, I NEED TO TALK TO THIS CREEP. YOU'VE GOT TWO HOURS.
TWO—! ARE YOU **CRAZY**, DREDD? IT'LL TAKE TWO **MONTHS** TO GET HIM TO **THINK** STRAIGHT!
YOU SAW THE STATE HE WAS IN! HOW'RE WE SUPPOSED TO PUT **THAT** BACK TOGETHER?
CONTROL RECKON HE COULD HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH THIS MURDER FRENZY WE'VE BEEN SEEIN' ALL DAY. **TWO HOURS.**
AND I NEVER SAID YOU **HAD** TO PUT HIM BACK TOGETHER, MACDONALD
HE DOESN'T NEED HIS **LEGS** TO **TALK**.

CHANNEL KEVIN NEWS AT OH NINE THIRTY — HOW'S IT GOING, KIDS?

LIL FRENZER HERE, BRINGING YOU THE TOP STORIES ON THIS FIRST OF JANUARY, 2113! HAPPY NEW YEAR, AND OUR LEAD ITEM THIS MORNING IS THE RASH OF MURDERS THAT'S BEEN GOING ON SINCE MIDNIGHT!

MED TEAMS HAVE BEEN SCRAPING STIFFS OFF THE SIDEWALKS SINCE THE WEE SMALL HOURS, AS UNUSUALLY HIGH CASUALTY FIGURES FOR THE NEW YEAR BEGAN POURING IN —

DEATH TOLL IS REPORTED AS THREE HUNDRED AND RISING BY JUSTICE DEPARTMENT, WHO HAVE SO FAR MET WITH LITTLE OR NO SUCCESS IN APPREHENDING THE KILLERS. A SPOKESMAN CALLED THE MURDERERS "UNUSUALLY DANGEROUS", CLAIMING THAT "THEY SHOW A LEVEL OF EXPERTISE IN TERMINATION TECHNIQUES NOT NORMALLY SEEN OUTSIDE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT."

DEALING WITH THE KILLERS MUST BE PARAMOUNT IN THE JUDGES' MINDS, VITAL AS IT IS — IN THE LIGHT OF THE FORTHCOMING REFERENDUM — THAT THEY BE SEEN TO BE CAPABLE OF PROTECTING THE PEOPLE.

BLONDEL DUPRE, LEADER OF THE DEMOCRATS:

THE JUDGES HAVE ONLY **ONE** ARGUMENT FOR STAYING IN POWER — THAT THEY KEEP US SAFE! THEIR **CLEAR** INABILITY TO DEAL WITH THESE MURDERS SHOWS JUST HOW **INVALID** THEIR CLAIMS ARE!

OOOOOH... GRUD HELP ME, I'LL NEVER DRINK AGAIN...

SO HOW WOULD THE DEMOCRATS GO ABOUT CATCHING THE KILLERS, MRS DUPRE?

HEY!

WHAT ARE YOU PLAYIN' AT, MAN? COME BACK HERE!

WELL, I CAN ASSURE YOU WE WOULD HAVE TAKEN **PREVENTATIVE** MEASURES! **WE** WOULDN'T BE CAUGHT UNPREPARED!

ANOTHER TEN MINUTES AND WE OUGHT TO HAVE HIM HOOKED UP, DREDD. DAMN MESSY...
A LOT OF HIM ENDED UP SPLATTERED ALL OVER MY UNIFORM, MACDONALD —
CONTROL TO DREDD!
DREDD HERE!
WAGON THREE FIVE NINER'S CALLED IN — SKIP RECKONS HE'S PINNED DOWN ONE OF THE KILLERS, GEORGE LUCAS BLOCK!
PATCH HIM THROUGH!
THREE FIVE NINER, DREDD! WE GOT A CREEP WITH A SHOTGUN PINNED IN UNDERWAY FOUR!
WILCO. HE WAS SHOOTING AT PASSING VEHICLES WHEN WE SPOTTED HIM —
DROKK! NAIL HIM!
COMMANDER
KEEP HIM THERE UNTIL GROUND UNITS ARRIVE.
SKIP! CHECK SCREEN TWO!
HE'S NAILED, SKIP!

UH ..GOT A PROBLEM WITH THE PERP HAD TO VAPE HIM.
I WANTED TO TALK TO HIM, DAMMIT!
GIVE US A BREAK, DREDD! HE WAS GONNA HAVE A GO AT US WITH A BAZOOKA!
A BAZOOKA, HUH? THESE CREEPS HAVE GOT SOME FIREPOWER... OKAY, DREDD OUT
GONNA HAVE TO BE OUR PATIENT AFTER ALL, HUH?
GOT AN I.D. OFF THE GUY'S DENTAL RECORDS, DREDD.
READY TO SWITCH HIM ON IN FIVE.
DOWNER EINSTEIN MAGOO, AGE THIRTY. LUX-APT, THOMAS SHARPE BLOCK.
NOBODY SPECIAL.
ARE THEY EVER? YOU MAY AS WELL COME IN, DREDD. WE'RE ABOUT READY.
HEART RATE'S STEADY.
HAD TO CUT AWAY MOST OF THE SPINE, BY THE WAY...
HUNDRED CEE CEES'LL GET HIS BRAIN GOING-
GOING? IT'LL LIGHT HIM UP LIKE A HAB UNIT ON FIRE!
SECURE THE JUGULAR, WILL YOU? IT'S FLOPPING ABOUT EVERYWHERE-
VOCAL CORDS ARE LACERATED, SO WE LINKED HIM UP TO A VID. HE CAN HEAR OKAY. I WON'T LIE TO YOU, DREDD. WE DID THE BEST WE COULD FOR TWO HOURS, BUT YOU WON'T HAVE TOO LONG
LONG ENOUGH.
SWITCH HIM ON AND CLEAR THE ROOM.

WAKE UP, MAGOO
WAKE UP.
DON'T TRY TO TALK, MAGOO YOUR THOUGHTS ARE ON READOUT ANYWAY.
TAKE A LOOK, CREEP.
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH

THAT'S ME UP TO FORTY! NOT BAD!
UH-HUH...
NOT BAD AT ALL.
MOONER! WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?
ADDING YOUR SCORE TO MINE; LOBBIE WHAT ELSE?
NO! PLEASE D—
GARTH ENNIS
C EZQUERRA
T FRAME
I HAD A FEELING THIS WOULD START SOON, IGGY..
MIGHT HAVE KNOWN MOONER WOULD START THE BALL ROLLING! WHAT'S HIS SCORE NOW?
ADDING MISTER LOBSON'S SCORE — AND MISTER LOBSON HIMSELF, OF COURSE — TO MISTER MOON'S, HE IS NOW IN OVERALL LEAD WITH NINETY-SIX.
BULLY FOR HIM
JUDGE DREDD
DEATH AID PART FIVE

CHIEF JUDGE, YOU ASKED TO BE KEPT INFORMED ON THE KILLINGS—
SO WHAT YOU TELLIN' US FOR? WE KNOW WHAT WE ASKED, RADBLAST YA!
UH...YES, MA'AM. WE'VE FOUND THREE HEAVILY-ARMED MEN DEAD, IN SECTORS FOUR, THIRTY-SIX AND TWO FIVE FIVE...
CAUSES OF DEATH MATCH UP TO SOME OF THE STIFFS WE'VE BEEN PULLING IN OVER THE LAST FEW HOURS, AND THE WEAPONS ON THE BODIES CAN BE LINKED TO TO THE DEATHS AS WELL.
SOUNDS LIKE THEY'RE TURNIN' ON EACH OTHER. WHAT D'YOU RECKON?
LOOKS THAT WAY, CHIEF JUDGE.
WHO THE HELL ASKED YOU, BOY? WHAT'RE YA BUTTIN' IN FOR?
B-B-BUT CHIEF JUDGE, YOU SAID—
WE WASN'T TALKIN' TO YOU, BOY! WE WAS TALKIN' TO US!
STILL NOT TAKEN ANY O' THE DIRTWADS ALIVE?
UHH...NO, MA'AM. JUST DREDD'S PERP.

OKAY, MAGOO – LET'S HAVE IT!
WHY'D YOU SHOOT AT THE POVEY BOY? WHAT D'YOU KNOW ABOUT THESE KILLINGS?
AND WHY DID YOU EXPLODE?
WHAT HAPPENED TO ME? WHAT IN GRUD'S NAME HAPPENED? I'M A MONSTER!
YOU'RE NOT THE MAN YOU USED TO BE, THAT'S FOR SURE. NOW QUIT WASTIN' MY TIME!
TWO HOURS AGO YOU SHOT DOCTOR ZILTON NORTHGATE DEAD WHEN HE GOT BETWEEN YOU AN' YASSA POVEY.
WHAT ARE YOU – SOME KINDA NUT? OR DID SOMEBODY PAY YOU? I WANT THE TRUTH, CREEP!
BUTTON ON YOUR JACKET STARTED GLOWIN' RED, REMEMBER? THEN YOU BLEW UP.
YOU WORK FOR A BLITZ AGENCY?
YOU REFERRIN' TO BRYSON BUGGITT OF LEER, BUGGIT AND PEEPER?
HE'S DEAD.

JUDGE FIRTH FOUND HIM AN HOUR AGO WITH HIS HEAD JAMMED DOWN A TOILET.
HELL! THAT LUNATIC VINZIE – UH, I MEAN–
MEAN WHAT, MAGOO? WHO'S VINZIE?
YOU BETTER START PLAYIN' BALL NOW OR I'LL HAVE YOU SHOT FULL OF TRUTH DRUG AN' WE'LL GET WHAT WE NEED – EVEN IF WE HAVE TO FRY YOUR NERVOUS SYSTEM IN THE PROCESS!
I'M SCARRED FOR LIFE!
AROUND SHOVIN' PEOPLE'S HEADS DOWN THE JOHN. KIND OF HIS TRADEMARK, Y'KNOW?
TOUGH!
SPILL IT, CREEP!
WHAT CLUB'S THAT, MAGOO?
UH... WELL, I'M NOT REALLY SUPPOSED TO SAY... BUT WHO GIVES A SPUG NOW?
IT'S THE HUNTERS' CLUB.
DROKK!
THAT'S A TURN UP
WE'VE BEEN TRYIN' TO NAIL THOSE SICKOS FOR YEARS!

IT WAS ALL ELMORT'S IDEA... HE'S THE CHAIRMAN, SEE... WE'RE DOIN' A CHAMPIONSHIP HUNT, BUT... BUT WE GOT SPONSORSHIP.
IT'S A CHARITY MASSACRE, MAN. IT'S FOR THE KIDS...
YEAH, SURE. AN' YOU THOUGHT YOU'D ADD YOUNG YASSA TO YOUR SCORE, HUH?
I WANT NAMES, CREEP. I WANT TO KNOW YOUR PALS' FAVOURITE KILLING GROUNDS, THEIR HABITS, WHERE THIS LUNATIC ELMORT LIVES – ALL OF IT!
FEELIN' SO... SO
YOU BETTER RELAY ALL THIS TO CONTROL, KILBURN. THEY'RE GONNA WANT TO STOP THESE CRAZIES FAST.
YOU GOT IT!
...REST'LL PROBABLY... BLOW EACH OTHERRR AWAY... BUT SOON... DEADLINE IS MID-DAY... ON THE DOT.
ELLEMORRRT IS... IZZZ PENNNNTHOOOUSE... BOB GELDOFFF—
WHAT ABOUT THE BOMB IN YOUR CHARITY BADGE, MAGOO?
ELMORT... WE ALL HAD BAAADGESSS. GOTTAAA BE ELMORART'SSS IDEA OF... JOKE
GREEEEOOD...?
WHAT IS IT, MAGOO?
RORRT INNN... HEEELLLL...

WE GOT EVERYTHING HE SAID TO ALL UNITS. H-WAGON'S ON ITS WAY FOR YOU.
OKAY. HOW ABOUT MAGOO?
OH, HE'S GONE. SHOCK WAS TOO MUCH FOR HIM. WHAT WITH ALL THOSE STIMULANTS WE PUMPED IN.
PITY. I COULD HAVE DONE WITH SOME MORE ON THE HUNTER'S CLUB ..
DON'T SUPPOSE YOU COULD JUMP-START HIM?
NOT LONG TO GO NOW, IGGY.
NOT MANY OF THE FELLOWS LEFT, EITHER...
REALLY, SIR?
JUSTICE DEPARTMENT HAVE BEEN TAKING THEIR TOLL — AND THE FELLOWS HAVE BEGUN WIPING EACH OTHER OUT, TOO.
IT'S THOSE HIGH SCORES THAT ARE VITAL AT THIS STAGE, YOU KNOW!
INDEED, SIR. AND WHAT OF YOUR OWN SCORE?
WELL, I SHOULD DO PRETTY WELL WHEN I DETONATE ALL THE FELLOWS, EH? FEW GOOD SCORES IN THAT LOT!
BUT I HAD A FEELING THAT DEATH AID NEEDED SOMETHING REALLY SPECTACULAR... SOMETHING TO PUSH MY SCORE THROUGH THE ROOF!
SO I'VE PREPARED MY SPECIAL BONUS HIGH SCORE BOOSTER!
A NUKE, SIR? IS THAT WISE?
ALL IN A GOOD CAUSE, IGGY...
DANGER
CONTINUED IN NEXT ISSUE

MEGA-CITY 1, NEW YEAR 2113:
AN EPIDEMIC OF MOTIVELESS KILLINGS HAS BROKEN OUT BEHIND THEM **THE HUNTERS' CLUB**, HOLDING ITS FIRST ANNUAL CHAMPIONSHIP — FOR CHARITY! MEMBERS SCORE POINTS FOR EACH KILL, IF THEY KILL FELLOW MEMBERS THEY CAN ADD THEIR SCORES TO THEIR OWN.
CLUB CHAIRMAN, **ELMORT DEVRIES**, PLANS TO REAP THE BIGGEST SCORE OF ALL BY SUPPLYING EACH MEMBER WITH AN EXPLODING BADGE. THE VICTIM OF ONE SUCH EXPLOSION REVEALS TO JUDGE DREDD THE HUNTERS' CLUB'S INVOLVEMENT AND LOCATION. THE JUDGES CLOSE IN . .

CHIEF JUDGE, THIS IS DREDD ON WAGON TWO-SIX, INWARD BOUND FOR GELDOF BLOCK.

JUDGE DREDD

GARTH ENNIS
C EZQUERRA
T FRAME

WHAT YOU GOT FOR US, JOE?

KILLINGS ARE DOWN TO THE **HUNTERS' CLUB** ALL UNITS NOTIFIED — LAST FEW PERPS SHOULD BE IN CUSTODY WITHIN THE HOUR.

ON MY WAY TO PICK UP THE CLUB CHAIRMAN, ONE **ELMORT DEVRIES.**

WHAT IN HELL ARE THOSE DUNGBALLS **UP** TO? HUNTERS' CLUB NEVER KILLED MORE'N A MAN A MONTH IN OUR DAY!

CHAMPIONSHIP HUNT, BELIEVE IT OR NOT. THEY'RE DOIN' IT FOR **CHARITY.**

CHARITY? THEY'VE ALL GONE DROKKIN' **MAD!**

TELL YOU WHAT, JOE — WHEN YOU CATCH THIS DEVRIES FELLA, JUST THROW AWAY THE **KEY!**

DON'T WORRY.

I'LL GIVE 'EM **DEATH AID!**

NICHOLSON TO CONTROL! GOT ONE OF YOUR HUNTERS, JUNCTION OF DWEEB AND PORTER—
BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA BUD
WAGON ONE-SIXTY-SIX, WE HAVE A HUNTER ON THE ROOF, MARTIN CANDOR BLOCK!
MOVING IN!
YOU AIN'T GETTIN' MY SCORE, LAWBOYS!
UH...SCRUB THAT, CONTROL!
MACALASTAIR HERE! JUST NAILED THE TOILET KILLER, MARK MOORE CIVIL CONVENIENCES.
THIS IS BARTON, KUROSAWA OVERZOOM! CREEP WITH LAZ-SAW IS DOWN!
CONTROL—LEE! GOT A PERP WITH A SPITGUN CORNERED IN THE ELEVATOR AT JIMMY STUART!
BADAAAM!
GRUD!
CLEAN UP SQUAD TO JIMMY STUART, CONTROL! PERP JUST BLEW UP!

I WOULD HAZARD A GUESS THAT THE OTHER CLUB MEMBERS ARE NO MORE, SIR.
INDEED! A MOMENTOUS DAY IN THE ANNALS OF THE HUNTERS' CLUB!
BUT IT'S NOT OVER YET!
IT MIGHT BE OVER A LITTLE MORE SWIFTLY THAN YOU THINK, SIR.
HMMM...?
AH! JUSTICE DEPARTMENT ARE TAKING A HAND, EH?
YOUR IMMEDIATE SURRENDER WOULD APPEAR TO BE IN ORDER, SIR — IF ONLY TO AVOID YOUR MORE IMMEDIATE DEMISE...
WHAT? SURRENDER? DON'T BE RIDICULOUS, IGGY!
HOW WOULD I COLLECT MY SPONSOR MONEY FROM THE INSIDE OF AN ISO-CUBE?
NO NO. INSTEAD I SHALL GIRD UP MY LOINS AND PREPARE FOR BATTLE!
DEATH AID SHALL CONTINUE...
TO THE DEATH.

IN POSITION, DREDD
YOU GONNA NEED US FOR THIS?
NEGATIVE. PULL BACK AN' HAVE CONTROL STAND BY WITH A CATCH WAGON.
ELMORT DEVRIES, THIS IS JUDGE DREDD!
YOU ARE UNDER ARREST! YOU'VE GOT ONE CHANCE TO SURRENDER, THEN YOU'RE DEAD!

WHAMM!
DEVRIES!
GRUD!
THIS'LL CUT THE UNSOLVED FILE IN HALF OVERNIGHT!

HOLD IT, ROBOT!
GOOD MORNING, JUDGE.
MR DEVRIES HAS ASKED ME TO KEEP YOU TALKING WHILE HE SIGHTS HIS BAZOOKA ON YOU, SIR.
IS THAT A FACT?
INDEED IT IS.
IF YOU'VE GOT ANY SENSE AT ALL, DEVRIES, YOU WON'T PULL THAT TRIGGER.
HMMM...
GOOD JOB I'VE GOT NO SENSE, THEN!
NEXT PROG: NUCLEAR CHARITY!

2000 AD
FEATURING
JUDGE DREDD
LETHAL AID
PROG 720
45p
2 MAR 91

RADDAAAM
JUDGE DREDD
DEATH AID
EPISODE 7
CARTHENN S
C ESQUERRA
T FRAME
BLAST! MISSED!
YOU'RE NOT STOPPING ME NOW, DREDD! I'M A REGISTERED CHARITY!
BUDDABUDDABUDDA
BUDDABUDDABUDDA

BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA
AWK!
REGISTERED? WHO WITH?
THE PSYCHO CUBES?
OOPS! SORRY, IGGY!
DAMN YOU, DREDD! I AM A CHARITY! I'M TRYING TO HELP ALL THOSE POOR LITTLE ORPHANS, BLESS THEIR HEARTS!
I LOVE CHILDREN!
OH YEAH?
BOILED OR ROASTED, CREEP?!
BLAM!
EEAAARH!
UHHHH...YOU'VE... KILLED ME-

BUT... BUT THE SPIRIT OF... CHARITY... WILL LIVE ON...!
LOOK BEHIND... THE FLAG, DREDD. I... I HAVE ..SO... MUCH LEFT.
- TO. GIVE... UHHHH...
DREDD TO CONTROL – MEAT WAGON AND FORENSIC TO PENTHOUSE APARTMENT, BOB GELDOF BLOCK
GOT IT ALL WRAPPED UP, DREDD?
YEAH...
DROKK!
WRAPPED UP, NOTHIN'! H-WAGON TO BOB GELDOF, IMMEDIATE!
THIS LUNATIC'S GOT A NUKE!

CAN'T DO IT ALL ON YOUR OWN AFTER ALL, DREDD?
STOW IT, FLYBOY! GET HER AIRBORNE!
HEAD HER OUT TO SEA, PILOT!
ATLANTIC WALL IN SIGHT, DREDD!
TWO MINUTES 'TIL IT BLOWS!
ONE MINUTE FIFTY!
THIS THING'S A TWO HOUR JOB, DREDD! WE'VE HAD IT!
OPEN HATCH SIX!
WHAT-
WHAM!

CLOSE HER UP AND HIT IT!
MACH TEN—
TIME'S UP!
MAYBE IT'S A DUD!
FLOP!
AND MAYBE IT ISN'T.

CHIEF JUDGE WANTS YOU TO DEBRIEF HER ON THE WHOLE BUSINESS. DREDD. WHEN YOU'RE READY
SURE.
KIND OF ODD, REALLY. WE MUST'VE BEEN TRYING FOR TEN YEARS TO NAIL THE HUNTERS' CLUB, AN' ALL OF A SUDDEN THEY POP UP AN' GO CRAZY...
AN' WE **GOT** 'EM.
WE GET 'EM **ALL** IN THE END, CONNOLLY. WE ALWAYS DO.
ALL IT TAKES IS **PATIENCE.**
CREEPS SHOULD'VE KNOWN THAT WHEN THEY WENT UP AGAINST THE **REAL** HUNTERS.
NEXT PROG: DRILLER KILLER

DEAD MEAN

A Text Prequel to 'Judgement on Gotham'

Text by Alison Potter

Illustrations by Trevor Hairsine

The lone figure pulled the thin fabric of its greatcoat closer around thin, bony shoulders. To a casual observer, he was trying to keep out the chill. The reality was far more frightening. He did not wish to be seen, to be recognised, at least not yet. Although his features lacked the heart-stopping horror of one of his associates, he was instantly recognisable, especially after the glorious events of recent months. He was on the run again, with only a few hours before the Judges discovered his latest handiwork. He needed to get out of Mega-City One and this plan had seemed the easiest solution But now .

He hissed with impatience, cursing his doltish accomplice Surely even such a fool could achieve this most basic of tasks? The plan was simplicity itself but with Mean Machine Angel involved, that was no guarantee of success. Indeed, the solitary figure clinging to the shadows was rapidly coming to the conclusion that the only thing guaranteed by the Mean Machine was trouble, and lots of it

Suddenly a thunderous roar of metal and speed burst into the quiet back alleyway - the engines of a Judge's Lawmaster motorcycle! No time to run now, nowhere to hide! Had he been discovered already? Surely the old woman could not have given him away, she could barely find her own front door. No, this must be just some ill chance. Perhaps he could bluff his way out of this.

The Lawmaster roared to a halt beside him, the Judge astride the bike casually looking him over. 'Loitering with intent is a serious offence, old man. What're you doing here?'

The stranger stepped towards the Judge and plunged a ghostly hand deep into the lawkeeper's chest, squeezing the Judge's heart with wraith-like malice. The Judge gasped, choked and slumped forward on his bike, quite dead. His attacker pulled off his hat to reveal a grinning, cadaverous smile

'I m waiting for my accompiice, sssucker!' replied Judge Death

Mean Machine Angel was getting angry This was hardly a unique state for the lumbering giant, especially since an anger enhancement dial had been fitted to his forehead when he was barely a teenager. Linked directly to his brain, it kept him in a permanently angry mood. The level of agitation was controlled by the dial which had four settings: 1 for surly, 2 for mean, 3 for vicious and 4 for brutal.

After his most recent escapade involving a programme of hypno-therapy, a time machine and the near destruction of the entire time-space continuum, Mean had been put back into his own specially constructed iso-cube with the rubberised wall and mega-reinforced door. Long months of bouncing off the walls, floor and ceiling had followed, until he received an unexpected visitor

'The name'sss Death, Judge Death,' the new arrival had announced after materialising through the still-locked door

'So?'

'My assssociates and I have been turning Mega-City One into a gloriousss Necropolisss, a CCCity for the Dead. But now Dredd hasss returned and our plansss are coming. .unssstuck.' Death paused but Mean was too busy butting against the still-solid door to pay much attention. The alien superfiend decided to dispense with subtlety

'Mean Machine Angel - would you like to rule Mega-City One?'

That got the psychopathic head-buttist's attention

'Huh?'

HAIRSINE.

'I sssaid, would you '

'I heard ya the first time, Bony. Whattaya mean, rule Mega City One?

Death smiled, thin lips pulled back from rotten, decaying fangs in a hideous parody of friendship.

SSSoon the Judgesss will retake control of this cccity and I mussst go into hiding. But we can defeat them and rule together!

'Howzat then?'

'Lisssten very carefully...'

That was months ago. Since then Mean Machine had been on his best behaviour, just like the bony feller had said. He'd even allowed the Judges to fit a voluntary anger clamp on his dial, though it riled him some not bein' able to get really riled. Now some dang fool had put him on a work experience programme for dangerous psychopaths, just like the bony fella had predicted. He'd said something about post-hypnotic something but Mean hadn't been listening too well. He just liked the idea of being ruler of Mega-City One, maybe even King!

Yeah, King Mean, that sure sounded good to him. He could just sees himself, a gold crown on his head and all the Judges bowin' and scrapin' afore him. Yeah, King Mean...

'Hey you! What are you doing in here?'

The yell brought Mean abruptly out of his pleasant daydream. Dang it! He'd been caught in the act. Time for some clever huffin' and bluffin'.

'I wuz just doin' the cleanin',' said Mean, brandishing his mop.

The tek-Judge looked at Mean dubiously. 'Yeah, well stay out of this room. Can't you read what's on the door?' He pointed to lettering on the glass door: KEEP OUT! NO UNAUTHORISED ENTRY! TECH 21 STAFF ONLY!

Mean approached the Judge slowly, almost apologetically, trailing his mop behind him. 'I'm sorry, readin' and writin' ain't my strong points.'

'Alright, but don't let it happen again,' said the Judge, satisfied with Mean's stupidity. He turned to look out into the corridor for a moment. 'Whoever decided to send you work experience psychos to us needs his head examined!' He turned back round to find Mean grinning at him, the anger clamp hanging from the claw of Mean's mechanical arm.

'Dang right, Judge. It makes me angry, so angry, I'm a gonna hafta go up to three on ya!' sneered Mean, twisting his dial round to the appropriate setting and pulling back his head to deliver the killing blow.

The last thing the Judge ever heard was the sound of his own skull being crushed inwards. BOK!

His attacker leant back into the equipment storeroom and grabbed a strange, globe-like device attached to a synthi-leather belt.

Now Mean had broken free again and Dredd was not happy about it.

'What the hell was Mean doing at Tech 21? That's a top secret Justice Dept. research centre, not an iso-block!'

'Seems he was on a work experience programme for dangerous psychopaths,' replied Control weakly.

'What?!?'

'We're rounding up those responsible, but records are a mess since Necropolis. The warden who ordered the programme seems to be under some sort of post-hypnotic suggestion. Psi Division are investigating.'

A dark thought tugged at Dredd's imagination with the mention of Necropolis. He had quit the Judges, quit Mega-City One months ago, taken the Long Walk into the Cursed Earth. But even there he could find no peace, and was attacked by the Sisters of Death. When he recovered his memory, he realised the Dark Judges must be invading the Big Meg. Against his will, he had to return, to save his city one more time.

The Necropolis was gone now, the Dark Judges defeated, but Dredd was still here, back on the streets in uniform again. Had he made the right decision to stay? He could hardly leave, the city was in such a mess. Almost without realising it, he seemed to have slipped straight back into the old groove, the old habits. And they felt good.

But still doubts lingered and so did one problem - the location of Judge Death. Dredd's arch-enemy, his ultimate foe had escaped capture when the Necropolis crumbled. The other three Dark Judges were safely held in impenetrable spheres, but Death still walked the streets of Mega-City One. Just days before, they had nearly caught him in a con-apt in Sylvia Plath Block, where Death had been lodging with a Mrs Gunderson, a near-blind eldster who little realised the chilling identity of her houseguest.

The Judges burst in too late, Death was already gone, and most worryingly, he seemed to have developed a way to block the mental probings of top Psi Judges like Cassandra Anderson. The Justice Dept was desperate to recapture Death, both to prevent him hatching another nefarious scheme and also for the public peace of mind. The citizens had suffered immense terror at the hands of the Dark Judges, nearly 60 million people dying during the Necropolis. Recapturing Death would go a long way to wiping out the deficit of trust.

Now Mean Machine had escaped again and this time taken a d-jump device with him. The two facts did not ring true, Mean was too stupid to have even thought of stealing the device, let alone using it unprompted. So, the buttist had to be working with someone else, and only Death had good reason to want a d-jump. It was the Dark Judges that had first brought dimension-jump technology to Mega-City from their own planet of Deadworld. Now Death had obviously decided to leave the city for another dimension, but he needed a d-jump to do so.

Dredd turned his bike down a Judges Only off-ramp down to sked-level and began a search pattern of the skeds and pedways surrounding Tech 21. The idea of Judge Death and Mean Machine Angel teaming up together .. It was almost too terrifying to contemplate. They had to be stopped!

Judge Dredd was just cuffing a perp to a holding post in Sector 66 when the call came through from Control. 'Prisoner escaping from Tech 21, Judge down! Repeat, Judge Down!'

'Dredd to Control, I'll take the escapee,' barked Dredd into his helmet communicator as he swiftly mounted his Lawmaster motorcycle and sped up onto an oversked. 'Any more details?'

Prisoner believed to be Mean Machine Angel. Escapee may have stolen a d-jump device,' crackled the voice of Control into his ears.

'Terrif,' grunted Dredd and gunned his engine even harder. He had clashed with Mean Machine many times in the past and knew that Mean blamed him for the death of the Angel gang, Mean's family. The lunatic buttist always seemed to be escaping from one form of detention or another. It was usually only Mean's immense stupidity that helped the Judges defeat and recapture him.

Scoones could still remember the good old days, before the Judges took over, the days when you could get real alcohol. None of this synthi-hol rubbish then, no! Course that was years ago, when he was a young man. Now he was just another eldster down on his luck, trawling City Bottom for handouts and scavenging from other people's discards.

He looked over at his mate Preddle, who had passed out in a corner. They had been high flyers once, leaders of a multi-national corporation selling dreamtech gear for leisure simulations. Okay, okay, it was cheapjack virtual erotica implants, and they'd actually once sent some over to Brit-Cit, but that was multi-national, wasn't it?

But the Judges had destroyed them, wiped out the trade in illegal VR technology. Overnight the firm of Preddle, Scoones & Associates was out of business, with 'friends' calling in old debts and a few limbs being broken in the process. Now the pair were reduced to slumming with the scum of the Big Meg.

Sometimes Scoones wished they had died during the Apocalypse War, or even the horror that had been Necropolis, but no such luck. He didn't know the old 20th Century saying: Be careful what you wish for, someday you may get it.

Scoones stumbled over to his friend and gave him a kick. 'Geddup.'

Preddle waved him away with a weary hand

'I said, geddup! It's cred-day!'

Another grunt from the ground.

'Come on, Preddle, we've—'

Abrupt silence, then the faintest rattling sound. After a few moments the slumbering Preddle rolled over to see what had silenced his friend and sat bolt upright, jolted awake by the vision of horror above him. Scoones hung in the air, his face turning deep blue, his legs still kicking.

He was suspended upon the ghostly arm thrust through his chest by the black-clad figure behind him. The attacker was clad in a parody of the standard Judge uniform, the eagle of justice shoulder pad replaced with the decaying corpse of some winged predator, claws and human bones replacing pads and the symbols of office. Most terrifying of all was the name etched into the badge on the attacker's chest: DEATH.

Gibber,' babbled Preddle as Judge Death cast aside the corpse of his now quite dead friend. The alien superfiend bent over to get a closer look at its next victim

'Hello, sssucker! Are you ready to be Judged?'

Mean was running, his awkward body loping along, hunched to one side by the weight of his heavy robot claw arm. Swinging from the end of the claw was the precious d-jump device, attached to a waistbelt.

'Wheee doggie! We really done it this time. Now we's gonna rule all of Mega-City One.' The lunatic buttist paused for a moment, his tiny mind filled with dreams of conquest, untold wealth and an endless supply of gratuitous violence. 'Maybe even the whole cotton-pickin' universe!'

His reverie was interrupted by a hiss from above.

Up here, sssinner!'

Mean looked up and saw Judge Death standing atop a nearby building. 'The bony fella! Right where you said you'd be! Hold on - I'll be right up!' Moments later Mean had clambering to the top of the building, its roof giving a panoramic view of the city spread out below. 'Soon this'll all be ours!'

'Yesss, yesss,' agreed Death impatiently. 'The dimensssion-jump deviccce - have you sssecured it?'

'Hell, yeah!' exclaimed Mean, holding up the pulsing globe.

'Ahhh!' gasped Death in delight. 'Give it to me, then I can begin my plansss in earnessst.'

Mean handed the device across, puzzlement on his face. 'Don t ya mean we can begin our plans?'

Death fiddled with the controls on the d-jump, which began to emit shards of electrical energy. His whole body began to change and warp, as it slipped sideways into another dimension

'Dang it, just where d'ya think yore going?' demanded Mean, trying to grab the rapidly dissipating Death with his claw. But his erstwhile partner disappeared completely, just three words left hanging in the air behind him...

'SSSo long, sssucker!'

Moments later, Death's presence was replaced with that of another figure, this time with tall pointed ears and a long, flowing cape. Mean tapped the new arrival on the shoulder

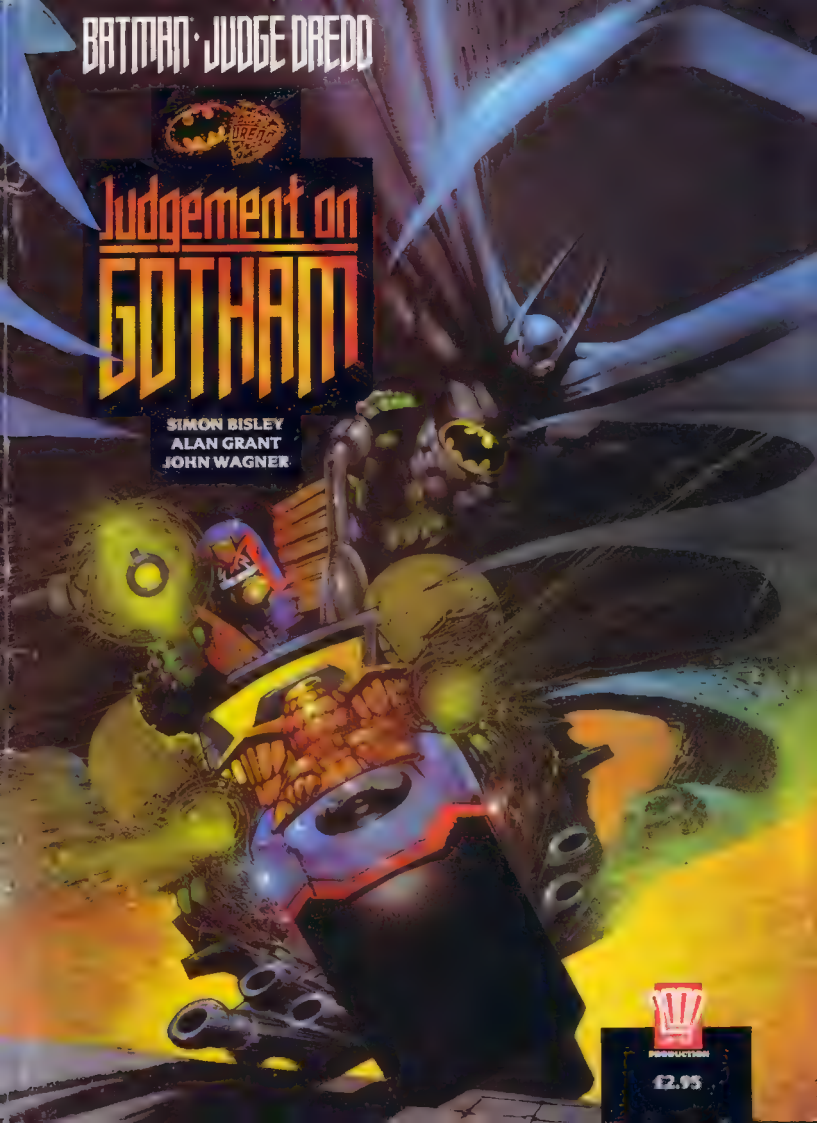
'Where'd the bony fella go?'

Nearby, Judge Dredd was about to begin the strangest case of his career, sending him to a different reality to try and recapture his greatest foe

BATMAN · JUDGE DREDD

Judgement on GOTHAM

SIMON BISLEY
ALAN GRANT
JOHN WAGNER



PRODUCTION
£2.95

OH BABY..
OH BABY BABY!
OHHHH BAAAA-BEEEEEEE!
HUHHHH?
OH MY GRIEF...!
HELLLLO, YOUNG LOVERSSSSS!

I HAVVVVE COMME TO JJJUDGGE YOUUUU!
AHHHHHEEEEEEEEEEEE
FIGHT NIGHT
FAST

EEEEEEEEEE
!!

CASIO
AT THE
SKREEEECH!
WHAT THE HELL--?
MURPH
IS THAT THING FOR REAL?
GREEETINGGGGGS!
BADOW
BADOW
BADOW
JUDGGGE DEATHHHH AT YOUR SSSERVICCE!
THAT AIN'T NO MASK, MURPH!
DIE, YOU FREAKER!

FOOOLLSSSS! YOU CANNOT KILL WHAT DOESSG NOT LIVVVE!
COME! COME TO JJJUDGGGMENT!
GO DOWN, DAMN YOU!
I FIND YOUU GUILLTYYY!
GNNNNNNN!
THE CRIME ISSS LIFFFFE--
THE SSSENTENCCCE ISSS DEATHHHH!
MURPH!
YOURRR TURN, SSSINNER!
KLIK!
KLIK! KLIK!
H-H-HOLY MOTHER--!
I BEG TO DIFFER!
BATMAN! THANK GOD!

BATMANN, IGSSS IT?
OBSSTRUCTING JJUSSSTICCE IGSS A SSSERIOUSSSSS OFFFENCCCE--FOR MAN OR BATTT!
THE SSSENTENCCE IGSSS DEATHHHH!
DON'T LET IT TOUCH YOU, BATMAN!
IMPALED! I DIDN'T MEAN TO KILL IT--!
YOU GOT NOTHING TO BE SORRY FOR!

YOU SAW WHAT IT DID TO MURPHY--STUCK ITS CLAWS RIGHT INTO HIS BRAIN! IT--IT WASN'T HUMAN!
HUMAN OR NOT, I HAD NO RIGHT TO TAKE ITS LIFE!
LISSSTEN TO THE BOY SSSCOUTT!
WELL COUNT ME OUTTT--
SSSSSSUCKER!
WHAT DOES IT TAKE TA STOP THIS THING?
BADOW! BA-DOW!
MORE THAN WE'VE GOT! BACK OFF!
YOU PEOPLE! GET AWAY FROM HERE!
FLIGHT ISS USSELESSSS! DEATHHHHH COMESS TO ALLLL IN THE END!
GLUG GLUG
SLOOOSH
BADOW
KIZZANG!
THE GAS--!
IF THE CAN IGNITES WE'RE ALL DEAD!

I HAVVVE COME TO JJUDGGE THISSSS CCCITY! JJUDGG-MENTTT WILL BE CARRIED OUT!
FOOOLSSS! YOU CANNOT KILL WHAT DOESSSS NOT LIVVE!
THAT'S FIXED HIM! BURN, YOU FREAKER!
ALLLL WILLL DIEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE...
DID YOU SEE THAT? DEATH INCARNATE, THAT'S WHAT IT WAS!
GET A GRIP ON YOURSELF! REPORT IN!
WHAT'S THIS--?
SOME SORT OF ELECTRONIC DEVICE...
ZZZT
ZZZT
ZZZT
FAZZZT!
WHAAAATT?

WHERE ON EARTH--?
ONE MOMENT I'M IN GOTHAM, AND THE NEXT--
AM I GOING MAD...?

TAP TAP
HOWDY!
BOK!
UNGGGG!
WHERE'S TH' BONY FELLA?
NOW JUST BACK OFF!
I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU TAKE ME FOR, BUT I INTEND YOU NO HARM!
IZZAT SO?
WELL I INTEND YOU PLENTY!
THIS DIAL ON MUH HEAD'S GOT FOUR SETTIN'S, SEE? ON 1 I AIN'T NICE AT ALL! ON 2 I GIT DOWNRIGHT MEAN!
THAT'S WHY THEY CALLS ME TH' MEAN MACHINE!
MEAN VICIOUS ATTACK

AN' LESS'N YOU START GIVIN' ME SOME STINKIN' ANSWERS YOU IS GONNA FIND OUT JUS' ZACKLY HOW MEAN!
NOW WHERE'S TH' BONY FELLA?
YOU MEAN THAT DEATH CREATURE--?
THAT IS HIM! JUDGE DEATH!
ME AN' HIM MADE A DEAL, SEE? I STEALS HIM TH' DIMENSION BELT AN' TOGETHER WE WUZ GONNA RULE MEGA-CITY ONE--MAYBE EVEN THE WHOLE COTTON-PICKIN' YOONYVERSE!
AN' WHAT DOES HE DO? JUST GRABS TH' BELT AN' DISAPPEARS WITHOUT SO MUCH AS A WHANG DANG DOODLE!
AN' NOW YOU TURNS UP IN HIS PLACE! YOU TWO IN CAHOOTS OR SOMETHIN'?
DIMENSION BELT...? IS IT POSSIBLE--COULD THIS DEVICE HAVE TRANSPORTED ME TO ANOTHER DIMENSION...?
THAT'S TH' ONE!
GIMME!
NOT SO FAST! FIRST I WANT SOME ANSWERS.
YOU SAID A NAME--MEGA-CITY ONE. IS THAT THIS PLACE?
EXACTLY WHERE AM I?
WHADDYA MEAN, WHERE IS YA? YA'S RIGHT THERE -- THAT'S WHERE YA IS!

NOW IS YOU GONNA GIMME THAT DANGED BELT OR AM I GONNA HAFTA GIVE YA A FACE FULLA 2?
CLICK!
HELL! YA GOT ME SO ALL-FIRED RILED I'M GONNA GO UPTA 2 ON YA ANYWAYS!
YEEEUUAA
BOKK
GRUNCH
CRASHHAN
THE MAN'S INSANE! WHAT KIND OF LUNATIC WORLD HAVE I STUMBLED INTO?
BASTICH! YA MOVED!
CRAZY OR NOT, I CAN'T JUST WATCH HIM PLUNGE TO HIS DEATH--!

DREDD TO CONTROL!
HAVE JUST SIGHTED THE MEAN MACHINE!
WHAT'S TH' BIG IDEA? THIS A RESCUE OR SOMETHIN'?
KEEP STILL! DON'T STRUGGLE!
BOK BOK BOK
I'LL STRUGGLE ALL I LIKE, GOLDARNIT! NOBODY RESCUES ME LESS'N I SAYS THEY CAN RESCUE ME!
BLAM!
PING!

MEAN MACHINE ANGEL! THIS IS JUDGE DREDD! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!
YOU WITH THE EARS-- ROLL AWAY FROM HIM! KEEP YOUR HANDS IN SIGHT!
CLICK
THE D-JUMP!
DAMN!
BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM
I LOST HIM, CONTROL. CREEP 'PORTED OUT.
WARM UP AN INTERROGATION CUBE--I'M BRINGING IN A SUSPECT.
YOU DON'T NEED THE CUFFS
PUT 'EM ON
I'VE NO QUARREL WITH THE LAW--IF THAT'S WHAT YOU ARE
GOOD! THEN YOU WON'T MIND DOING WHAT YOU'RE TOLD!
THUD!
NOT THIS TIME, DREDDY!
I STILL GOT A BONE TA PICK WITH TH' BONY FELLA!

I'M TELLING YOU, LIEUTENANT, BATMAN JUST DISAPPEARED!
ONE MINUTE HE'S KNEELIN' BY THE MONSTER -- NEXT THING I KNOW HE'S GONE!
PEOPLE DON'T JUST DISAPPEAR, COOGAN! WHAT IS THIS LOAD OF BALONEY? YOU BEEN HITTING THE SAUCE AGAIN?
I SWEAR, LIEUTENANT! MURPHY'S DEAD, FOR GODSAKE! AND THAT MONSTER--IT'S STILL OUT THERE! DEATH INCARNATE!
IZZAT SO?
OH LORD!
Y-YOU'RE NOT GONNA BELIEVE THIS, LIEUTENANT! TH-THERE'S A GUY WITH A BIG METAL CLAW AND A DIAL ON HIS HEAD--
HOWDY!
BOOM
YOU'RE SUSPENDED, COOGAN! YOU HEAR ME? SUSPENDED!
WAIT THERE! I'M SENDING A UNIT FOR YOU!
UURRRHH!

ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT, I HEAR YOU.
GRUD! DONE IT AGAIN!
I'VE GOT TO STOP ANSWERING BEFORE IT RINGS!
BRRINNNGGGG
ANDERSON...? HOGANSTEIN I'M DOWN AT THE INTERROGATION CUBES DREDD'S PICKED UP SOME CREEP--
BATMAN...
HOW DID YOU KNOW THAT?
I'M A TELEPATH, HOGANSTEIN
AND I'LL TELL YOU SOMETHING ELSE -- I'VE GOT A NASTY FEELING I'M NOT GOING TO LIKE WHAT YOU'RE ABOUT TO TELL ME ..

THIS BATMAN CLAIMS HE'S COME FROM ANOTHER DIMENSION-- STRAIGHT FROM A SLUG-FEST WITH YOUR OLD PAL, JUDGE DEATH!
I'LL BE RIGHT DOWN
"MEAN MACHINE ANGEL, LAST SURVIVING MEMBER OF THE NOTORIOUS ANGEL GANG -- MEGA-CITY ONE'S MOST LETHAL BUTTIST -- ESCAPES FROM TECH 21 WHILE ON A WORK EXPERIENCE COURSE FOR DANGEROUS PSYCHOPATHS -- "
DIDN'T WE HAVE THIS PROBLEM WITH HIM BEFORE?
SOME JERK IN WELFARE AUTHORIZED IT. THEY'RE BRINGING HIM IN NOW
MAKE SURE YOU FIND OUT JUST WHO THE HELL ELSE HE'S GOT RUNNING LOOSE
NOT CONTENT WITH ABSCONDING, MEAN TAKES WITH HIM A DIMENSION JUMP FROM THE EXPERIMENTAL LAB. NEXT THING WE KNOW YOU TWO ARE UP TO YOUR MONKEY SHINES.
LIKE TO TELL ME WHY? WHAT'S YOUR CONNECTION WITH MEAN ANGEL?
NONE!
I TOLD YOU, I TOOK THE BELT FROM THAT GHOUL IN GOTHAM THE NEXT THING I KNEW I WAS HERE -- AND YOUR LUNATIC BUTTIST WAS WAITING FOR ME!
I'VE PUT UP WITH THIS THIRD DEGREE LONG ENOUGH! I'VE COMMITTED NO CRIME!
NO--?

INCENDIARY DEVICE, PHOSPHOR BASED.
THIRTY METERS HIGH-TENSILE WIRE
DARTS, TWO--TIPPED WITH TRANQUILLIZER
PROJECTILES, PRECISION WEIGHTED. TWO
KNOCK-OUT GAS.
YOU'RE CARRYING ENOUGH OFFENSIVE WEAPONS TO PULL DOWN FIFTEEN YEARS!
DON'T BE ABSURD! NO COURT OF LAW WOULD CONVICT ME!
THIS IS MEGA-CITY ONE, CREEP! I AM THE COURT OF LAW!
JUDGE AND JURY! IF I SAY YOU PULL TIME, YOU PULL TIME!
I'LL TELL YOU SOMETHING ELSE... THE MASK--THE COSTUME--THE WEAPONS--YOU KNOW WHAT I SMELL?
I SMELL VIGILANTE.
AND I DON'T LIKE VIGILANTES!
IS THERE ANY CHANCE I COULD SPEAK TO SOMEONE WITH A LITTLE INTELLIGENCE?
SOMEBODY LOOKIN' FOR ME?

KEEP IT UP AND YOU'LL BE SPEAKING TO A DENTIST!
UNTIE THESE STRAPS AND WE'LL SEE--!
BOY, IT DIDN'T TAKE YOU TWO LONG TO MAKE FRIENDS!
DO YOU HAVE SOME AUTHORITY? I'VE BEEN HAVING TROUBLE GETTING THROUGH TO THIS HALFWIT.
TWO MORE FOR LIB, CREEP
I HAVE SOME AUTHORITY--NOT AS MUCH AS THE HALFWIT, THOUGH
SPARE ME THE ONE-LINERS, ANDERSON--DO YOUR JOB
SO, YOU HAD A BRUSH WITH JUDGE DEATH, HUH?
YES. IT WAS INCINERATED--BUT SOMETHING...A SPIRIT--A GHOST--ROSE FROM THE BODY...
IT'S STILL THERE--LOOSE IN GOTHAM!
OR LOOSE IN YOUR HEAD, MAYBE--?
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
YOU NEVER CAN TELL WITH DEATH. I'M JUST GOING TO TAKE A LOOK INSIDE HERE.
NOW RELAX. THIS WON'T HURT A BIT...

WEIRD!

HE'S CLEAN, BUT I'LL TELL YOU, HE SURE KNOWS SOME STRANGE PEOPLE!
STRANGE? A MANIAC WITH A DIAL ON HIS HEAD? JUDGE DEATH--?
WHAT IS HE ANYWAY?
DREDD DIDN'T TELL YOU?
TYPICAL!
THE CREEP'S A GRADE-A WARPO. ACCORDING TO HIS TWISTED PHILOSOPHY ALL CRIME IS COMMITTED BY THE LIVING--ERGO, LIFE ITSELF MUST BE A CRIME!
HE AND THE OTHER DARK JUDGES WIPED OUT EVERY LIVING THING ON THEIR OWN WORLD--THEN CAME HERE TO SPREAD THE GOSPEL. NEARLY SUCCEEDED TOO.
WE CAUGHT THE OTHERS BUT DEATH ESCAPED
YOU MAY HAVE DESTROYED HIS PHYSICAL FORM, BUT THAT WON'T STOP HIM FOR LONG. HE'LL JUST TAKE OVER ANOTHER BODY.
HE CAN DO THAT?
"YOU CANNOT KILL WHAT DOESSSS NOT LIVVVVE," TO QUOTE THE MAN.
AND SO FAR WE HAVEN'T FOUND A WAY. THE BEST WE CAN HOPE TO DO IS CONTAIN H M
AND GOTHAM'S AT HIS MERCY! I'VE GOT TO GET BACK THERE!
YOU WILL IN ABOUT TWENTY YEARS
YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS?
CREEP BROKE THE LAW, HE'S DOING TIME.
IF HE'S GUILTY OF ANYTHING IT'S A MERE TECHNICALITY. WE'RE GOING TO NEED HIS HELP WHEN WE GO AFTER DEATH
WHO SAYS WE'RE GOING ANYWHERE?

WE CAN'T JUST LEAVE DEATH THERE--!
THAT'S FOR THE CHIEF JUDGE TO DECIDE. UNTIL SHE GIVES EXPRESS AUTHORIZATION MEAN ANGEL AND JUDGE DEATH ARE BEYOND OUR JURISDICTION.
AND HOW LONG WILL THAT TAKE? FOR GRUD'S SAKE, DREDD!
SNAP!
YOU CALL THAT JUSTICE?
SLAM!

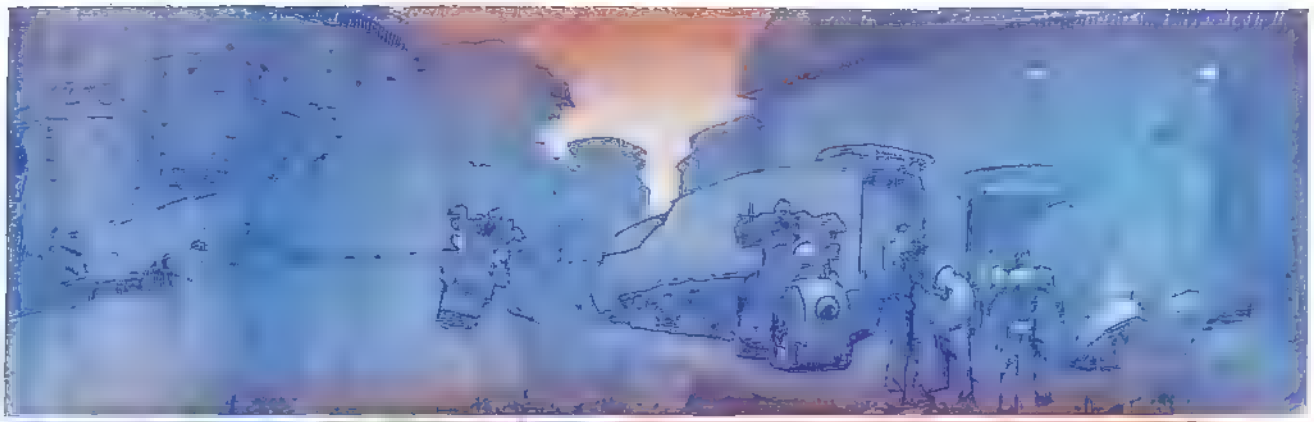
NOT JUST A TECHNICALITY NOW, CREEP! JUDGE ASSAULT-- TEN YEARS!
OOFF
THUD-D!
MAKE IT TWENTY!
DONE! YOU KEEP BREAKING THE LAW-- I'LL KEEP COUNTING!
THE HELL WITH YOUR LAW!
BREAK THEM UP!

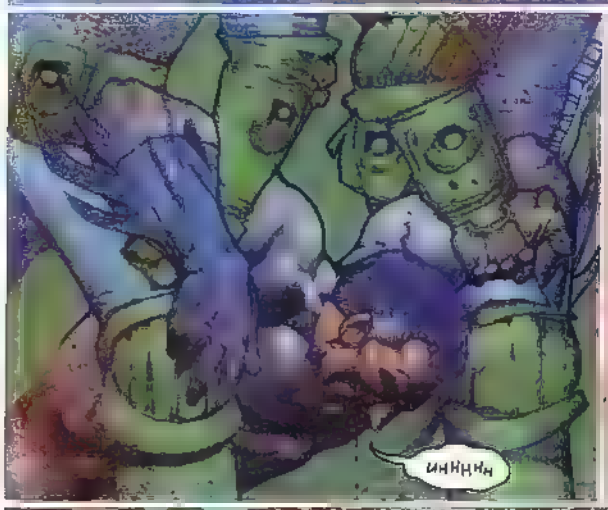
OOOF!
SUBDUE HIM
THUD
THUD
GOTHAM CITY MORGUE
MORGUE
SQUEEK
SQUEEK SQUEEK
ANOTHER STIFF, HUH?
THEY'RE DROPPIN' LIKE FLIES TONIGHT WHAT'S THE STORY HERE--?
NO! DON'T TELL ME! LEMME GUESS... I GOT A FEEL FOR THIS...
CORONARY, RIGHT?

SORRY! YOU LOSE!
FEAR O-SOL
Guaranteed Ozone Unfriendly
OH SWEET MERCY! NO! KEEP THEM AWAY!
UH, GEE, MR. SCARECROW, SIR, WHATCHA DO TA HIM?
CONCENTRATED FEAR, BENNY! INDUCES THE VICTIM'S WORST NIGHTMARE!
RIGHT NOW HE'S BEING EATEN ALIVE BY RATS--OR SLOWLY ROASTED ON A HOT PIT--OR...AHH! THE POSSIBILITIES ARE ENDLESSLY DELIGHTFUL!
WOULDN'T IT BE SIMPLER JUST TA PLUG HIM?
SIMPLE THINGS FOR SIMPLE MINDS, BENJAMIN! I ASPIRE TO MORE ELEVATED PLANES!
HERE, GIVE ME A HAND WITH HIM.
THE ART OF FEAR! THAT IS MY OPUS VIVANDI--AND MY MODUS OPERANDI!
I AIN'T GOT MUCH TIME FOR OPERA MYSELF.
I LIKE PLUGGIN' PEOPLE--WITH MA GUN
SLAM
NOW KEEP A WATCH WHILE I GET DOWN TO THE EVENING'S BUSINESS
FRESH CORPSES! THE NIGHT'S GENEROUS TALLY! EACH A VALUABLE CHEMICAL REPOSITORY WAITING TO BE TAPPED!
NATURE'S OWN RAW MATERIAL! INSPIRATION FOR SOME OF MY MOST INSIDIOUS POISONS!

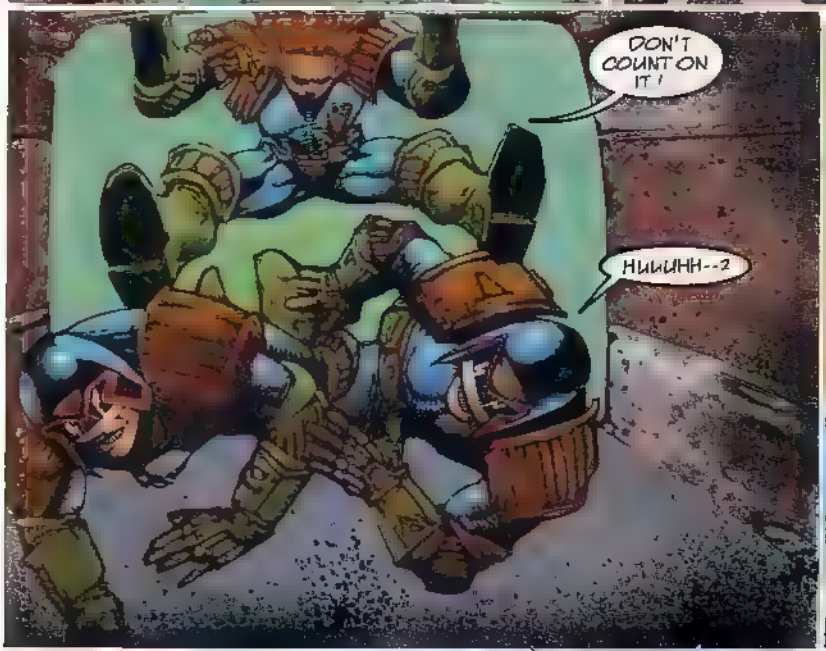
HARK TO THE MERRY GLIP! GLIP! GLIP! OF THE CRANIAL FLUIDS! MUSIC TO THE EARS OF THE MASTER OF FEAR!
GLIP
GLIP
GLIP
DEATHHH..
...ITSS SSSICKLY SSTENCHHHH DRAWSSS MEEE...
LOOK! A G-G-GHOST!
WHY, SO IT IS! IT'S ALL HAPPENING TONIGHT!
DOWN!
HOWW PEACCEFFFUL THEY LOOK... PURGGGED OF THEIR SSSINSSS... CLEANSSED OF THEIR WICKEDNESSS...
SSSLEEP! RESSST EASSSY, SSSWEET SSTIFFSS! YOU WILL NOT LONGG BE ALONE!
SSSOON MILLLIONSSS WILL JOIN YOU! FOR WHO IN THISSS CCCITY CAN SSSAVY ME NAYYY?
BOO!

I DID IT! I FRIGHTENED A GHOST! YOU'RE MY WITNESS, BENJAMIN! A CROWNING ACHIEVEMENT!
BOOOO?
BOOOOO?!
UPSSSTART!
WHHAT MANNER OF CREATURE ISSS THISSS WHO DARESSS BOOO DEATHHHHH?
JUST SAY THE WORD, BOSS! I'LL PLUG IT!
NNNNNO, YOU FOOL!
KLIK!
INTERESSSTINNGG! A TRULY UNIQUE SSSPECCIMEN! A MIND OBSSSESSSED WITH FEAR IN ALL ITSSS WONDROUSSS GUISSSESSS!
N MANY WAYSSS A CREATURE AFFTER MY OWN ROTTEN HEARTTT!
PERHAPSSS WE CAN BE OF SSSOME ASSSISSSTANCCE TO EACHHH OTHHHER, SSSCARECROWW...
LET'SSS YOU AND I HAVVE A LITTLE... CHHHHATT.




UHHHHH

YOU FORGOT HIS STUFF.
WHERE HE'S GOING THE ONLY THING HE'LL NEED IS HIS BATBRIEFS!

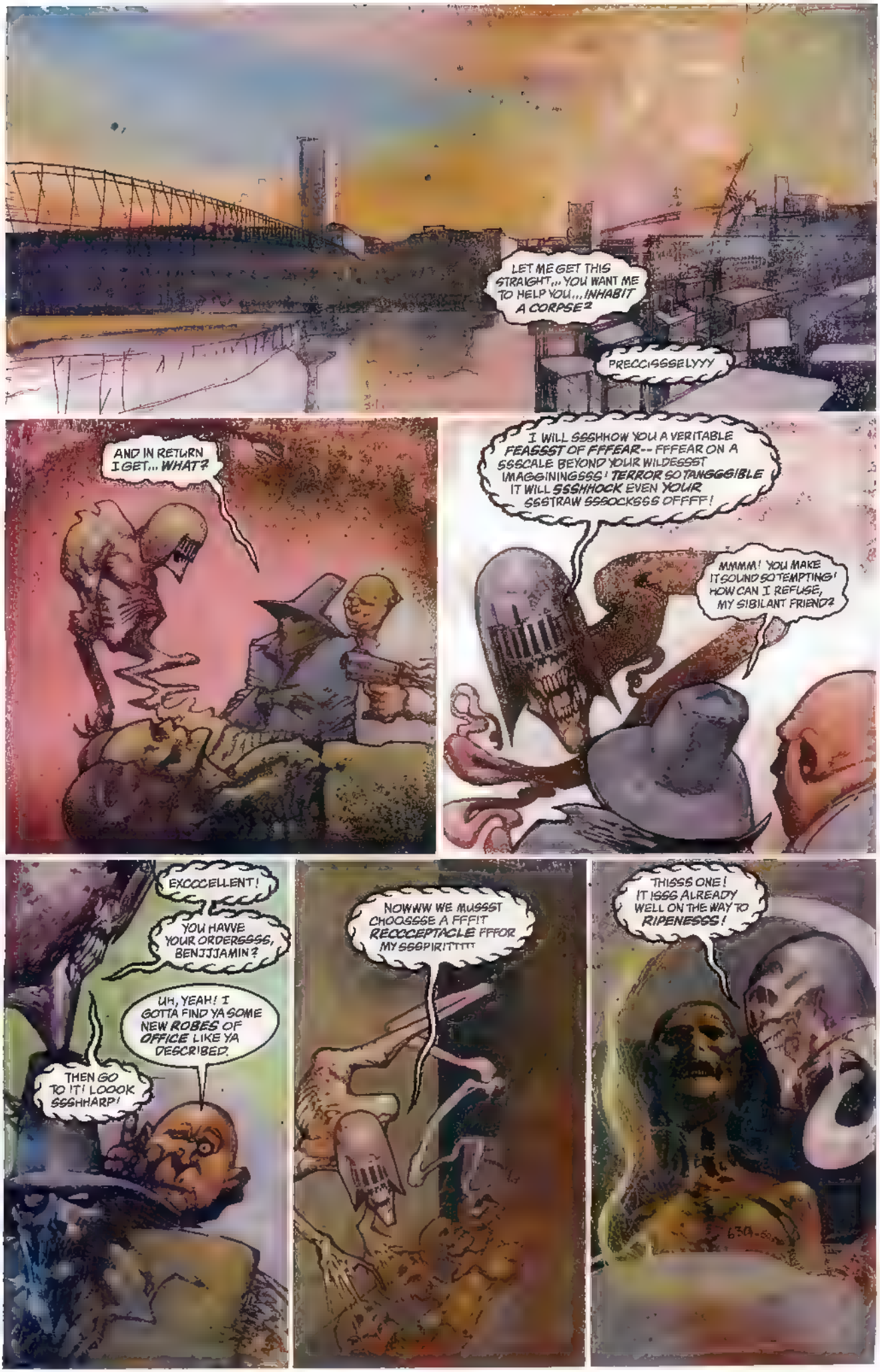

DON'T COUNT ON IT!
HUUUHH--2

TAKE FIVE, GUYS!
BOFF!
GAS--!
UHHHHHHHH

C'MON, PAL, SNAP OUT OF IT!
WHAT... WHAT'S GOING ON...?
CALL ME YOUR FAIRY GODMOTHER HERE--

LET'S RIDE!
WHERE ARE WE GOING--2

GOTHAM!


LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT... YOU WANT ME TO HELP YOU... INHABIT A CORPSE?
PRECCIGGGELYYY
AND IN RETURN I GET... WHAT?
I WILL SSSHHOW YOU A VERITABLE FEASSST OF FFFEAR-- FFFEAR ON A SSSCALE BEYOND YOUR WILDESSST IMAGGININGSSS! TERROR SO TANGGGIBLE IT WILL SSSHHOCK EVEN YOUR SSSTRAW SSSOCKSSS OFFFF!
MMMM! YOU MAKE IT SOUND SO TEMPTING! HOW CAN I REFUSE, MY SIBILANT FRIEND?
EXCCCELLENT!
YOU HAVVE YOUR ORDERSSSS, BENJJJAMIN?
UH, YEAH! I GOTTA FIND YA SOME NEW ROBES OF OFFICE LIKE YA DESCRIBED.
THEN GO TO IT! LOOOK SSSHHARP!
NOWWW WE MUSSST CHOOSSSE A FFFIT RECCCEPTACLE FFFOR MY SSSPIRITTTTT
THISSS ONE! IT ISSS ALREADY WELL ON THE WAY TO RIPENESSS!

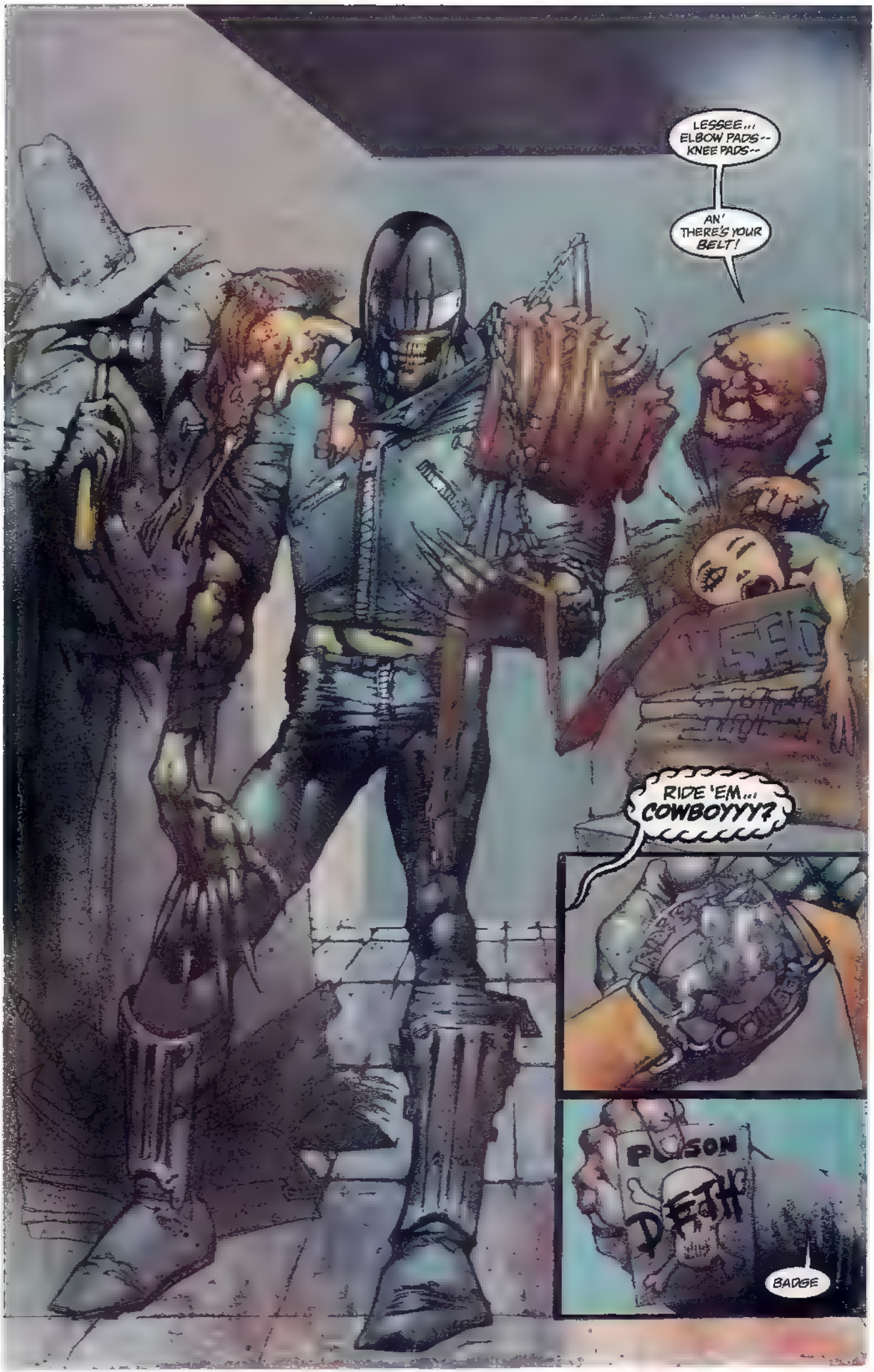
CONTROL TO DREDD! UNDERPARK SECURITY REPORTS ANDERSON JUST RODE OUT WITH YOUR PERP. WHAT'S GOING ON?
DROKK!
SHE'S GOING AFTER DEATH!
ALERT ALL UNITS BETWEEN HERE AND TECH 21! I WANT THEM STOPPED!
SHORT CUT! SHARP RIGHT!
DBRRRR
HONK HONK
KKRASH
SKREE
WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS?
WHAAAAT?
I SAID, WHY ARE YOU HELPING ME?
DREDD DOESN'T USUALLY GET IT WRONG, BUT HE HAS THIS TIME! BY THE TIME WE TOOK THIS ONE THROUGH CHANNELS DEATH'D HAVE TURNED GOTHAM INTO A CHARNEL PIT!

BAR
I'M LOOKIN' FER A LOW-DOWN, DOUBLE-CROSSIN' BASTICH NAME O' DEATH!
SORRY, BUDDY, DON'T KNOW HIM.
IZZAT SO?
BAR
ANYBODY ELSE HERE DON'T KNOW HIM?
YOU?
UH...
M-M-M-MUH-MUH-M-M-M--
WHADDYA MEAN M-M-MUH-MUH-MUH-MUH?
I-I-I-I-UH-M-M-M-ME-MUH--
ULP!
BOFT
CRAK

ANYBODY ELSE NOT SPEAK ENGLISH?
YOU?
YANK!
ISPEAKENGLISHPERFECTLYWELLTHANKYOU!
THEN WHERE'S DEATH?
I-ITAKEIT YOU RE REFERRING TO, UH... LIVING DEATH?
WELL, HE'S ALIVE--AN' I'M SURE AS SHOOT IS DEATH. SO I GUESS I DO...
WHAT'S IT TA YOU ANYWAYS?
W-WELL YOU WERE ASKING...
YEAH, SO I WUZ GO WHERE IZZY?
UH--UH--LIVING DEATH--ROBINSON PARK, TONIGHT, MIDNIGHT! BIG SHOW ON!
THANKS, LITTLE BUDDY!
=Phew!=
BOKK!
THAT'S JUS IN CASE YOU'RE LYIN'!

I MUSSST SSSAYY, YOU POUR A PRETTY POISSSON!
THANK YOU! I DO CONSIDER MYSELF SOMETHING OF AN EXPERT IN THAT FIELD!
LET THE DEAD FLUIDSSS FLOWWW.
LET FLESSSHHH DECAYYY.
LET BODY REACHHH FULL RIPENESSSS
NOWWW LET THE SSSPIRIT OF DEATHHH FILLL THISSS SSSOULLESSS CARCASSSSS!

BRINGGGG ME MY ROBESSS OF OFFFFICCE!
I HAD A STROKE A' LUCK-- BIKER HAD A ACCIDENT!
YESSSS
THESSSE WILL DO NICCCELYYY!
AND THE RESSSST?
WELL, I, UH, HAD A BIT A' TROUBLE WIT' SOME A' TH' OTHER STUFF.
I MEAN, IT AIN'T EXACTLY EASY TA LAY YOUR HANDS ON A TERRYDACTYL IN A HOSPITAL AT MIDNIGHT
NICE BIT OF PRIME RIB?
HAD A GOOD RUN IN TH' KITCHENS


LESSEE... ELBOW PADS-- KNEE PADS--
AN' THERE'S YOUR BELT!
RIDE 'EM... COWBOYYY?
POISON
DEATH
BADGE

IGGS THISSG SSSOME KIND OF JJJOKE?
HOWW CAN I BE EXXPECTED TO CARRY OUT JJUDSGGMENT ON AN ENTIRE CCCITY DRESSSED LIKE THISSS?
WHADDYA EXPECT, SEARS AN' ROEBUCK? I DID MY BEST!
THISSS IS YOUR BESSSST?
YEAH! CROSG MY HEART AN' HOPE TA DIE!
YOU SSSHALL HAVVE YOUR WISSGHHH, MORTAL!
I JUSSSGT REACHHHH IN--AND-- SSSQUEEEZZZZE!
FASCINATING!
NOWWW, SSGTRAW MAN, IT ISSS YOUR TURN!
COME! COME TOOO JJJUDGGMENT!
THE DOUBLE-CROSS! I EXPECTED NO LESS FROM A CREATURE OF SUCH EXQUISITE EVIL!
DISCOVER FOR YOURSELF WHY THEY CALL ME MASTER OF FEAR!
HAHAHAHAHA
IN THE NAME OF ALL THAT'SSS DEAD--!
NO!
NO!
WHAT IS YOUR GREATEST FEAR, EH, MY FIENDISH FRIEND? WHAT UNHOLY ABOMINATION DOES IT TAKE TO FRIGHTEN DEATH HIMSELF?
AAA-EEEE

NA-AA
HHH

THERE'S TECH 21! THEY'VE GOT A FULL-SIZE D-JUMP THERE!
THE ALARM'S OUT--THE PLACE IS SWARMING!
SO WE TAKE THE SIDE ENTRANCE!
THEY'RE VEERING OFF!
SPLUTT
SPLUTT
SPLOOOSH!

WHERE TO NOW?
IF I REMEMBER RIGHT THE D-LAB'S NEXT FLOOR DOWN!
HE'S STARTING TO COME OUT OF IT!
HAD ENOUGH? LIKE ANOTHER BLAST?
NO! NOT AGAIN! ANYTHHHING BUT THHAT--!
GOOD! FROM NOW ON YOU'LL DO WHATEVER I ORDER--OR YOU'LL TAKE ANOTHER TRIP INTO YOUR DARKEST NIGHTMARE! UNDERSTAND?
YESSS! YOU'RE THE BOSSSS! JUSSST TELL ME WHAT YOU WANT OF ME...!
A VERITABLE FEASSSSST OF FEAR, YOU PROMISED! THAT WILL DO TO BEGIN WITH!
NO SENSE DOING THINGS BY HALVES! A LARGE GATHERING, I THINK!
YESSSSS, I WORK BESSST WITHHHH A CROWWWD.
I KNOW JUST THE VENUE!
TAX!!
TAX

DREDD! ANDERSON AND BATMAN JUST TOOK A SHORT CUT THROUGH THE TECH 21 POOL!
DROKK! GET TO THE D-LAB!
ALREADY ON OUR WAY--!
D-LAB
YOU GOT THE COORDINATES FOR A PLACE CALLED GOTHAM?
THAT'S RESTRICTED ACCESS, JUDGE YOU GOT AUTHORIZATION?
WELL, THAT ALL, UH, S-SEEMS IN ORDER...
D LAB
BLAST!
DREDD! WE'VE LOST THEM!

BATMAN! WHERE THE HECK DID YOU SPRING FROM?
YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME!
WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM?
COOGAN? I DUNNO HE CALLED IN, TALKIN' CRAZY-- SOMETHIN' ABOUT A GHOST AND A GUY WITH A DIAL ON HIS BEAN!
MEAN ANGEL!
WE CAN'T HANG AROUND-- DREDD'LL BE RIGHT BEHIND US.
THIS WAY!
HEY! WE GOT FOUR STIFFS HERE! DON'T WE EVEN GET AN EXPLANATION--?

FIRST THING DEATH WILL DO IS FIND A NEW HOST BODY--AND HE WON'T HANG ABOUT, BELIEVE ME.
AND THEN?
RRRRR
THEN THE KILLING STARTS.
HE WON'T STOP TILL EVERYONE IN GOTHAM IS DEAD.
YOU'RE A TELEPATH--CAN'T YOU LOCATE HIM?
USUALLY, BUT... JUST RECENTLY HE'S FOUND A WAY TO BLOCK ME.
I'LL GIVE IT MY BEST SHOT...
HOLY HANNAH! WHAT NOW--?
GRUD ON A GREENIE!
WHAT IS IT--?
I FOUND HIM! CREEP MUST'VE DROPPED HIS GUARD--HE'S GOT NO REASON TO SUSPECT I'M HERE!
HE'S WALKING, ALL RIGHT! AND YOUR PAL THE SCARECROW IS WITH HIM!
AN UNHOLY ALLIANCE!

THERE'S SOME KIND OF BIG MUSIC-FEST? I SEE A NAME--LIVING DEATH...?
THE HEAVY METAL BAND! OPEN-AIR CONCERT-- ROBINSON PARK!
RRRRRRRRRRRRR
ANDERSON!
THE SCARECROW I CAN HANDLE. ANY IDEA WHAT WE DO WITH JUDGE DEATH?
A COUPLE
THE SECOND ONE IS RUN!
WE HAVE COMPANY. YOUR GESTAPO FRIEND.
DREDD? OH TERRIF!
NO PROBLEM
VRMMMMM!

LIVING DEATH
LIVING DEATH!
LIVING DEATH!
LIVING DEATH!
LIVING DEATH!
LIVING DEATH!
LIVING DEATH!
LIVING DEATH!
LIVING DEATH!
LIVING DEATH!
LIVING DEATH!
LOBO
LIVING DEATH
TONIGHT ONLY!
LIVING DEATH
IN CONCERT
ROBINSON PARK
MIDNIGHT
TICKETS ⇨ $20

LIVING DEATH!
LIVING DEATH!
LIVING DEATH!
LIVING DEATH!
LIVING DEATH!
LIVING DEATH!
THE BASTICH AIN'T GONNA BE LIVIN' FER LONG!
LIVING DEATH!
LIVING DEATH!
LIVING DEATH!
LIVING DEATH!
ARTISTS ONLY
SORRY, GUYS, LOVE THE OUTFITS BUT THEY DON'T GETCHA BACKSTAGE. ARTISTS ONLY.
STEWARD
PHILISSSSTINESSSS!
I AM THE ARTISSSST SSSUPREEEEME!
HERE THEY COME!

YAAAAAAAAAAAYYYYYYYY!!
YO, GOTHAM!
YO!
YO!
JAPAN WAS JI-NORMOUS!
MOSCOW WAS MONUMENTAL!
ROME WAS A RIOT!
BUT GOTHAM IS GONNA BE GARGANTUAN!
CHHANGGGGGG!
WHERE'S JOHNNY?
HEY, FRAGOFF, YOU SKUZBO! NO FANS BACK STAGE!
SSSSAYYYSSS WHHOOOO?
JOHNNY?
SEZ ME! NOW SCRAAAA--
UHHHH!
OH, BRAVO! GIVE THE MAN A HAND!
MYYY TURN, SSSUCKER!
I PROMISSSED YOU A SSSHHHOW, SSSCARECROW! SSSTAND BACK-- ENJJJOYYY!
YOUR TIME WILL COME SSSOON ENOUGHHHH.

AND NOW, HERE HE IS--
--THE MAN WHO PUTS THE LIFE INTO LIVING DEATH--
--THAT MANIC METAL MOTHER HIMSELF--
--JOHNNEEE STIFF!!
WHERE'S JOHNNY?
WHERE'S JOHNNY?
WHERE'S JOHNNY?
I'LL TAKE THAT, MY MAN! THIS MUST BE RECORDED FOR MY PRIVATE COLLECTION!
H-HEY, WHERE IS JOHNNY--?
GOFF!
FFFSSST
JOHNNY'SS STIFF!!
KA-RUNCH!
ROLLLLL 'EM, SSSCARECROW!
PLEASSSE ALLOWWW ME TO INTRODUCCCE MYSSSELFFF--
CHANNNGGGG!!

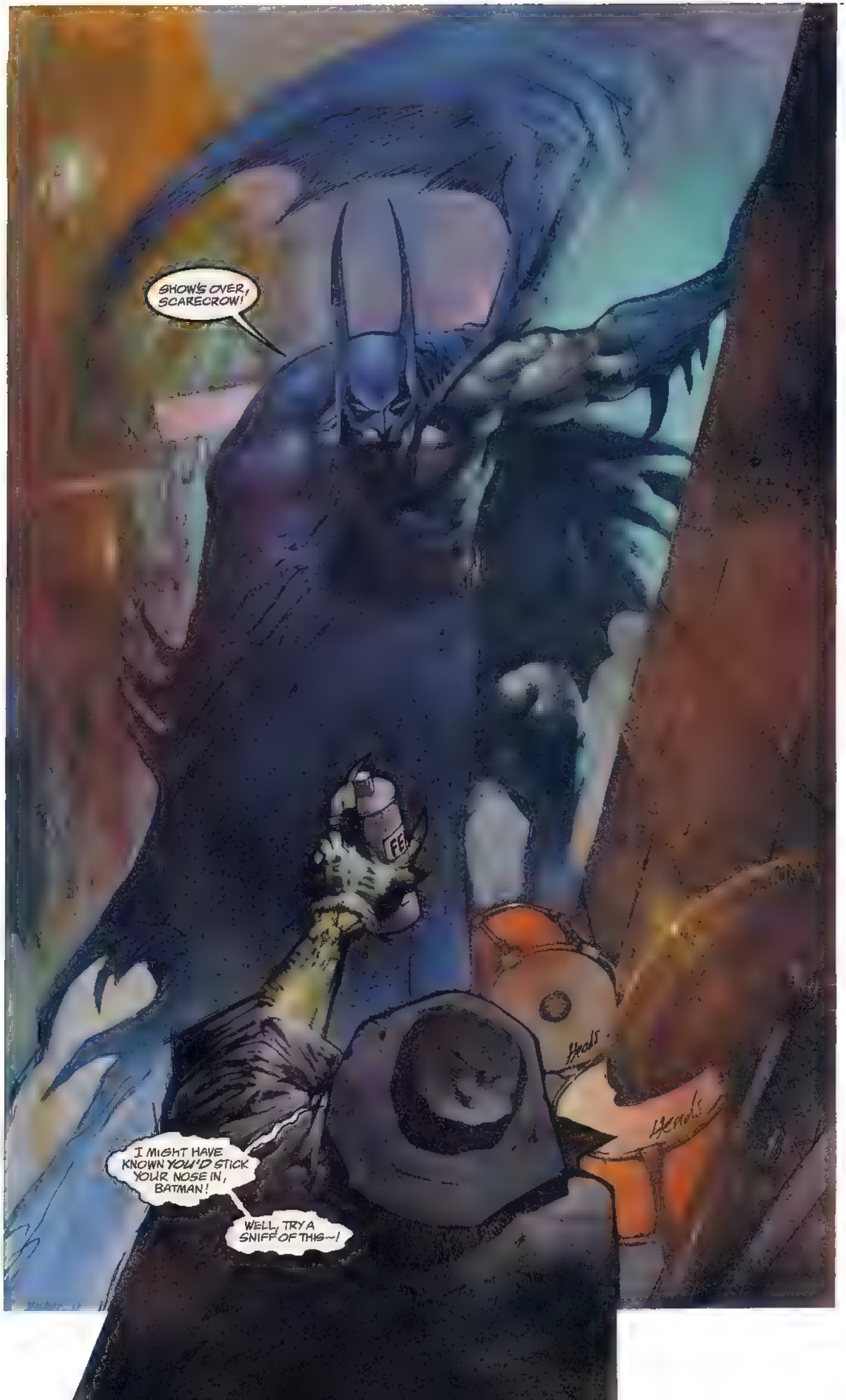
--I'M AN ALIEN SSSUPERFFFIEND!
WHAT A SHOW!
THAT'S JOHNNY--?
THAT'S THE BASTICH!
SIDDOWN, SLAPHEAD!
BOK!
I'VVVE COME TONIGHT TO JJUDSGGGE YOU ALLL--
WHAT THE HELL'S GOIN' ON? WE DIDN'T REHEARSE THIS!
CHWNGGGG!
LET ME SSGHHHOWWW YOU WHAT I MEAN!
PLEASSSED TO MEET YOU, JJUDSGGE DEATHHH ISSS MY NAME!
J-J-J-JEEZ--!
PLEASSSED TO SSSQUEEZZZZE YOU--HOPE YOU FFFEEL THE SSSAME!
BLUNNNNHHH!
H-HEY, THIS IS FOR REAL...!

HE'S HARD TO SHAKE OFF!
THEY DON'T COME ANY HARDER THAN JOE DREDD
NEVER MIND-- WE'RE HERE!
SO'S DEATH!
SKREEEE
YO, GOTHHHHHAM!

BAAA!
CLEAR THE WAY, DANG IT!
AAAIIIEEE!
AAAIIIEEE!
CRAK!
CLANGG!
THIS AIN'T NO STINKIN' GOOD! TAKE ME A MONTH O' SUNDAYS TA REACH THE VARMINT!
CLICK
ONLY ONE THING FER IT-- I'M A-GOIN' UPTA 3!
I'M A-COMIN' FER YA, DEATHY!
HOLD 'IM!

SSSSORREEEEE!
OOF!
BUT THE SSSHHHOW MUSSST GO ON!
OH, ENCORE! ENCORE!
THUNK
HOLY HECK! MUH DIAL'S STUCK ON 4½!
I CAN'T STOP!
BOK! BOK! BOK!
CRAAAA-AAKKKAA!
I'M GOIN' INTO AN UNCONTROLLABLE BUTT FRENZY!
BOK! BOK! BOK!

CAN'T RISK A SHOT! TOO MANY PEOPLE AROUND HIM!
♪ PLEASSSED ♪ ♪ TO GREEETCHHHA-- DEATHHHHH'SSS THE NATURE OF MY GAME! ♪
♪ MEET THE CREATURE-- ♪ ♪ LET ME SSSHAKE YOU BY ♪ ♪ THHE BRAIN! ♪♪
WHUNK!

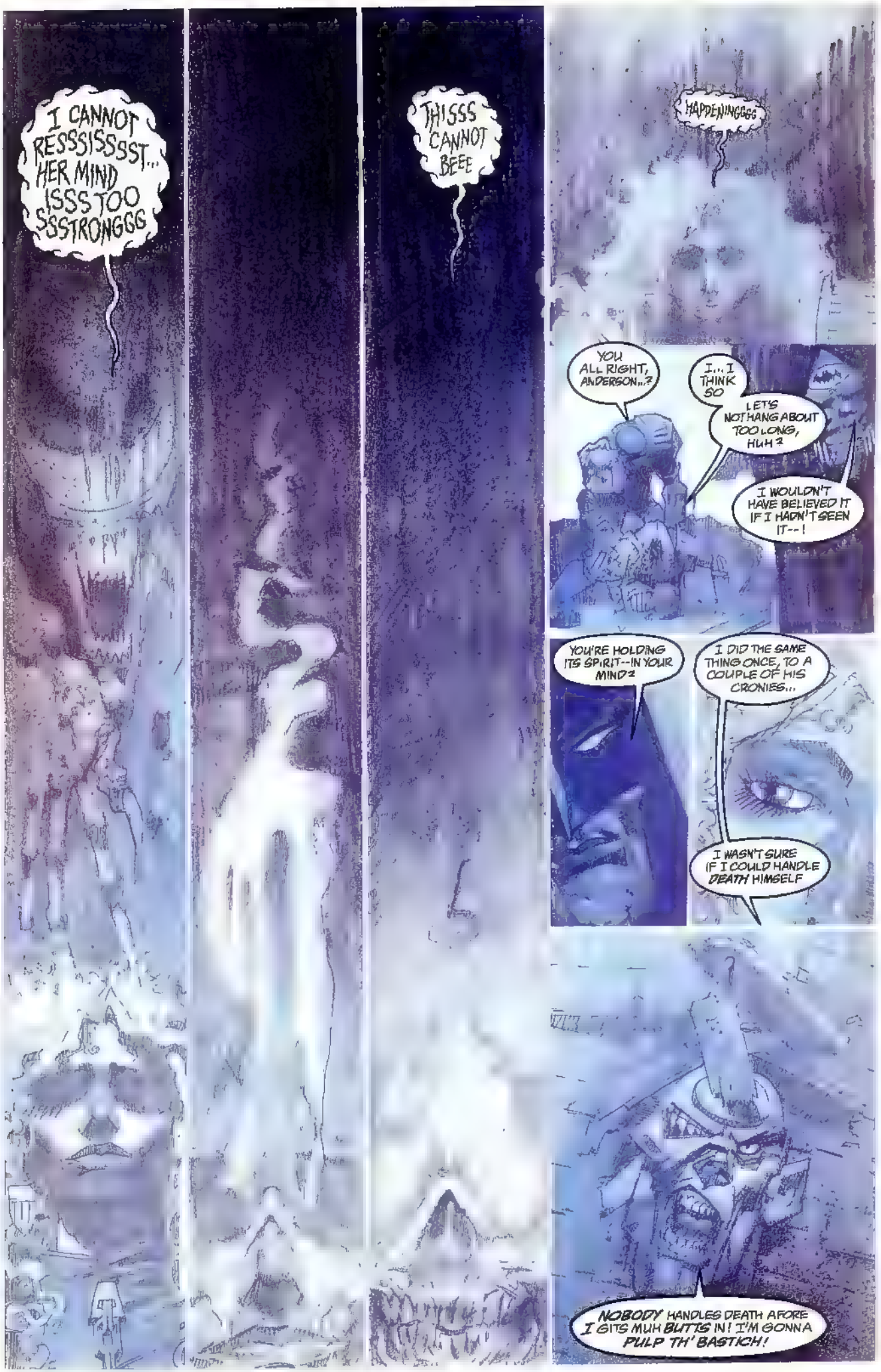

SHOW'S OVER, SCARECROW!
I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN YOU'D STICK YOUR NOSE IN, BATMAN!
WELL, TRY A SNIFF OF THIS--!
Heads
Heads

OH MERCY! THE BIRDS! THE BIRDS!
NOOOO! DON'T PECK MY EYES OUT!
YOU WILL PAYYYY FOR YOUR INTERFFERENCCCE!
SHUNNK!
ZZZZT
FZZZZZ-
AAKK!
FZZZZ-AKK!
SPRAA-AAKK!
THISSS ISSS YOUR SSSWAN SSSONGG, SSSINNNER!

BAKOW!
BAKOW!
BAKOW!
HOORAY--THE CAVALRY!
SAVE THE LIP, ANDERSON. YOU'RE IN DEEP TROUBLE!
DREDDDD! CURSSSE YOUUU!
BOK!
CRAA-AAAK!
GRRRRR!
CREEEEE-EEEEEE
THE STAGE--!
GRRRRRRRR!
BOK-K-K-K

DREDD--
I'M ALL RIGHT!
WHERE'S DEATH--?
THHHHREEE GUESSSESSS, JJJOE!
DAMN! CAN'T REACH--!
YOU'VE HAD THISSS COMINGGG FFFOR A LONGGG TIME, DREDD!
TIME AFFTER TIME YOU HAVVVE THHWARTED MEE! TIME AFFTER TIME YOU HAVVVE SSSTOOD IN THE WAY OF JJUSSSTICCCE!
NOW LET JJUSSSTICCCE BE DONE!

NO!
BACK OFF!
RELEASSSSE MEEEEEEE!
ZZZT
ZZZZT!
ZZZZZZT!
SPRAHKK!
ZZ
I'LL RELEASE YOU!
NAARRRRR!
FZZZ-AKKKK!
CREEP'S JUMPIN' SHIP! ANDERSON--!
I'M ON IT!
YOU'RE GOIN' NOWHERE--
GET--BACK--HERE!!


I CANNOT RESSSISSSST... HER MIND ISSS TOO SSSTRONGGG
THISSS CANNOT BEEE
HAPPENINGGGG
YOU ALL RIGHT, ANDERSON...?
I... I THINK SO
LET'S NOT HANG ABOUT TOO LONG, HUH?
I WOULDN'T HAVE BELIEVED IT IF I HADN'T SEEN IT--!
YOU'RE HOLDING ITS SPIRIT--IN YOUR MIND?
I DID THE SAME THING ONCE, TO A COUPLE OF HIS CRONIES...
I WASN'T SURE IF I COULD HANDLE DEATH HIMSELF
NOBODY HANDLES DEATH AFORE I GITS MUH BUTTS IN! I'M GONNA PULP TH' BASTICH!

THE MANIAC'S DIAL-STUCK!
PRANG!
NOW SIMMER DOWN OR YOU'LL BE SAYING GOODBYE TO WHAT LITTLE BRAIN YOU'VE GOT!
BACK TO THE BIKE, ANDERSON. I'LL SIGNAL TECH 21 TO PICK US UP.
YOU TOO. YOU'VE STILL GOT TIME TO SERVE
DON'T KID YOURSELF!
YOU CAN DO THIS THE EASY WAY OR THE HARD WAY!
HARD SUITS ME FINE!
FOR CRYIN' OUT LOUD, JOE, GIVE IT A REST!

POINT ONE -- THE GUY SAVED YOUR LIFE!
POINT TWO -- HE DIDN'T BREAK ANY LAW UNTIL YOU WADED IN WITH YOUR HEAVY ACT!
THAT'S DREDDY FOR YA -- BASTICH MAKES US CRIMINALS!
SHUT UP! POINT THREE --
--THIS CREEP IS PLAYIN' PINBALL IN MY BRAIN! IF WE DON'T GET HIM IN A SECURE CUBE PRONTO I'M NOT GOING TO ANSWER FOR WHAT HAPPENS!
ALL RIGHT, ANDERSON, YOU WIN.
MOVE IT, YOU!
C'MON, ANDERSON! YOU'RE THE ONE IN THE HURRY!
SEE YOU AROUND

HOW DID YOU EXPECT TO GET BACK IF I HADN'T COME FOR YOU?
I FIGURED I'D GET HOLD OF DEATH FIRST AND WORRY ABOUT THAT LATER
ALL SET TEN SECONDS
BIT OF A TOUGH GUY
YEAH
SAY--!
THERE'S JUS' ONE THING I WANNA KNOW...
THIS AIN'T GONNA AFFECT MUH CHANCES OF PAROLE, IS IT?
The End

BRAIN OF STORMDOG...

"A SIGN. GIVE US A SIGN!"

'ENTRAILS OF CAT...

"THE CHILD. TELL US ABOUT THE CHILD!"

POWDERED REMAINS OF SIX DISMEMBERED RATS!

"A SIGN..!"

"THE CHILD..!"

"GIVE US A SIGN!"

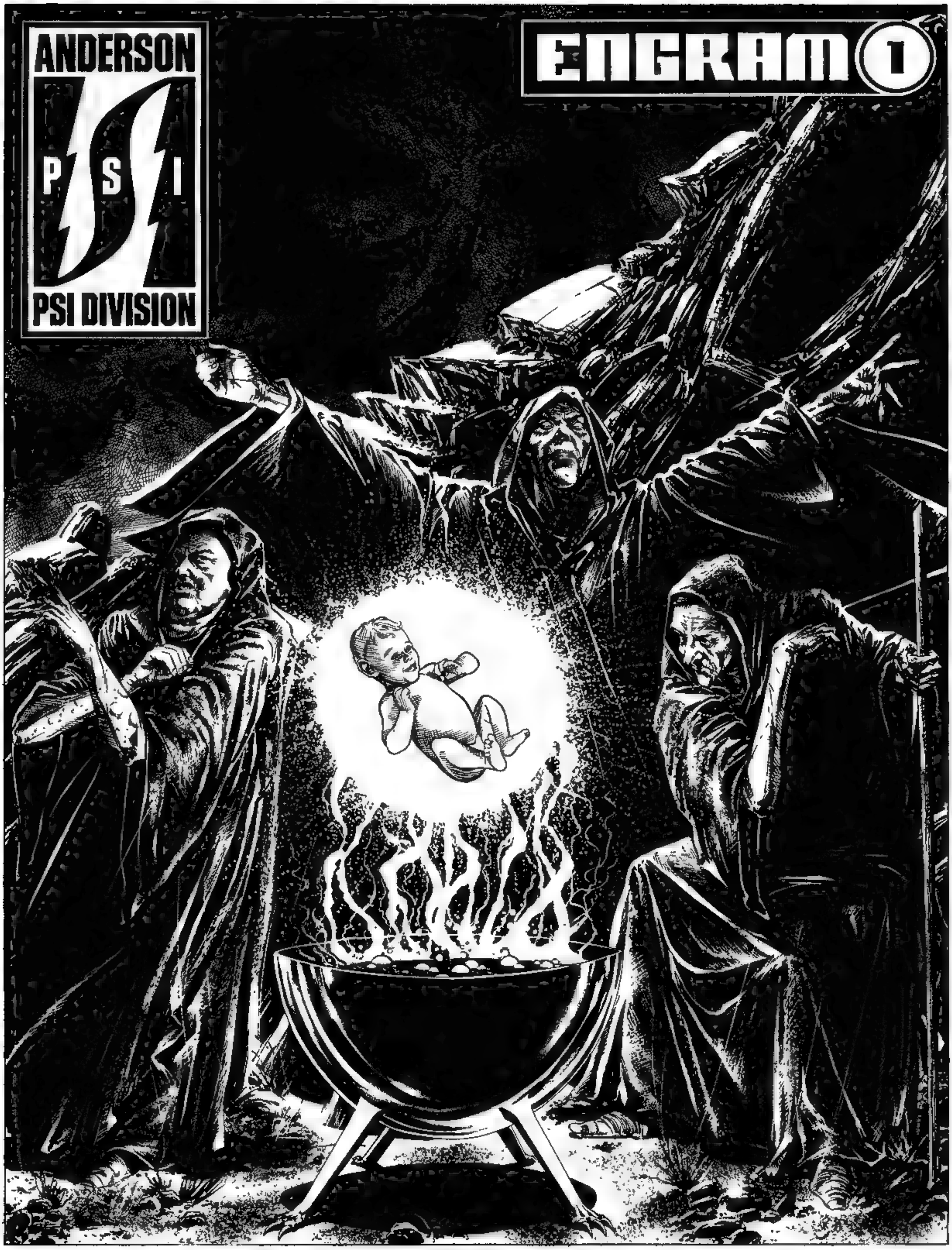
Script ALAN GRANT

Art DAVID A. ROACH

Lettering S. POTTER

ANDERSON PSI DIVISION

ENGRAM 1



THE CHILD..!

THEN IT IS TRUE!

BUT HOW WILL WE FIND HER..?

ZZZZZAAKKK!

WE FOLLOW THE STORM!

THE STORM WILL LEAD US...

TO THE CHILD!

CRIMEFILE: ROM, Verona
AGE: 21
CRIME: Murder, 3 counts

CRIME: Escapee* Iso-Cube 17
CRIME: Theft of Cube Pod

MUST'VE RUN OUT OF FUEL.

Caution: Grade-C PyroKinetic

SHE'S MAKIN' FOR THE HIGH GROUND. CAN'T BE TOO FAR AHEAD OF ME.

BRING BACK OR EXECUTE.

JUST HOPE TO GRUD I CATCH HER BEFORE THE STORM BREAKS!

RIGHT! THANKS, GRUD!

BIKE'S GOIN' NO FURTHER IN THIS!

WHAT'D I EVER DO TO DESERVE HAVIN' MY NAME TOP OF THE CURSED EARTH ROSTER...

UH-OH! I'M GETTIN' THAT OLD ITCH...

CREEP'S AROUND HERE SOMEWH-

GIVE THAT PSI A COCONUT!

UMFFF!

UUUUNGH!

YOU WANT TO GO BACK ALIVE, ROM, STAY RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE! AN' NO TRICKS —I GOT NO QUALMS ABOUT HEFTIN' YOU BACK AS *MEAT!*

OH, SHOOT!

THIS JUST ISN'T MY DAY!

YOU SAID IT, HONEY.

BYE BYE!

NEXT PROG: *PSIDE EFFECT!*

INCIDENT REPORT: JUDGE ANDERSON / VERONA ROM

ONE WAY OR THE OTHER, HONEY— YOU'RE GONNA DROP DEAD!

BRANCH IS BURNIN' THROUGH—

BOOT-KNIFE'S MY ONLY CHANCE...

It was the first time that day luck was on my side. The weather—the terrain—Verona Rom's pyrokinetics—they'd all been against me.

HUAAAH!

Unfortunately, Rom's flame's didn't go out when she did—

KRAAK!

I remember the first impact—

Script ALAN GRANT
Art DAVID ROACH
Lettering STEVE POTTER

Then lights out.

ANDERSON

PSI

PSI DIVISION

ENGRAM 2

According to my bike log, I was out for approx three hours.

I was hurting, but not too badly hurt.

HEY—!

I climbed back up to the ledge and verified that Verona Rom was dead.

I carried her body down to where I'd left my Lawmaster, and headed straight back to the City.

I certify that this is a true and accurate account of the above incident

Signed,
Cassandra Anderson,
Judge,
Psi-Division.

THE CHILD..?

WITHIN!

ON YOUR KNEES!

ON YOUR KNEES!

WORSHIP THE CHILD!

THE CHILD..!

THE CHILD!

THE CHILD!

THE CHILD!

GRUD ON A GREENIE!

THE CHILD...

THE CHILD!

THE CHILD!

THE CHILD!

NEXT PROG: **PSIENCE!**

ANDERSON

PSI

PSI DIVISION

ENGRAM 3

Object Approaching
Distance: 2 miles
Missiles: Primed

HUMAN. ON A BIKE.

JUDGE?

COULD BE. NO HELMET.

YEAH. IT'S HER.

STAND DOWN THOSE MISSILES!

ALAN GRANT

DAVID ROACH

STEVE POTTER

LOOKS LIKE YOU HAD FUN!

ROM DIDN'T WANT TO COME BACK. SHE TOOK A LITTLE PERSUADIN"

HEY! TAKE YOUR STIFF WITH YOU!

I BROUGHT HER IN. YOU SCRUB HER DOWN!

DISPOSE -ALL

MM-HMMM! FEELS GREAT TO GET THE RAD-DUST OFF!

NOTHIN' QUITE LIKE A STEAM-CLEAN TO GIVE A GIRL A NEW LEASE ON LIFE!

STRANGE— MY PSI-SENSE IS TINGLIN'...

WHAT—?

HEY! WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA, SPYIN' ON—

Oh.

YOU CALL, ANDERSON? WHAT'S U-

UUH... UH... UH...

WHAT ARE YOU GAWKIN' AT? NEVER SEEN A NAKED JUDGE BEFORE?

PITY ABOUT ROM. SHE'D HAVE BEEN A BIG ASSET TO PSI-DIV, GIVEN THE RIGHT CONTROL.

WE *COULDN'T* CONTROL HER, REMEMBER? ELSE SHE WOULD NEVER HAVE ESCAPED!

I SUPPOSE. YOU *DID* HAVE TO KILL HER, I TAKE IT?

THAT OR DIE MYSELF. IT'S ALL IN MY REPORT.

AH YES, YOUR REPORT. SEEMS STRAIGHT-FORWARD ENOUGH. ROM JUMPED YOU —YOU KNIFED HER...

YOU FELL... UNCONSCIOUS ... Hours... ..ecovered Ro..m ...body.y.y.

WHAT..?

HOW..?

ANDERSON..!

ANDERSON!

HUH—?

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

JUST A LITTLE DIZZY. I GUESS THAT KNOCK I TOOK OUT IN THE CURSED EARTH WAS HARDER THAN I THOUGHT!

MAYBE YOU BETTER TAKE A COUPLE OF DAYS REST AN' REC.

YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY—A SICK PSI IS WORSE THAN NO PSI AT ALL!

WEIRD...

THERE WAS SOMETHING ALMOST... FAMILIAR ABOUT THAT FIGURE. YET I'D SWEAR I'VE NEVER SEEN IT BEFORE.

WHAT IN GRUD'S NAME COULD IT MEAN?

I DONNO HOW YOU'RE DOIN' IT, CREEP—

BUT THIS IS—

AS FAR AS—

IT GOES?

NEXT PROG: SECOND PSIGHT!

ANDERSON PSI DIVISION

ENGRAM 4

OH MY GRUD!

ANDERSON— WHAT IS IT?

WHAT THE DROKK'S GOING ON?

NO! NOT AGAIN—

Script: ALAN GRANT
Art: DAVID ROACH
Lettering: STEVE POTTER

KEEP BACK! I'M WARNING YOU...

IT'S OKAY, ANDERSON! IT'S US— JUDGES!

SHE'S FLIPPED! STAND BACK—

AAAH!

BLAM.

HOW IS SHE?

ASK HER YOURSELF, SIR. THE STUN SHOT'S WEARING OFF.

ANDERSON? CAN YOU HEAR ME, ANDERSON?

CHIEF..?

PHEW! WHAT HAPPENED? DID I... HURT ANYBODY?

PSi

YOU WENT BERSERK. AND NO, YOU DIDN'T— NOT BADLY, ANYWAY. I TAKE IT YOU HAVE AN EXPLANATION..?

UH... NOT REALLY, CHIEF.

I...I HAD SOME SORT OF *HALLUCINATION.* THOUGHT I SAW *SPOOKS* ATTACKING ME.

IS THIS AN ISOLATED INCIDENT?

I HAVE TO ADMIT—NO. THIRD TIME IT'S HAPPENED SINCE I GOT BACK IN FROM THE CURSED EARTH!

GUESS THAT KNOCK ON THE HEAD MUST'VE SHAKEN SOMETHING LOOSE, HUH?

I'M AFRAID I DON'T FIND IT AMUSING, ANDERSON. AN *IMPAIRED* PSI OPERATIVE IS A *DANGER* TO THE WHOLE DIVISION!

CONSEQUENTLY, I'VE DECIDED TO *SUSPEND* YOU FROM *DUTY* PENDING THE RESULTS OF A *PSI-PROBE.*

PSI-PROBE— *MEP* AW C'MON, CHIEF! I'M MAYBE A LITTLE OVER- WROUGHT, BUT—

YOU ATTACKED FELLOW OFFICERS. FOR ALL WE KNOW, YOU MIGHT HAVE KILLED THEM. WE CAN'T AFFORD TO TAKE CHANCES LIKE THAT.

THERE'S SOMETHING *WRONG* WITH YOU, ANDERSON.

WE'RE GOING TO FIND OUT *WHAT!*

WARN *THE VAULTS* SHE'S COMING. TELL THEM I'LL HANDLE IT MYSELF.

VERY GOOD, SIR!

SO... WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, HINE?

COULD BE SERIOUS, SIR.

IT OFTEN HAPPENS WITH OUR TOP PSIS. NO SIGN OF ANYTHING WRONG— THEN *WHAM!* THEIR MINDS JUST *COLLAPSE.*

I'M SURE I NEEDN'T REMIND YOU OF PSI-DIV'S LAST TRAGEDY— *COREY,* THE EMPATH, BLEW HER OWN HEAD OFF*. SHE WAS A FRIEND OF ANDERSON'S.

*THARGNOTA— SEE 2000AD SCI-FI SPECIAL 1989

YOU THINK ANDERSON MIGHT BECOME *SUICIDAL?*

17

WE CAN'T DISCOUNT THE POSSIBILITY. DO YOU KNOW HER HISTORY?

NOT IN DETAIL. FINE OFFICER. REBELLIOUS, BAD ATTITUDE TO AUTHORITY— BUT A TALENTED OPERATIVE NONETHELESS.

NO, I MEAN FURTHER BACK.

YOU'D BETTER [redacted] THIS.

ANDERSON.C

PSI DIVISION

DOES ANDERSON KNOW THE CONTENTS OF THIS?

NO.

DOES SHE SUSPECT?

PRO
ROO

NOT AS FAR AS WE KNOW.

HOPE-FULLY, THE *PSI-PROBE* WILL CONFIRM THAT!

NEXT PROG: *ON THE INPSIDE!*

ANDERSON PSI DIVISION

ENGRAM 6

ALL SYSTEMS CHECKED. POWER ON.

PSI-PROBE READY!

ANDERSON— THIS IS JUDGE SHENKER, HEAD OF PSI-DIV. I'M GOING TO ASK YOU SOME QUESTIONS.

THIS APPARITION YOU THOUGHT YOU SAW... CAN YOU DESCRIBE IT?

MALE. SIX-TWO. WIDEBRIM HAT. TRENCH-COAT.

FACE MASK, THEATRICAL. I...

I CAN'T TELL WHO— WHAT— IS UNDER-NEATH!

Script ALAN GRANT

Art DAVID ROACH

Lettering STEVE POTTER

THIS FIGURE— WHAT FEELINGS DO YOU HAVE TOWARDS IT?

ANGER. HATRED. THE DESIRE TO... INFLICT PAIN...

TAKE IT DEEPER. TWENTY-FIVE PERCENT MORE POWER.

BOOSTING!

DO YOU THINK SHE'S REFERRING TO... WHAT HAPPENED?

IT'S POSSIBLE. MAYBE THE BLOW TO HER HEAD DID SOMETHING TO HER...

FEA... FEAR!

DO YOU KNOW WHY YOU FEAR IT?

N-NO.

OR MAYBE SOMETHING ELSE HAPPENED OUT IN THE CURSED EARTH!

ANDERSON... YOU ARE NOW BACK IN THE CURSED EARTH. YOU'VE FOUND VERONA ROM'S CRASHED POD. YOU'RE FOLLOWING HER TRAIL.

TELL US WHAT HAPPENS—

AMBUSH. LOST MY GUN. WE FOUGHT.

I KILLED HER. I FELL. I WAS OUT FOR THREE HOURS. THEN I BROUGHT ROM'S BODY BACK.

I SLIPPED. SHE TRIED TO BURN ME. I'D NO OPTION.

AND THAT'S IT?

YES...

YOU'RE SURE?

YES. THA...

THAT'S IT.

NO MORE. THAT'S IT.

SHE SEEMS UNSURE OR RELUCTANT.

GIVE ME ANOTHER TEN PERCENT!

BOOSTING!

ANDERSON... I WANT YOU TO TAKE US DOWN DEEPER INTO YOUR MIND. AS FAR AS YOU CAN GO. YOU UNDER-STAND?

YES. AS FAR AS I CAN GO...

"YOU'RE GOING DEEP INTO YOUR MIND. WHAT'S IT LIKE, ANDERSON?"

"IT'S MY MIND. IT'S ALL RIGHT. I'M COMFORTABLE HERE."

DEEPER, ANDERSON. GO DEEPER!

"IT'S DARKER THE ATMOSPHERE HAS ...CHANGED. BUT IT'S MY MIND. I'M NOT AFRAID!"

"THERE...THERE SEEMS TO BE A BARRIER. I HAVE TO STOP. I CAN'T GO ANY FURTHER."

CAN'T YOU BREAK THROUGH? IT'S YOUR MIND, REMEMBER. YOU CAN DO ANY-THING YOU WANT!

"IT'S NO GOOD! I CAN'T... IT'S LIKE—THERE'S NOTHING THERE, BUT I CAN'T GET PAST!"

SO IT ISN'T THAT, THEN. THANK GRUD!

I SHUDDER TO THINK WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN IF THAT CAN OF WORMS WAS EVER OPENED!

MAYBE IT WAS JUST THE BLOW ON THE HEAD.

ALL RIGHT-- BRING HER OUT OF IT.

YES, SIR!

WHAT DO YOU THINK? ELECTRO-SHOCK?

SHE'S TOO SENSITIVE. COULD DAMAGE HER BEYOND REPAIR. NO, I THINK WE TREAT IT AS A TEMPORARY ABERRATION.

KEEP HER OFF DUTY. START HER IN A REINDOCTRINATION CLASS. WITH A LITTLE LUCK, REINFORCE-MENT IS ALL SHE NEEDS.

I HOPE SO. SHE'S ONE OF OUR BEST.

I'D REALLY HATE TO LOSE HER!

NEXT PROG: **PSICHOSIS!**

ANDERSON PSI DIVISION

ENGRAM 6

Script: ALAN GRANT
Art: DAVID ROACH
Lettering: STEVE POTTER

A JUDGE'S FIRST DUTY IS TO UPHOLD THE LAW AT ALL TIMES.

MEGA-CITY ACADEMY OF LAW

IT IS YOUR PRIME DUTY TO UPHOLD THE LAW. WHETHER IT IS RIGHT OR WRONG, GOOD OR BAD, IS NOT YOUR CONCERN!

ALL RIGHT— TAKE TEN FOR LUNCH!

ON OCCASION, YOU MAY HAVE CAUSE TO DOUBT THE LAWS YOU ENFORCE. YOU MAY CONSIDER THEM UNREASONABLE —UNFAIR, EVEN.

DO NOT BROOD ON THOUGHTS LIKE THIS. REPORT THEM AT ONCE TO YOUR SENIOR JUDGE.

WHEW!! FEEL LIKE A FIVE-YEAR-OLD GREENIE AGAIN!

SNAP!

WHAT YOU IN FOR?

IN FOR...? OH.

I...UH, I BOPPED A COLLEAGUE. YOU?

I KEEP GETTING... URGES.

YEAH? IT'S A SURGEON YOU SHOULD BE SEEIN'!

NO, NOT LIKE THAT. URGES TO... HURT PERPS. I MEAN, IT DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ENOUGH THAT I ARREST 'EM...

I WANT TO HURT 'EM, TOO. LIKE—BEAT THE CRUD OUTTA THE SLIMY, DOUBLE-DEALIN', GOOD-FOR-NOTHIN'—

HEY, HEY! SAVE IT FOR THE STREETS, HOBDEN. I'D HAVE THOUGHT YOU'D GO DOWN A BOMB OUT THERE!

IT'S ALL RIGHT. I HAVE IT UNDER CONTROL. A LITTLE REINDOCTRINATION'S ALL I NEED.

[illegible]! AN' I THOUGHT I HAD PROBLEMS!

YEAH— AN' I DO, TOO. THAT SPOOK I KEEP SEEIN' JUST DOESN'T MAKE SENSE. WHY SHOULD IT SEEM SO... FAMILIAR?

A JUDGE MUST ALWAYS BE AWARE THAT PEOPLE ARE *LIARS*. ANY DEALINGS WITH THE CITIZENRY, BEAR THIS FACT IN MIND—

BETTER THAN 90 PERCENT OF ALL CITIZENS WILL BREAK THE LAW AT LEAST ONCE IN THEIR LIFETIME. PUT BLUNTLY, THIS MEANS NINE OUT OF EVERY TEN PEOPLE ON OUR STREETS ARE EITHER PERPS, OR POTENTIAL PERPS.

NEVER TRUST A CITIZEN! PROTECT THEM— YES. SUSPECT THEM— YES. BU..T NE..ver tru..st ...th

GRUD!

IT'S HAPPENIN' AGAIN! THE WHEEL—

ANDERSON! WHAT—

NO! IT'S NOT REAL! I CAN'T SEE IT... I WON'T SEE IT!

YOU ALL RIGHT, ANDERSON?

ANDERSON..?

HERE— LET ME...

NO! KEEP BACK! I'M WARNIN' YOU—

STAY BACK!

DON'T TOUCH ME!

NO! DON'T TOUCH ME!

DON'T TOUCH MEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE...

WHAT HAPPENED, HINE?

TUTOR SAID SHE JUST FREAKED OUT. PUT TWO OF THEM IN MED-BAY BEFORE THEY SUBDUED HER!

UN-FORTUNATELY, SHE DIDN'T SNAP OUT OF IT THIS TIME.

DAMN! THERE MUST HAVE BEEN SOMETHING THE PROBE MISSED!

SHE'S IN HERE NOW..?

"YES I'M AFRAID SHE IS"

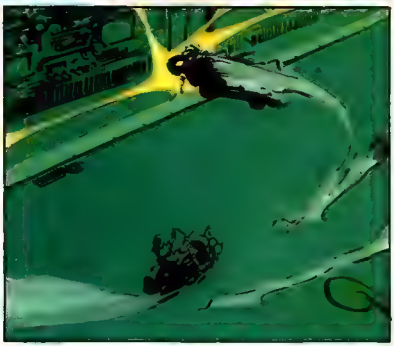
COMING SOON—BOOK 8:
"WHATEVER HAPPENED TO BABY CASS?"

2000 AD
FEATURING
JUDGE DREDD
PROG 716
45p
2 FEB 91
LETHAL WEAPON!
FIGHTING PETTY CRIME IN MC-1!

JUDGE DREDD
FIRST OFFENCE
A Death Aid Interlude
IT WAS A ONCE-IN-A-LIFETIME OPPORTUNITY..
ME, I'D NEVER DREAM OF COMMITTING A CRIME.
HEY, DUMBO!
J WAGNER
S YEOWELL
T FRAME
BRAP-PAP-PAP-PAP-PAP-PAPPA
HAH HAH HAH HAH HAH HAH HAH

MAN SHOT. HARB AND MARINE!
JOY POPPERS!

AM IN PURSUIT!
BDAM!
BDAM!



ME, I'D FAINT IF A JUDGE SAID BOO TO ME.

BUT THE WALLET WAS LYING THERE, AND NOBODY WAS WATCHING...
...AND THINGS HAVE BEEN PRETTY TOUGH SINCE NECROPOLIS.

LIKE TO TELL ME WHY, BOYS ?
GEE, I DUNNO..
WE GOTTA HAVE A REASON ?
BOYS WERE JUST HAVING SOME FUN, CONTROL.
YOU GOT TWO FOR THE MEAT WAGON, TWO FOR THE CUBES. MEDICAL ATTENTION REQUIRED.
SENTENCE ?
THIS CITIZEN'S DEAD
MURDER ONE — 20 YEARS.
PLEASE, SIR —
THAT DEAD MAN HAD A WALLET IN HIS HAND. BUT A MAN TOOK IT AND RAN AWAY.
Pat Pat

...AND NOW HE'S AFTER ME!
OH DEAR GRUD, WHY DID I DO IT?
I DIDN'T EVEN CHECK TO SEE HOW MUCH WAS IN IT — JUST TOOK IT...
AND HIS BLOOD'S ALL OVER MY HAND!
I'VE GOT TO GET RID OF — NO!
CLUES ALL OVER IT! THEY'D FIND IT — THEN FIND ME...!
I'VE GOT TO RUN!

PLEASE! LET ME GET AWAY AND I'LL NEVER DO IT AGAIN!
PLEASE!
OH NO...
PLEASE... IT-IT WAS A MISTAKE.
A BIG MISTAKE, PAL.
I'M NOT A CRIMINAL! I'M AN HONEST, LAW-ABIDING CITIZEN, BUT... BUT... IT WAS THERE. I-I COULDN'T RESIST IT...
IT'S A FIRST OFFENCE! I'VE NEVER DONE ANYTHING LIKE THIS BEFORE — I'LL NEVER DO IT AGAIN!
J-JUST LET ME GO — JUST THIS ONCE! PLEASE! GIMME A BREAK, WILLYA?

NEXT PROG: FIXING DADDY!

JUDGE DREDD
Art by RON SMITH
DREDD
DELIGHT

JUDGE DREDD

LANCY

MEDI

FIXING DADDY

A DEATH AID INTERLUDE

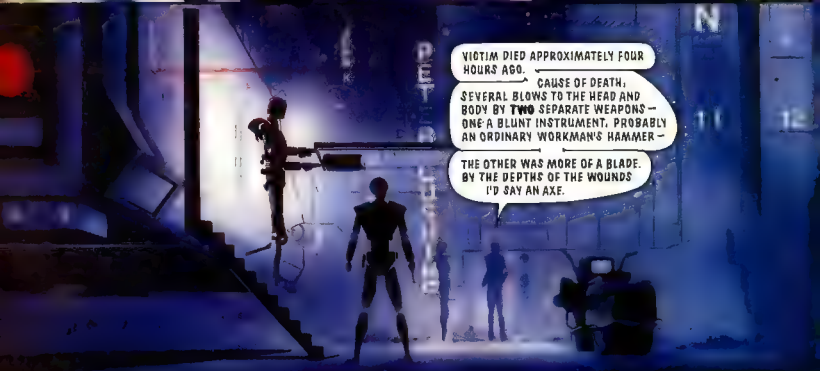
MMM! THAT ONE'S GOT NICE STRONG ARMS!
DADDY WOULD HAVE LIKED THEM.

DREDD, THEY CAN TAKE YOUR VAGRANTS IN SECTOR 81 REHAB — CATCH WAGON ON ITS WAY.
GO TO WASTEGROUND OFF NEEDER STREET — PROBABLE MURDER VICTIM. FORENSIC SQUAD IN ATTENDANCE.
ROG

WE'RE GOING TO HELP YOU WAIT HERE, YOU'LL BE PICKED UP.

MMM! NICE STRONG CHIN!
DADDY WOULD HAVE LIKED THAT.

DADDY'S GOT A CHIN, SILLY!
HEE HEE HEE HEE HEE


VICTIM DIED APPROXIMATELY FOUR HOURS AGO.
CAUSE OF DEATH: SEVERAL BLOWS TO THE HEAD AND BODY BY TWO SEPARATE WEAPONS — ONE A BLUNT INSTRUMENT, PROBABLY AN ORDINARY WORKMAN'S HAMMER —
THE OTHER WAS MORE OF A BLADE. BY THE DEPTHS OF THE WOUNDS I'D SAY AN AXE.

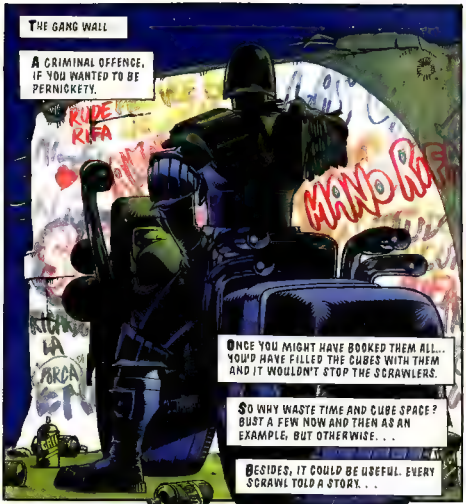
THE HEART HAS BEEN REMOVED – PRETTY CRUDELY. LOOKS LIKE THEY USED A HACKSAW.
SAME WEAPONS. SAME M.O. AS VIKING STREET AND THE OVERPASS KILLINGS... BOTH WITHIN HALF A KAY RADIUS OF HERE.
A ONE-LEGGED MAN – THEY TOOK HIS GOOD ONE... AND THE AID WORKER – LOST SOME ORGANS, DIDN'T SHE?
SPLEEN AND LIVER
LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE'S GOING INTO THE SPARE PARTS BUSINESS.
CONTROL TO DREDD! CATCH WAGON'S AT GLANCY. NO SIGN OF YOUR VAGRANTS.
I'M BUSY HERE. TELL 'EM TO CHECK AROUND. THEY WON'T BE HARD TO SPOT.
I'M SICK, YOU KNOW.
I'M JUST AS SICK AS YOU ARE.
NO, YOU'RE NOT.
I AM TOO.
I DON'T FEEL AT ALL GUILTY. I CAN'T HELP THE THINGS I DO. I'M SUFFERING FROM TRAUMATIC POST DISORDER. SO THERE!
SO AM I! I'M SUFFERING FROM TRAUMATIC POST TOO! WORSE THAN YOU!
NO, YOU'RE NOT!
ARE YOU TWO GEEKS FOLLOWING ME...?
ARE WE FOLLOWING HIM?
HEE HEE HEE HEE HEE

NICE STRONG ARMS!
DADDY'S GOING TO LOVE THEM!
HEE HEE HEE HEE HEE
TRAIL OF BLOOD—
EACH GLISTENING SPLASH PICKED OUT BY THE UV BEAM—
DROKK!

WHERRR-RRRE'S DADDY?
YOO-HOO!
WE'VE GOT SOMETHING FOR YOU, DADDY!
LOOK- NICE STRONG ARMS!
HEE HEE HEE HEE HEE HEE
CONTROL! TELL THE SQUAD TO GET UP TO THE NUMEG RUINS. WE CAN CLEAR UP A FEW UNSOLVED CASES HERE.

IT WAS THE HORROR OF EVERYTHING. YOU SEE. IT JUST CRACKED ME UP
AND EATING DADDY.
YES. THAT'S WHAT DID IT. REALLY. EATING DADDY.
EATING DADDY?
THERE WAS NO FOOD, YOU SEE. AND DADDY SAID, "WELL, GIRLS, IT'LL HAVE TO BE ONE OF US..."
SO WE ATE HIM; DIDN'T WE?
YES; WE DID. WE ATE HIM.
BUT WE'RE MAKING IT UP TO HIM WE'RE FIXING HIM.
AND THIS IS THE FATHER-?
YES... SAME WEAPONS USED ON HIM AS THE OTHERS.
FOOD RAN OUT-HE WAS IT. JUST ANOTHER VICTIM OF NECROPOLIS.
SINCE THEN, THEY'VE BEEN TRYING TO REBUILD HIM BIT BY BIT...
HEAVY GUILT TRIP.
HUMPTY DADDY SAT ON THE WALL, HUMPTY DADDY HAD A GREAT FALL. AND ALL THE KING'S HORSES AND ALL THE KING'S MEN COULDN'T PUT DADDY TOGETHER AGAIN
HEE HEE HEE
HEE HEE HEE

2000 AD
FEATURING
JUDGE DREDD
PROG 718
EVERY
45p
16 FEB 91
LA PLACA RIFA



JUDGE DREDD

LA PLACA RIFA

VAMOS! LA PLACA!
RUDE JUVES
RV-
PACO
MANO
RIO
LA PLACA!
LA PLACA – THE BADGE.
SPDAANG!
NOBODY LEAVES!
LINE UP AGAINST THE WALL!
SPDAANG!
ZERO ON THE FRISK.
A WHOLE PACK OF RUDE JUVES AND NOT ONE WEAPON – THAT'S GOT TO BE A RECORD.
THEY CAN'T BE EXPECTING A SNEAK ATTACK CONFRONT MUST BE PREARRANGED
I HEAR THERE'S BAD BLOOD WITH THE BLOODS.
TROUBLE – NO TROUBLE. THE BLOODS, THEY OUR BES' FRIENDS!
YEAH, WE LOVE THOSE BLOODS, MAN!
SURE, LIKE YOU LOVE HAEMORRHOIDS. WHEN'S THE FIGHT?
WE'RE NO' SAYIN' NUTHIN'!
HOLD OUT ON ME, MANUELO, AND I'LL RUN YOU ALL IN ON SUSPICION.
GO ON THEN! WE STILL SAY NOTHIN'! NO LAW SAYS WE GOTTA TALK!
YEAH.
YEAH, GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT.

RV
HE'S GOIN!
LOOK AT HIM RUN!
LA PLAGA—HUH!
LA PLAGA SUCKS, MAN!
NONE OF THEM WILL TALK, NOT WHILE THEY'RE TOGETHER
GROUP LOYALTY—FEAR OF THE OTHERS...
DON' BE LATE, PEEWEE!
SO YOU WAIT—
PICK A WEAK LINK—
SAVE YOURSELF A LOT OF TROUBLE
OH, MAN—WHAT THEY GONNA SAY WHEN I DON' TURN UP—?
WE'LL GIVE YOU A GOOD EXCUSE. HOW ABOUT A RUPTURED APPENDIX? IT CAN BE ARRANGED.

SO WHEN THE TROUBLE STARTS, YOU'RE THERE.
CONTROL, I'M GOING TO NEED BACK-UP HERE. ESTIMATE THIRTY PRISONERS
MEDICAL ATTENTION WILL BE REQUIRED.
LA PLACA! LA PLACA!
AAAHH!

OOOF!
KRAK!
AAAHH!
YOOOW!

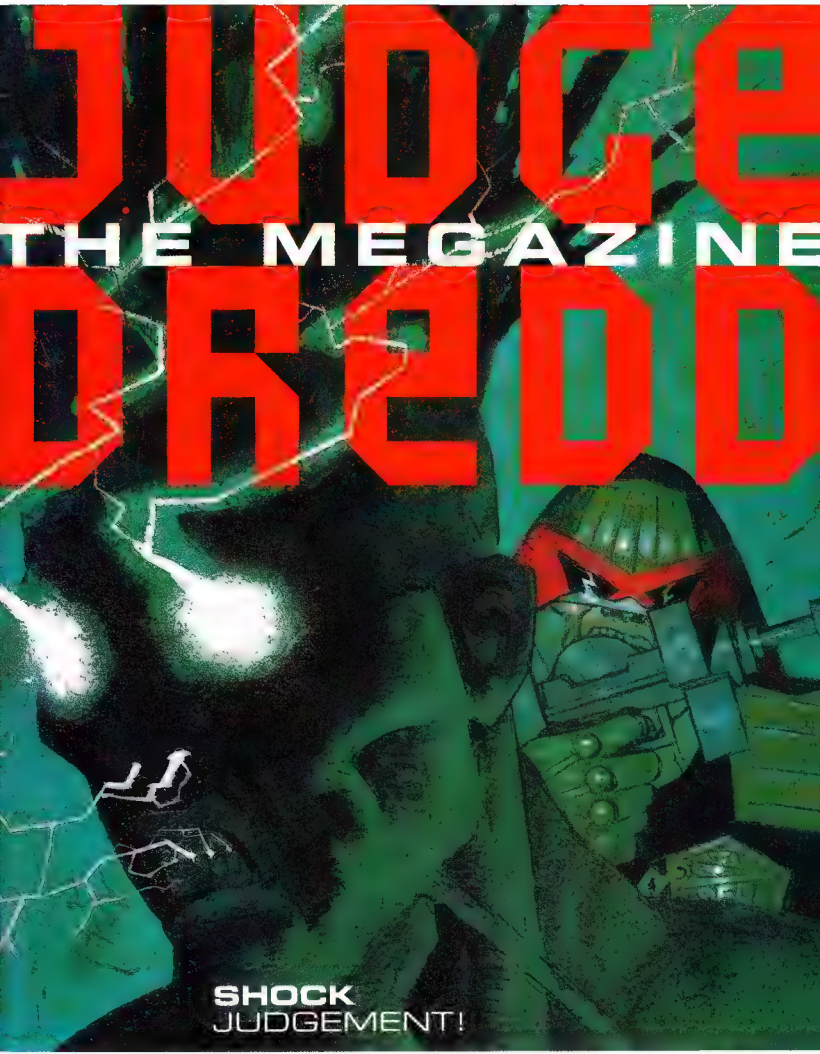
HAD ENOUGH?
MAYBE ONE DAY YOU CREEPS ARE GOING TO WISE UP AND LEARN THE LESSON.
UNTIL THEN, LET ME DRIVE THE MESSAGE HOME.
LA PLACA RIFA

£1.50 No.6 March 1991
MONTHLY. A 2000 AD PRESENTATION

FLEETWAY

JUDGE DREDD

THE MEGAZINE



SHOCK JUDGEMENT!

ISSN 0960-1813

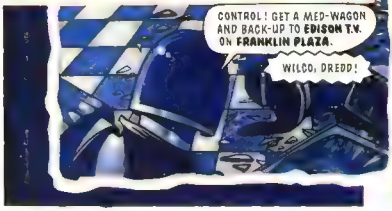
High Power! High Drama!
HIGH VOLTAGE!

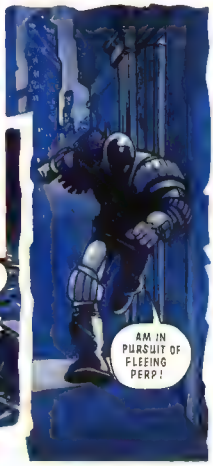
THE SINGE BODY ELECTRIC
DEATH BY TELEVISION? THAT'S A NEW ONE ON ME!
BEN FRANKLIN
SET MUST'VE BLOWN UP PROBABLY A POWER SURGE BROUGHT ON BY THE STORM
WASN'T FLYING GLASS THAT KILLED THEM. LOOK AT THOSE BURNS-- THEY WERE ELECTROCUTED!
LOOKS LIKE THEY HAD A REPAIRMAN HERE WHEN IT BLEW--
EDISON TV REPAIRS
WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM...?

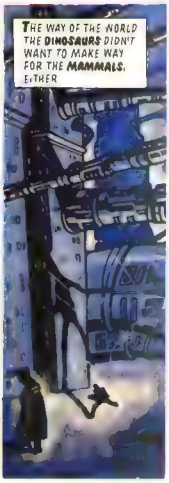
BEN
FRANKLIN
PLAZA
TRANSFORMER
KEEP OUT
UNTIL RECENTLY IT HAD NOT OCCURRED TO ME THAT ELECTRICITY COULD BE USED DIRECTLY AS A MEANS TO STIMULATE MY INTELLECT.
IT IS NOT A METHOD I RECOMMEND TOO HIGHLY
THOUGH THE AFTER-EFFECTS DO INDEED GIVE AN ENHANCED SENSE OF CLEVERNESS, THE PROCESS IS MARKED BY SEVERE PAIN.
BUT WHAT THE HECK?
WHAT'S THE POINT IN LIVING AT ALL . . .
IF YOU CAN'T ENJOY A LITTLE CHARGE NOW AND AGAIN ?

EVERY ONE OF US GENERATES THEIR OWN ELECTRIC FIELD. ELAN VITAL, THEY CALL IT
IN 1932, BRIAN WILLIAMS OF CARDIFF WAS RECORDED ILLUMINATING LIGHT BULBS BY RUBBING THEM
HEY! WATCHA DOIN' THERE?
THE BELGIAN DOCTOR, G., EXTINGUISHED STREET LAMPS MERELY BY WALKING BY
YOU AIN'T ALLOWED IN—
OHMYGRUD!
AND, OF COURSE, THE LUMINOUS WOMAN OF PIRANO WAS WELL KNOWN FOR THE BLUE GLOW HER BREASTS EMITTED.
BUT!
I SEEM TO BE SPECIALLY GIFTED.

EDISON TV
UH... YEAH, MY MAN COSMO WAS ON THAT JOB.
HE HASN'T REPORTED BACK HERE SINCE?
NO. I WAS EXPECTIN' HIM, BUT.. MAYBE HE WENT ON TO HIS NEXT JOB
WITHOUT HIS TOOLS?
WHAT'S HIS HOME ADDRESS?
I...UH, I'M NOT SURE. THAT IS, I DON'T KNOW!
IT SEEMS SO OBVIOUS. I WONDER HOW I NEVER THOUGHT OF IT BEFORE ALL LIFE IS SHAPED BY ELECTRICITY --
ERGO, EVOLUTION ITSELF IS ELECTRIC! A CLEAR, CRACKLING PATH FROM THE AMOEBA--
THIS SAYS YOU'RE LYING, CREEP!
NOW -- WHAT GIVES WITH THIS COSMO? JUST WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO HIDE--?
--TO THE FISH -- TO THE LIZARD -- THE MAMMAL -- MAN --
DROK!
C-COSMO--!
AND AT JOURNEY'S END... ME!







HOLD IT! YOU GOT QUESTIONS TO ANSWER—!

KERRAAASHH!

GOOD JOB THE GAUNTLETS ARE **INSULATED**...!

CONTROL! GET A MED-WAGON AND BACK-UP TO **EDISON T.V.** ON **FRANKLIN PLAZA**.

WILCO, DREDD!

AM IN PURSUIT OF FLEEING PERP!

THE WAY OF THE WORLD THE **DINOSAURS** DIDN'T WANT TO MAKE WAY FOR THE **MAMMALS**, EITHER

LET THEM PURSUE ME
MY FUTURE IS SEALED. I AM DESTINED TO REPLACE THEM--
YOU! HOLD IT IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!
NO! KEEP OFF THE LADDER!
I AM THE MAN OF TOMORROW!
AAAAAAAK!
UHHH

CREEP CAN'T HAVE GOT FAR...
I WILL SURVIVE. I AM THE FIRST OF THE NEW GREED—
HE OF INESTIMABLE INTELLIGENCE—
HE'S TOO DANGEROUS FOR A FACE-TO-FACE
KRUNGCH!
I AM MR VOLTAGE!
WHAT THE HELL—?
I AM THE KING OF CURRENT!
I AM HOMO ELECTRO!
PLUG IT, CREEP!
KRAANGG!

YOU CANNOT WIN! I AM THE FUTURE— POWER PERSONIFIED!
KZZAKK
HOMO ELECTROOOOOO
A CYBORG!

--POWER SURGE WHEN HE WAS REPAIRING THE T.V. MUST'VE DRIVEN HIS CIRCUITS **HAYWIRE**... AND CHARGED HIM UP WITH A **MILLION VOLTS**!
EDISON TV
I'M SORRY FOR USING A ROBOT REPAIRMAN, JUDGE DREDD. I KNOW IT'S AGAINST THE LAW — BUT THEY'RE SO MUCH **CHEAPER** THAN HUMANS.
LOT MORE **DANGEROUS**, TOO, EDISON.
TELL ME ABOUT IT! I GOT A **BROKEN LEG** HERE. I'M GONNA LOSE A **WEEK'S** BUSINESS WHILE IT HEALS.
YOU'RE GONNA LOSE **TWENTY YEARS'** BUSINESS, CREEP!
ACCESSORY TO MURDER— **GUILTY** AS **CHARGED**!
TAKE HIM AWAY!
THE END.

JUDGE DREDD
DRILLER KILLER
JOHN WAGNER
GEORGE COLEMAN
TOM FRAME
DEATHBLADE
FIRST STRIKE TO DRILLER KILLER!
DEATHBLADE'S HALF BLINDED!
COME ON, DRILLER! FINISH HIM!
THE DROID AIN'T OUT OF THIS YET!

DREDD
CONTROL: SOME BOZO LOITERING AT THE ESTIMAN UNDERSKEDS. I FIGURE HE'S ACTING LOOKOUT. I'M GOING TO CHECK HIM OUT.

FINISH HIM, DEATHBLADE!
DEATHBLADE
TWO TO ONE ON THE DROID!
SOUNDS LIKE AN ILLEGAL STREETFIGHT, CONTROL. GONNA BE ARRESTS – BETTER GET ME SOME BACK UP.
GREEEEZZZZZ!
DRILLER!

ZZZZEEEEEE!
FZZAKkk
DEATHBLADE'S GONE!
DRILLER KILLER ALL THE WAY!
ALL THE WAY TO THE CUBES!
AND NOT JUST DRILLER KILLER! PARTICIPATING IN AN ILLEGAL GATHERING — THAT'S ONE YEAR MINIMUM ALL ROUND!
OH JEEZ!
IT'S ONLY ONE JUDGE! WE CAN TAKE HIM!
YOU LIVE IN HOPE, PAL!
CRUNNK!
I GOT A RIOT HERE, CONTROL! HOW LONG WITH THAT BACK UP?
ESTIMATE THREE MINUTES. CAN YOU HOLD THEM?
DEBATABLE!

STAND ASIDE!
LEAVE HIM TA THE DRILLER KILLER!
IT AIN'T JUST A YEAR FOR ME! YOU GOTTA DIE, JUDGE!
WE ALL GOTTA DIE SOMETIME, CREEP—
ZZZZEEEEEEEE
BUT WHEN I DO, IT WON'T BE A DIMP LIKE YOU THAT DOES IT!
WHUUUHH-?
YAAAAAHHH

BOK!
ZOK!
WAK!
I'LL LEAVE YOU TO IT THEN, DRILLER.
HUHUHELLP MEEEE!
DREDD?
S'OKAY, NO PROBLEM
THEY'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE
HUHHUHELPPPMEEEE
WOK!
ZUNK!
I'VE GOT A GOOD MAN ON THE DOOR!

THE END

JUDGE DREDD

THE APARTMENT

DP CAMP 17, IN MEGA CITY ONE'S SECTOR 20.

HERE, OVER A **YEAR** AFTER THE DEFEAT OF THE DARK JUDGES, MANY OF THE VICTIMS OF **NECROPOLIS** ARE STILL PAYING A TERRIBLE PRICE IN HUMAN SUFFERING.

HERE, THE MOST **PRIZED** POSSESSION IS NOT GOLD OR FINE CLOTHES – BUT A **NUMBER**.

JOHN WAGNER
D POWER

RUSSELL AND DORIS COTPU, **YOUR** NUMBER CAME UP TELL US ABOUT IT

WELL ... I REMEMBER WHEN WE FIRST GOT OUR NUMBER – IT WAS **1,000,047.**

THAT'S YOUR NUMBER ON THE **HOUSING LIST**?

YES. THAT MEANT THERE WERE OVER A **MILLION** PEOPLE TO BE **REHOUSED** BEFORE US

IT WAS VERY DISHEARTENING. I WAS NEAR TO TEARS WHEN WE GOT OUR NUMBER. REMEMBER, RUSS?

SHE WAS. SHE WAS NEAR TO TEARS

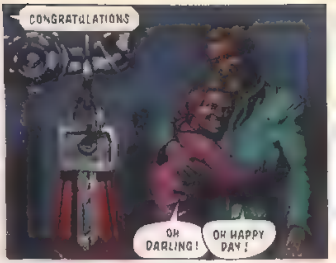
LIFE IN **DP CAMP 17** WAS THAT BAD?

IT WAS HORRIBLE. I CAN'T DESCRIBE IT. DIRT – DISEASE – CRIME EVERYWHERE. MURDERS EVERY NIGHT

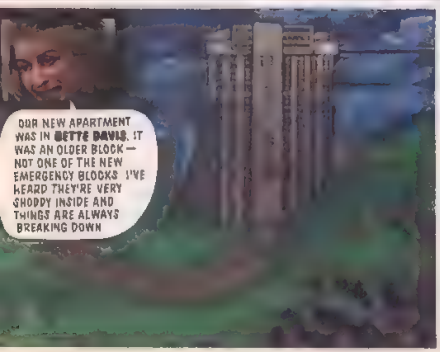
IT SEEMED LIKE OUR MISERY WOULD NEVER END. BUT – WELL, GRADUALLY OUR NUMBER CREPT CLOSER AND CLOSER TO THE TOP OF THE LIST. .

AND THEN ONE DAY **THE HOUSING DROID** CAME –

RUSSEL AND DORUS COUPLE?
YES!
1,000,047?
YES!

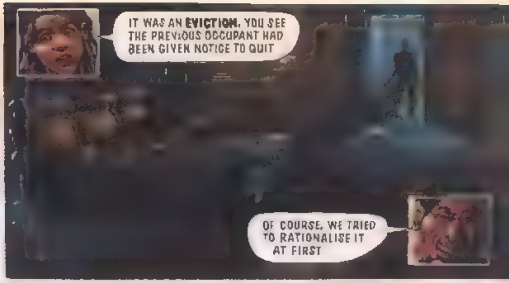

CONGRATULATIONS
OH DARLING!
OH HAPPY DAY!

THE NEWS SPARKED OFF A RIOT. FEELING HAD BEEN RUNNING PRETTY H GH AGAINST US EVER SINCE WE GOT BELOW A THOUSAND. IF THE JUDGES HADN'T COME WE'D NEVER HAVE GOT OUT OF THERE —
WHY SHOULD THEY HAVE ALL THE LUCK?
LET'S COOL IT DOWN CAMPERS!


OUR NEW APARTMENT WAS IN BETTE DAVIS. IT WAS AN OLDER BLOCK — NOT ONE OF THE NEW EMERGENCY BLOCKS I'VE HEARD THEY'RE VERY SHODDY INSIDE AND THINGS ARE ALWAYS BREAKING DOWN

HOME SWEET HOME, DARLING! I NEVER THOUGHT WE'D SEE THE DAY!
YES: THE TERRORS OF DP CAMP 17 ARE BEHIND US FOREVER! OH, I'M SO HAPPY, RUSS!

WHEN DID YOU FIRST DECIDE SOMETH NG WAS WRONG ?
WELL, AS SOON AS WE OPENED THE DOOR. REALLY THE PREVIOUS OCCUPANT'S THINGS WERE STILL THERE
AND THERE WAS THAT TERRIBLE SMELL . LIKE ROTTING CORPSES


IT WAS AN EVICTION. YOU SEE THE PREVIOUS OCCUPANT HAD BEEN GIVEN NOTICE TO QUIT
OF COURSE, WE TRIED TO RATIONALISE IT AT FIRST

MAYBE IT'S A FURNISHED APARTMENT, DOR . YEAH, THAT'S GOT TO BE IT!
HEY. THAT'S ANOTHER STROKE OF LUCK! NOW WE DON'T EVEN HAVE TO BUY FURNITURE!
THAT'S WONDERFUL! OH, RUSS ! JUST CAN'T WAIT TO EXPLORE.

THUNK!

HOW MANY BODIES DID YOU FIND IN ALL ?

LET ME SEE. THERE WERE TWO IN THE CUPBOARD -- ANOTHER ONE BEH ND THE SOFA
BUT IT WAS THE BEDROOM THAT WAS THE WORST
OH RUSS! LOOK AT THIS!

WE'VE STUMBLED INTO SOME SORT OF MURDERER'S DEN!
OH GRUD, LISTEN; SOMEONE'S COMING!
IT WAS THE PREVIOUS OCCUPANT, A MR BOESKI
THAT WAS ALBERT BOESKI, THE MASS MURDERER?
YES. ALTHOUGH WE DIDN'T KNOW THAT AT THE TIME WE DID HAVE A PRETTY GOOD IDEA THERE WAS SOMETHING FUNNY ABOUT HIM, THOUGH...
WELL WELL, WELL
IT WAS A TERRIBLE MIX UP, YOU SEE. THE HOUSING DEPARTMENT HAD FORGOTTEN TO NOTIFY HIM OF HIS EVICTION.
WE ALL HAD A GOOD LAUGH ABOUT IT
THEN HE TIED US UP AND SET THE APARTMENT ON FIRE.

IT'S ALL UP FOR ME NOW, FOLKS. MIGHT AS WELL GO OUT IN A BLAZE OF GLORY. EH?
THANKFULLY, JUDGE DREDD HAD BEEN HOT ON MR BOESKI'S TRAIL
YOU'RE MEAT, CREEP!
DIDN'T I JUST PULL YOUR FAT OUT OF ANOTHER FIRE—?
YES, SIR. THE HOUSING RIOT— BY CAMP 17.
WE GOT A NEW APARTMENT
NOT YOUR DAY, S IT?

YOU CAN REMEMBER ME, CAN'T YOU?
CERTAINLY WE'LL PUT YOU ON THE LIST
THE LIST--? BU BU-BUT--
NOW NOW, YOU WOULDN'T EXPECT PREFERENTIAL TREATMENT, WOULD YOU, SIR. WE'VE GOT TO BE FAIR ABOUT THESE THINGS. YOU'VE HAD YOUR CHANCE -- TIME TO LET SOMEONE ELSE HAVE A GO
NUMBER 4,203,199.
THAT WAS YESTERDAY. TODAY [illegible] IN DP CAMP 17. SADDER AND WISER AND THREE MILLION PLACES DOWN THE HOUSTON LIST.
SOMEDAY, THEY KNOW, THEIR NUMBER WILL COME UP AGAIN. UNTIL THEN, THEY MUST TAKE WHAT CRUMBS OF COMFORT THEY CAN FROM THAT KNOWLEDGE.
UNTIL THEN, FOR ROSS AND DORUS COYPU -- AND MILLIONS OF OTHERS -- THE NIGHTMARE GOES ON
DIRTY ROTTEN FINKS! THAT'S OUR APARTMENT YOU'RE TAKING!
GET 'EM, DORUS!

2000 AD
FEATURING
JUDGE DREDD
PROG 724
45p
JUDGED
GUILTY
OF EXTREME THRILL-POWER!
6 SCROTNIG STORIES
IN FULL COLOUR!
PLUS: ZARJAZ FREE GIFT!

JUDGE DREDD

2300 Hours precisely. The unit moves into operation.

BILL BAILEY, WON'T YOU PLEASE COME HOME

PART 1

JOHN WAGNER
VARNO
TOM FRAME

Smooth as clockwork. We haven't lost anything in these nine org years.

DETONATOR!

ALL CHARGES IN PLACE, SIR!

PULL BACK!

HURRY IT UP! SHAKE THE LEAD!

Oh, now they grumbled when I inducted on regular combat readiness training. But they see the wisdom of it now!

HEADS DOWN BOYS!

FOR MEGA-CITY ONE!

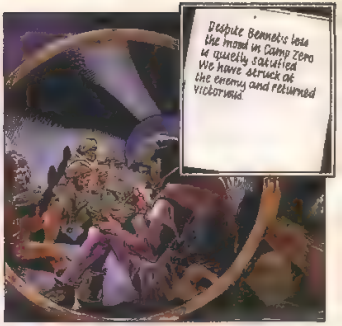
FTOOOM!
GRRK-K-K!
FTOOM!
AHHHH!
DROKK!
OKH GEEZZZZ!
SCREEK!
AHHHH!
CRUNCH!
AHHAHH!
FTUMMM
FTUMM
FTUMM

KRAAACH!
CONTROL! WE HAVE A MAJOR DISASTER— SHIELDS INTERSECT!
THE WHOLE INTERSECT IS DOWN! REPEAT—DOWN!

SUSPECT TERRORIST ACTION — STOMM!
UNGGGG!
GRUD
IF I GET OJTA THIS SOMEONE'S —
— GONNA PAY!

LET 'EM HAVE IT!
AHHHHH!
THEY'RE MOWING DOWN SURVIVORS!
FDOOM!
AGHHH!
WHO THE HELL ARE THESE CREEPS?
BENNY
HE'S DEAD LEAVE HIM
WE'VE DONE ENOUGH! PULL BACK! GREG— LEAD THE WAY!
YES, LOOTENANT!
No arguments now. The men are not for a fight, for revenge, but they obey instantly
FAREWELL, BENNET. YOU DID YOUR DUTY YOU WILL BE REMEMBERED

He and Him. Those must be our tactics. We move swiftly and silently along our pre planned escape route.


Despite Bennet's loss of quietly satisfied We have struck at the enemy and returned victorious

Of course, in the end we are all doomed I think each of us in our heart knows that But before they take us we will strike again and again They will buy our lives dearly It is our duty for Bill Bailey and Mega-City One

STILL NO SIGN OF THEM?
WE'VE GOT EVERY AVAILABLE UNIT SEARCHING THE AREA CITYWIDE ALERT
THEY'LL TURN UP

CREEP'S WEARING FULL COMBAT RIG — BILL BAILEY CITIDEF.
LOOKS LIKE A CITIDEF OUTFIT GONE ROGUE. IT WOULDN'T BE THE FIRST TIME.

GET UNITS OVER TO BAILEY, FIND OUT WHO'S BEHIND IT! I WANT PLENTY OF ARRESTS!
UH JUST ONE PROBLEM THERE—

ACCORDING TO OUR RECORDS BILL BAILEY BLOCK DOES NOT EXIST!

JUDGE DREDD

BILL BAILEY, WON'T YOU PLEASE COME HOME

PART 2

UNNNGG!
GOT EATS?
I only allow a short break. Our time is limited. We must inflict as much damage as possible
GET 'EM IN!
GREG YOU DRIVE!
LOOK LOOTENANT FRESH EATS!
THAT'S SOY FOOD, ELMO!
THERE'S THE PROOF!
GOULASH - THAT'S SOY GRUB AL RIGHT!
GRUB KNOWS WHAT'S IN IT!
MIND CONTROL STUFF, I BET
ODAY'S SPECIAL
OME-COOKED
GOULASH
YEAH! POISONIN THE POPULATION ST'NKIN' SOYS

WELL, WE'LL GIVE 'EM SOME REAL HOME-COOKIN', BOYS!
YOU BETCHA, LOOTENANT!
BILL
UNNN PUSH!
SOMETHING'S BLOCKING IT! HARDER!
LOOKS LIKE THE WHOLE BLOCK'S DOWN, BOYS!
I CAN SEE A PASSAGE HERE! RADIOACTIVITY READING?
A LITTLE ABOVE NORMAL, LOOTENANT!
RIGHT! FOLLOW ME!
UNNN PUSH MY FEET THERE!
FRESH AIR I CAN SMELL IT!

Feb 14 2013 We finally emerge from our shelter and once more I thank Gruel for my foresight in laying down nine years' stores before the Apocalypse war

Our first sad task is to bury Pru and Irma

They had begun to smell quite badly before Greg hit on the idea of storing them in the freezer Now they look as good as the day they died Fun marks to Greg

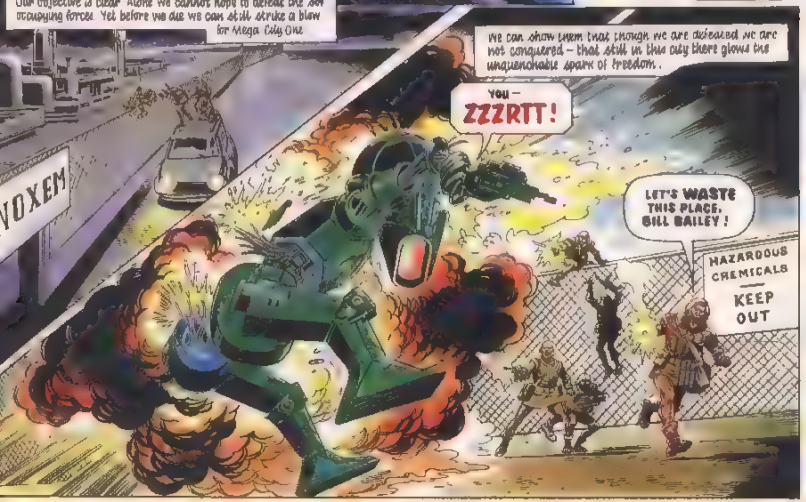
I blame myself for the tragedy I should never have allowed Jerry to attempt the kidney swap What was he DOING on his two-day para-medical course – sleeping?

Maybap we will come to regret their absence even more in the hours to come
LOOKS PEACEFUL ENOUGH BUT NO TELLING WHAT THE SITUATION IS
GREG - BENNY - COME WITH ME
THE REST OF YOU DIG IN TILL WE GET BACK!

I DON'T LIKE IT

IS THIS WHAT IT'S COME TO?
YEAH, KNOW WHATCHA MEAN
WHO'DA THOUGHT MEGA CITIZENS WOULD LINE UP FOR SOV HANDOUTS?
DENNO, LOOTENANT! DON'T SEE NO SOV JUDGES NOWHERE JUST REGULAR MEGA-CITY
OUR SIDE WON.
DON'T KID YOURSELF, BENNY – THE ENEMY IS SMART
REMEMBER HOW IT WAS WHEN WE HIT SHELTER – THOSE SOVS HAD OUR BUTTS IN A BAG. THINK THEY'RE GONNA FOUL THAT UP?
NOSTROVIA
DA' NOSTROVIA
SOV TALK!
THERE'S YOUR PROOF, BENNY!
Yes, they're smart – they almost had us fooled But their mask slipped We saw through them
EAST-WEST FRIENDSHIP LEAGUE
The situation is quite obvious to me. The Sovs are still in charge. This appearance of normality – it's nothing but a charade an elaborate pretence with but one purpose to trap us.
CONTROL TO UNITY!

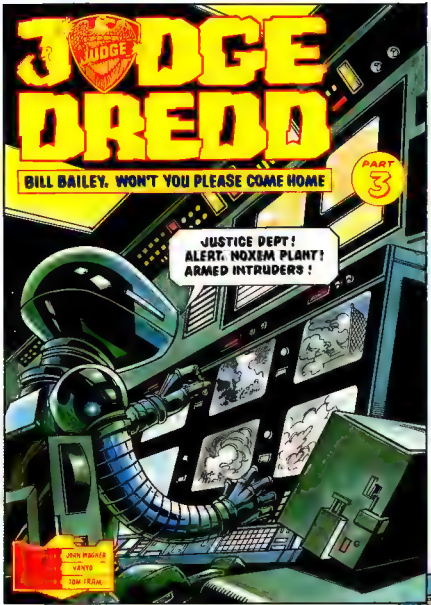
GO AHEAD CONTROL!
WE HAVE AN ID ON YOUR SABOTEUR –
URRR!
NAME BENNET ELDERMAN, FORMER RESIDENT BILL BAILEY BLOCK.
ELDERMAN WAS A MEMBER OF THE BLOCK CITIDEF. HE DISAPPEARED DURING THE APOCALYPSE WAR – HASN'T BEEN SEEN SINCE DOWN AS MISSING, PRESUMED DEAD
AND NOW HE TURNS UP OUT OF THE BLUE NINE YEARS LATER – AND NOT ALONE, EITHER
SAY A LOT OF BAILEY CITIDEF WENT UNDERGROUND DURING THE WAR – BEEN THERE EVER SINCE – CHOSE TONIGHT TO COME OUT. IT'S A LONG TIME BUT IT'S POSSIBLE
YEAH? SO HOW COME THEY'RE BUSY BLOWING UP THE CITY?
GOOD QUESTION

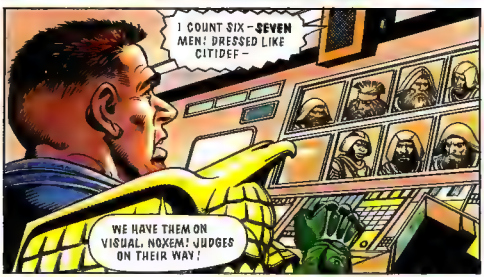

Our objective is clear. Alone we cannot hope to defeat the Jem occupying forces. Yet before we die we can still strike a blow for Mega City One.
We can show them that though we are defeated we are not conquered – that still in this city there glows the unquenchable spark of freedom.
YOU – ZZZRTT!
LET'S WASTE THIS PLACE, BILL BAILEY!
HAZARDOUS CHEMICALS
KEEP OUT
NOXEM

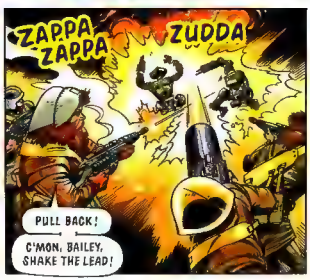
JUDGE DREDD

BILL BAILEY, WON'T YOU PLEASE COME HOME

PART 3







Spirits are high. The men break into an impromptu rendition of the block song and I do not check them.
♪I CRIED THE WHOLE NIGHT LONGGG♪
♪ WAH WAH WAH WAH♪
BUDDA BUDDA
The explosion takes us somewhat by surprise... especially Greg..
VADOOOM!
AHH!
WE'VE BEEN SPOTTED! EVACUATE!
A good man, Greg. The best combat sergeant Bill Bailey ever had. We'll all miss him.
"A" SECTION, COVERING FIRE!
Without being told, Murray takes over as "B" section leader. Fish marks to Murray
CONTROL! ROGUE CITIDEF LOCATED! NOW ON FOOT, ENTERING PALUMBO COMPLEX.
WE'LL ISOLATE THEM THERE!
ALL UNITS! ROGUE CITIDEF SIGHTED, PALUMBO COMPLEX!

CONVERGE ON PALUMBO! BLOCK ALL EXITS!
AAAHH!
JERRY!
NO WAY OUT! PULL BACK!
MORE OF THEM!
WE'RE CUT OFF, LOOTENANT! WE GOTTA TAKE COVER!
WITH ME!
HOLD YOUR FIRE!
ALL UNITS, HOLD YOUR FIRE!
PETER PALUMBO SHELTER
FOR THE HARMLESSLY INSANE

NEXT PROG BILL BAILEY, WON'T YOU PLEASE...!

JUDGE DREDD

BILL BAILEY, WON'T YOU PLEASE COME HOME

PART 4

JOHN WAGNER
VARIO
TOM FRAME

WE FOUND A LIST OF NAMES ON THE DEAD DRIVER. WE CHECKED 'EM WITH KNOWN BAILEY CITIDEF MEN MISSING PRESUMED DEAD DURING THE APOCALYPSE WAR

BENNET ELDERMAN WE KNOW IS DEAD.

OGGIE WOULD BE OGBERT OGDEN. ROOFUS – ONE ROOFUS KEENE.

SEVERAL ELMOS, MURRAYS AND JERRYS IN BAILEY CITIDEF – WE'RE STILL CHECKING ON THEM.

BATTLE PLAN

"A" SECTION
LIEUTENANT BENNY
OGGIE
ROOFUS

"B" SECTION
SGT. (ME)
ELMO
MURRAY
JERRY

LEADER'S PROBABLY ONE HECK HUNKLEY. HE WAS THE ONLY SERVING LOOTENANT AT THE TIME OF THE WAR – THE OTHER TWO MOVED BLOCK.

CONTROL! WE'VE GOT BAILEY CITIDEF PINNED DOWN IN THE SHELTER FOR THE HARMLESSLY INSANE. I DON'T WANT TO HURT THEM. I'M GOING TO TRY TO TALK THEM OUT.

RIGHT

RESIDENTS' LOUNGE

THAT MEANS YOU YOU ARE A RESIDENT

THIS'LL DO. GOOD VANTAGE POINTS!

CLEAR THOSE PEOPLE OUT OF HERE!

CUP OF TEA, PLEASE, NURSE

I AIN'T NO NURSE, BUDDY!

MMM! YOU'RE A BIG BOY...

VROOOOOM TAKKA-TAKKA-TAKKA!
WHASSA**MADDA** WIT' THESE PEOPLE, LOOTENANT? THEY ACT LIKE THEY'RE **DRUGGED** OR SOMETHIN'!
GIMME A KISS!
GET OFFA ME!
THEY **ARE**, MURRAY – SOV MIND DRUGS! THAT'S WHAT THOSE RATS DO TO ANYONE WHO STANDS UP TO THEM!
THESE ARE PROBABLY PROMINENT **DISSIDENTS** – LEADERS IN THE STRUGGLE FOR FREEDOM AGAINST THE SOV OCCUPATION FORCES!
YOU MEN! THIS IS AN **OUTRAGE!**
AKKA TAKKA TAKKA TAKKA!
YOU'RE TELLIN' ME, IVAN! ANY DECENT MAN WOULD BE **ASHAMED** OF WHAT YOU'RE DOING HERE!
UNGGG!
I'VE GOT A MESSAGE FOR ALL OF YOU MEN – HECK – ROOFUS – ELMO – JERRY –
SOV COLLABORATORS! I SAY **KILL** THEM, LOOTENANT!
MMMF! **MMMF!**
BRRRING! BRRRING!
IT'S WHAT THEY DESERVE.. BUT **NO!** THEY MIGHT COME IN USEFUL AS HOSTAGES. TIE THEM UP AND **GAG** THEM!
HEY! HE KNOWS OUR NAMES!
THIS IS **JUDGE DREDD.**
LIAR! DREDD'S THE ONE JUDGE WHO'D **NEVER** GO OVER TO THE SOV SIDE!
UNLESS THEY BURNT HIS **BRAIN** OR SOMETHIN'!

YOU MEN HAVE GOT IT WRONG. THE WAR IS OVER. WE WON. THE CITY'S BEEN AT PEACE WITH THE SOV-BLOK FOR NINE YEARS!
YOU MUST TAKE US FOR SAPS! WE WERE LOSING HANDS DOWN! HOW DID WE WIN?
I MYSELF LED A MISSION TO DESTROY EAST-MEG ONE IT WAS SUCCESSFUL.
BOY, WHAT A CROCK!
WE DON'T WANT ANY OF THE RESIDENTS OR STAFF HURT. GIVE YOURSELVES UP, COME OUT NOW I'M PREPARED TO DEAL LENIENTLY WITH YOU DESPITE THE SERIOUSNESS OF YOUR CRIMES
OUR CRIMES? YOU DARE TO TALK ABOUT OUR CRIMES! NO WAY! NO WAY DO WE DEAL WITH SOVS!
HANG UP. CALL 'EM AGAIN.
WHAT ABOUT STUMM GAS – RIOT FOAM?
THEY'D KILL THE HOSTAGES
THEY'VE FOUND KEENE'S FORMER WIFE. SHE'S ON HER WAY!
WEATHERWATCH – AND TOMORROW WILL BE MUCH LIKE ANY OTHER DAY –
KLIK
KLIK
KLIK
FOR TWO MILLION CREDS – WHAT GREAT MEGA-CITY HERO WAS KNOWN AS "KING OF THE BIG EME –
OH, BOY, HAVE I GOT A POD FOR YOU!
MAYBE THE WAR IS OVER... IT ALL LOOKS SO. NORMAL
USE YOUR HEAD, ELMO! THAT'S THE WAY IT'S MEANT TO LOOK! THEY'RE PIPING IT IN HERE SPECIAL!
WHAT D'YOU THINK THE REST OF THE CITY'S WATCHING? I'LL TELL YOU – BORSCHT RECIPES AND THE SOV ARMY CHOIR, THAT'S WHAT!
Oh, if only it were true! If we could only walk out of here. Live in peace again in a free city. But I must not allow desire to become self-delusion. I know the Sov for the cunning animal he is.
RRIINNG! RRIINNG!
1 2 3
4 5 6
7 8 9
ROOFUS! ROOFUS KEENE! CAN YOU HEAR ME? THIS IS OOLA!
THE WAR'S OVER, ROOFUS! COME OUT! I WANT YOU, DARLING! I LOVE YOU!
OOLA! IT'S MY WIFE!
THEY'VE GOT OLD VOICE TAPES, ROOFUS! IT'S A TRICK!

SHE WOULDN'T LIE TO ME! I GOTTA GO TO HER!
ROOFUS!
HOLD YOUR FIRE!
JUDGE DREDD
OOLA! BABY, IT'S YOU!
HELLO, ROOFUS
STAND BACK NOW, MRS BENSON.
BENSON? MRS BENSON?
WE... WE THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD, ROOF! ... REMARRIED.
YOU'RE—N-NOT MY WIFE ANYMORE?
NOT MY WIFE! NOT MY WIFE! I SHOULD NEVER HAVE COME—!
GET BACK HERE!
BAM!
AAAHH!
BADAM!
I SAID HOLD YOUR FIRE!
THEY BACKSHOT HIM!
NOT HIS WIFE, HE SAID! THERE'S YOUR PROOF!

ZAPPA
ZAPPA
FDOOM!
REPORT TO THE CHIEF JUDGE, ROOKIE! YOU'RE ALL WASHED UP!
GRUD! CALL 'EM AGAIN!
BRIANG! BRIANG!
NO MORE TALK, SOYS!
I give the men a last pep talk. I flatter myself it is the best speech I have ever made...
ONLY FOUR OF US LEFT NOW, BOYS... WAY I SEE IT WE'VE GOT A CHOICE. WE CAN SURRENDER LIKE COWARDS AND TAKE IT IN THE BACK LIKE ROOFUS DID –
– OR WE CAN GO OUT FIGHTING. WE CAN SHOW THE SOYS THERE'S STILL MEGGERS WHO'D RATHER DIE THAN LIVE UNDER THE TYRANT'S BOOT!
WHADDYA SAY, BAILEY – ?
WON'T YOU COME HOME... BILL BAILEY...
WON'T YOU COME HOME... I CRIED THE WHOLE NIGHT LO-ONG...
I'LL DO THE COOKING, BABY, I'LL PAY THE RENT
LISTEN! CAN YOU HEAR IT–?
Our voices rise and swell as we join in the Block song one last time. Our last cry of defiance! Even as I sing a lump rises in my throat. I feel proud of my unit, proud of the spirit that will always make us free men.
BILL BAILEY, WON'T YOU PLEASE– BILL BAILEY, WON'T YOU PLEASE– BILL BAILEY, WON'T YOU PLEASE COME HOOMMME!

NEXT PROG EMERALD ISLE!

SHE'S LOOKING FOR A RED-BLOODED MALE TO LOVE
...PRAY THAT IT ISN'T YOU!
BLACK WIDOW

MEGA-CITY ONE...
CITY OF 400 MILLION PEOPLE. AN ANTS' NEST OF HUMANITY.
THE PERFECT PLACE TO BUILD MY WEB.
SINGLES BAR
WOULDJA LAY AN ORB ON THE BLONDE IN THE CORNER!
WHEEE- CLASSIC!
DON'T GET ANY IDEAS, SAMMY BOY! I SAW HER FIRST!
FAT CHANCE! GET HER WARMED UP FOR ME, DOUGHBALL!
HEY HEY, BABE! SMILE! BE HAPPY! THIS IS YOUR LUCKY DAY! MURRAY IS HERE!

VICTIM IS ONE MURRAY ZODA, 24, LIVES WITH HIS MOTHER IN RHONDA FLEMING.
HE WAS AT A SINGLES BAR WITH A FRIEND, SAM HUCKERMAN. HUCKERMAN'S BEING INTERROGATED NOW. YOU'LL BE ALLOWED TO SPEAK TO HIM AFTER WE'VE FINISHED.
CAUSE OF DEATH?
POISON. HE'S BEEN INJECTED WITH A POWERFUL DIGESTIVE ENZYME, SIMILAR IN STRUCTURE TO THAT USED BY THE SPIDER FAMILY.
SPIDER?
I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT, JUDGE DREDD! I MEAN, MURRAY ZILCH, THE STRIKE-OUT KING! THE GUY COULDN'T GET TO FIRST BASE WITH A SACK OF MUNCE—
"—AN' THERE HE IS MAKIN' IT WITH THIS GODDESS!
NICE
ON YOUR OWN?
SPEAKING OF WHICH, HOWSABOUT YOU AN' ME DITCHING THIS DUMP AN' MAKING OUR OWN KIND OF ENTERTAINMENT — KNOW WHAT I MEAN?
UH — YEAH. I MEAN, WHO COULD KEEP UP WITH ME? MURRAY IN A HURRY, THEY CALL ME!
SURE, MURRAY...
THAT MIGHT BE... VERY INTERESTING.
ULP!

HAD YOU EVER SEEN THE WOMAN BEFORE?
NO. BUT I'D RECOGNISE HER HER AGAIN! I MEAN, THIS BABE COULDA HAD ANYONE –
"–SO WHAT'S SHE DOIN' PICKIN' UP A GINK LIKE MURRAY?"
WE'LL TAKE MY CAR.
400 MILLION PEOPLE... SO EASY TO LOSE MYSELF AMONGST THEM.
HOWSABOUT A KISS, BABE?
AND IF A FEW DISAPPEARED, WHO WOULD NOTICE?
AS LONG AS I WAS CAREFUL...
C'MON, BABE. DON'T MESS ME ABOUT! THIS IS OL' MURRAY IN A HURRY, REMEMBER...!
NOT NOW... NOT HERE...
BUT THE CREATURE WOULDN'T LET UP –
STOP!
DON'T FIGHT ME, BABE! YOU'LL LOVE IT! OL' MURRAY'S GOOD, REAL GOOD--
RRIPP!

--AND QUICK TOO!
I WARN YOU!
AND THE SMELL OF ITS BLOOD WAS SO STRONG...!
HEY! WH-WHAT'S HAPPENIN', BABE-?
YOUR FACE! YOUR-
NURRRRRRR
OH SWEET GRUD-!
RIPPPP!
K-KEEP AWAY FROM ME!
BUT YOU WANTED TO KISS ME, MURRAY-

COME... KISS ME NOW!
OH DEAR GRUD! LEMME OUTA THIS AN' I SWEAR I'LL NEVER GO NEAR A SINGLES BAR AGAIN!
SOMEBODY HELLPP MEE!
AAAHHHHHHHHH!
CONTROL TO ANY UNIT, VICINITY HOOSIER!
DREDD! ON THE SOUTHBOUND SKED!
GO TO WASTEGROUND, ANDERS ESTATE – REPORT OF A DISTURBANCE!
ON MY WAY!

FOR LONG I HAVE BEEN SO CAREFUL...
FOR LONG THEY HAVE NOT EVEN DREAMT I WAS AMONG THEM...
CURSE ME FOR MY WEAKNESS!
WEEEAAAOOOEEEAA
CONTROL! I'M ON THE WASTEGROUND!
MAN DOWN! MED-WAGON REQUIRED!
ASSAILANT MAKING OFF! AM IN PURSUIT!
GRUD!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS, CONTROL, BUT IT SURE AIN'T HUMAN!

BLAM!!!
HURRRRRRR!
POD PARK!
IT'S MADE THE PEDWAY, CONTROL!
THINK I WINGED IT-
IF THAT'S THE WORD!
KRAM

UNNH!
PAY
NAHRRRRR!
DROKK!
UNNNN!

UNNNGGG!
DAMN — CARELESS!
CONTROL! I NEED SOME BACK UP HERE! WE GOT TROUBLE!
WHICH WAY?
BLOOD! IT'S HIT, ALL RIGHT!
ONE MISTAKE AND I AM UNDONE! RAGNOS PRESERVE ME!

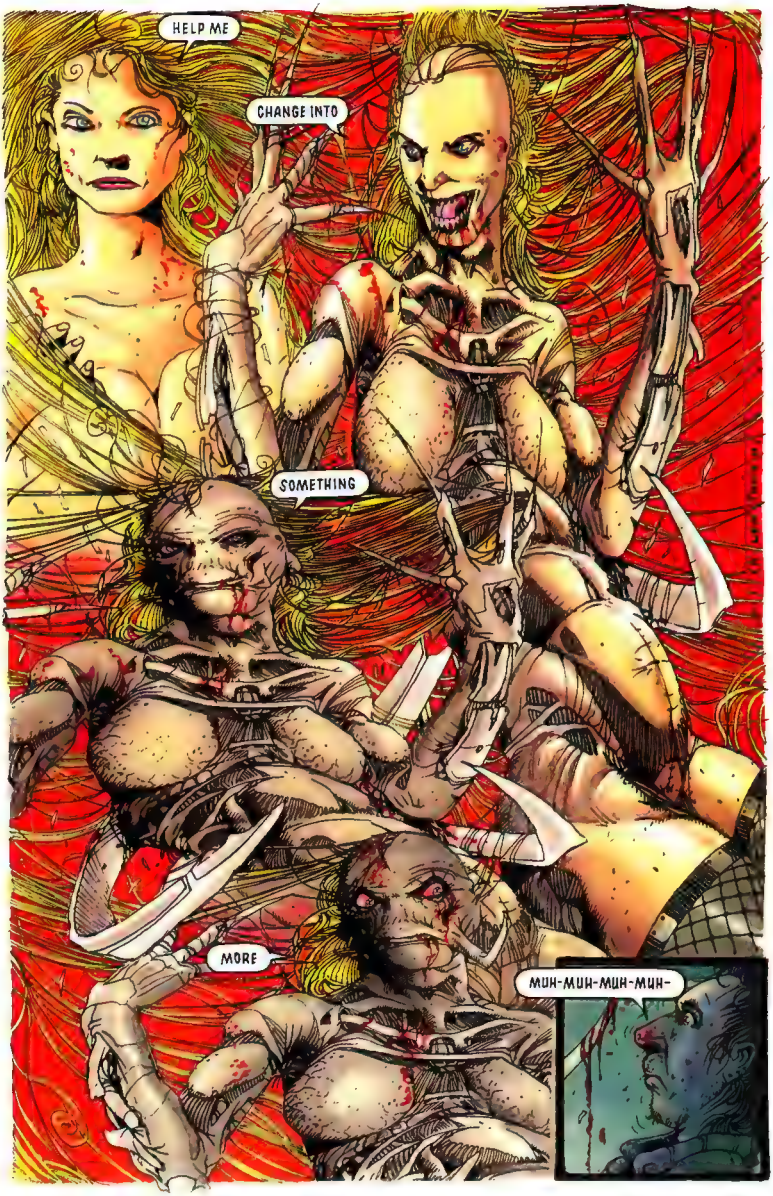
PAIN CLOUDS MY SENSES, BUT I MUST CONCENTRATE —
I...MUST... CHANGE...!
MUST CHANGE!
BAY 12
YOU! DON'T MOVE!
J-JUDGE...! IT WENT... WENT--
DROKK!
CONTROL! WE GOT ANOTHER VICTIM. ANDERS POD PARK!
STAY THERE, CITIZEN! HELP IS ON ITS WAY!

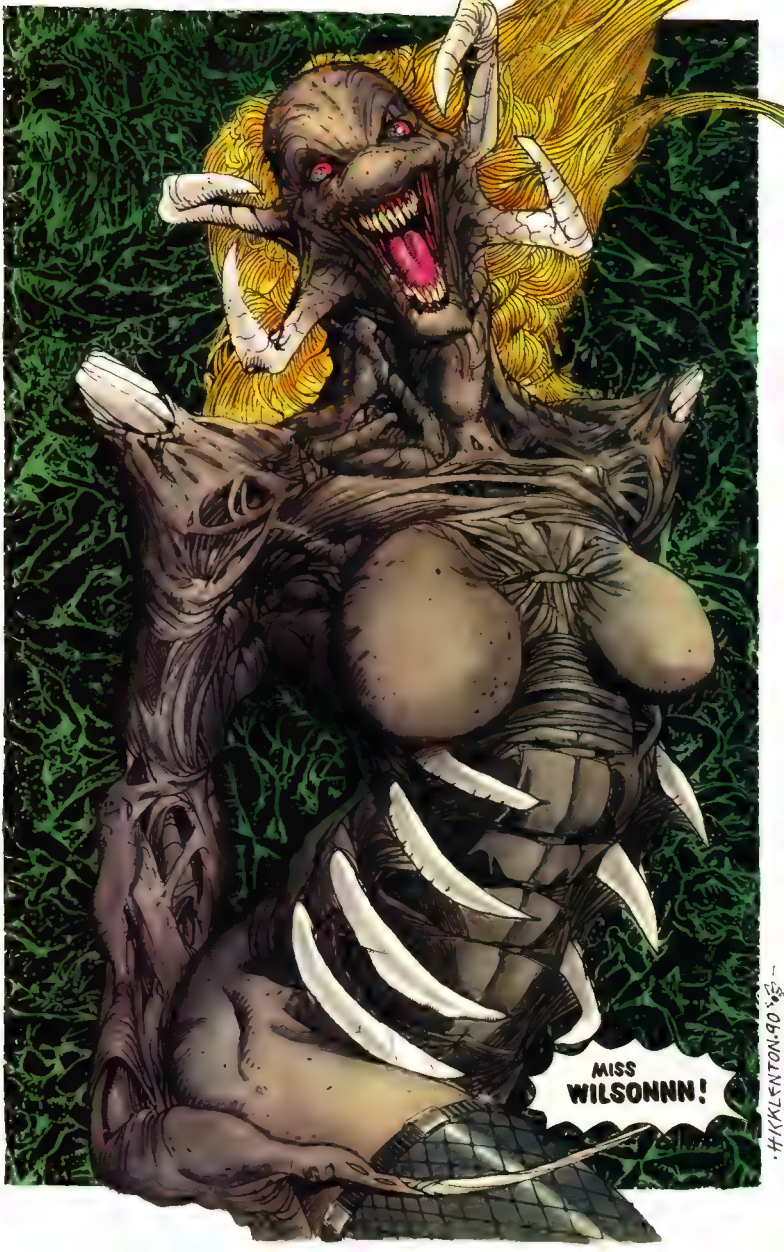
NEXT: NOSFERATU!

I REACH MY BLOCK WITHOUT FURTHER TROUBLE...
PLEASE
DAN QUAYLE
I CHANGE INTO SPARE CLOTHES! I KEEP IN MY HOVERPAD IN CASE SOMETHING LIKE THIS HAPPENED.
THANK RAGNOS!
I REVEALED MYSELF AT THE WRONG MOMENT— BUT HE SAW FIT TO DELIVER ME FROM MY ENEMIES!
HEY! ZAT YOU, MISS WILSON?
SAY, YOU'RE HURT! WHAT HAPPENED? LET ME HELP YOU, MISS WILSON!
BLACK WIDOW
NO! I'M ALL RIGHT— THANK YOU, RANDY!
WAIT...PERHAPS YOU... CAN BE OF USE, RANDY...
COME...HELP ME TO MY APARTMENT.
THE BOY'S HEART POUNDS BENEATH HIS SHIRT.
TO HIM I AM JUST MISS WILSON— THE BEAUTIFUL MISS WILSON.

HE DOES NOT DREAM WHAT LIES BENEATH THIS REPELLENT FORM HE FINDS SO EXCITING
AND LIKE THE BLACK WIDOW SPIDER I LURE HIM IN... AND CLOSE THE DOOR.
HAIR A LITTLE LONGER... LIPS NOT SO TIGHT...
OKAY, PRINT THAT.
I'VE DONE WHAT I CAN, DREDD. KEEP AN EYE ON THESE — ANY SIGN OF INFECTION, CALL IN.
RIGHT.
THIS THE WOMAN?
THAT'S HER — THAT'S THE ONE!
I THOUGHT SHE WAS ANOTHER VICTIM — I LET HER GO.
NICE ONE
SUCKIN' THE POOR CREEP'S BLOOD TOO! YOU THINK WE'RE DEALING WITH SOME KIND OF... VAMPIRE?

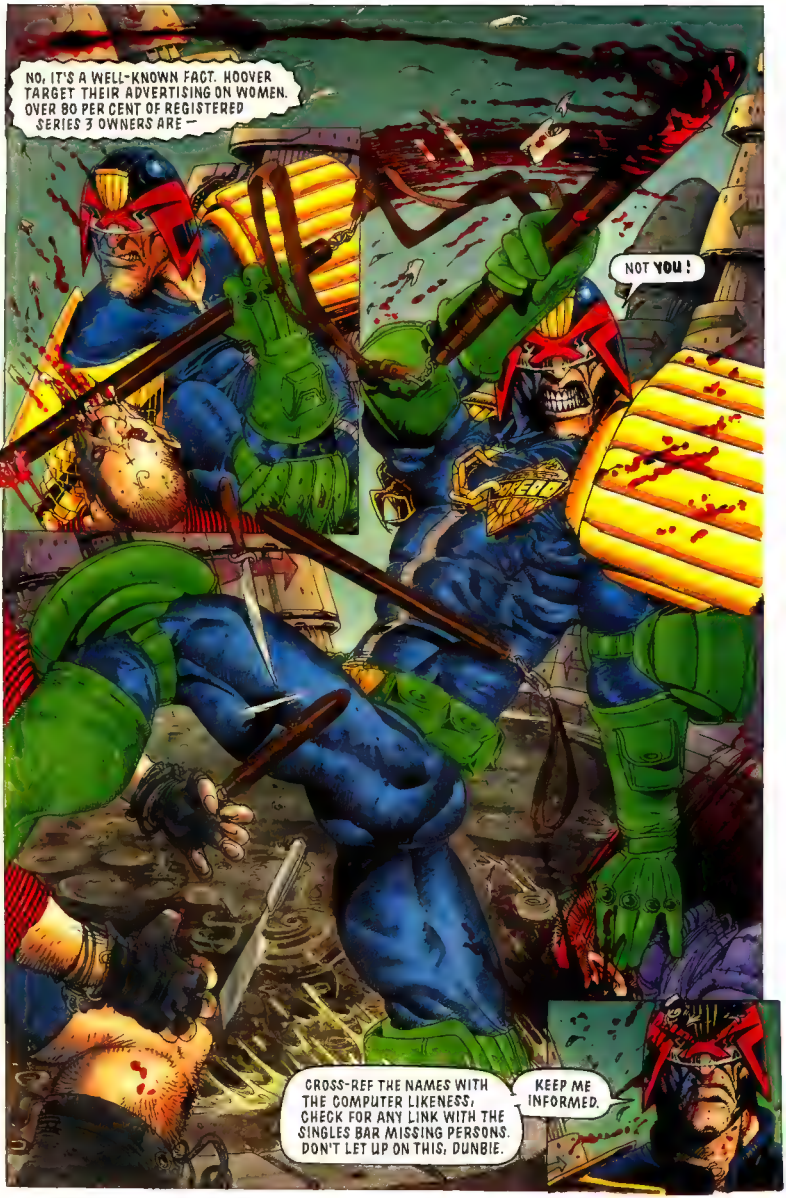
WORSE I'VE MET ONE OF THESE DEVILS BEFORE...
SPECIES: NOSFERATU.
DIDN'T KNOW YOU KEPT SPIDERS, MISS WILSON.
JUST ONE.
THE BLACK WIDOW... A DEADLY TEMPTRESS... SHE USES ALL HER WILES TO LURE HER MATE TO HER WEB AND THEN... WHEN THEIR BRIEF UNION IS CONSUMMATED... CONCLUDES THE AFFAIR... BY EATING HIM.
I FEEL WE HAVE A... CERTAIN AFFINITY.
HAVE... YOU EVER MATED, RANDY?
ULP! UH, G-G-GEE N-N-N-NO, MISS WILSON—
I FEEL THE THROB THROB OF HIS RACING HEART. THE BOY IS EAGER... SO EAGER...
UNZIP ME, RANDY...


HELP ME
CHANGE INTO
SOMETHING
MORE
MUH-MUH-MUH-MUH-


MISS WILSONNN!
HICKLENTON·90

DREDD! CONFIRMATION ON THE BLOOD FROM FORENSIC. YOU WERE RIGHT– NOSFERATU!
THEY'RE SHAPE-CHANGERS – THAT WOULD EXPLAIN HOW IT MIRACULOUSLY TURNED INTO YOUR BEAUTIFUL BLONDE...
THERE'S BEEN A SPATE OF DISAPPEARANCES FROM SINGLES BARS – MEN, ALMOST ALWAYS ON THEIR OWN – DATING BACK OVER THREE YEARS. RECKON THAT'S HER METHOD?
IT, DUNBIE. DON'T MAKE THE MISTAKE OF THINKING THIS THING'S HUMAN.
THREE YEARS...HAS IT BEEN HERE THAT LONG? HOW MANY VICTIMS IN THAT TIME...?
TAKE FIVE, CREEP!
SORRY? REPEAT?

NOT YOU, DUNBIE!
BETTER RUN OVER THE PASSENGER LISTS ON THE CALLISTO SHUTTLE. STARTING FOUR YEARS BACK...
PROBABLY POINTLESS AFTER ALL THIS TIME, BUT WE'VE GOT TO CHECK.
HOW YOU COMING ALONG WITH THE HOOVERS?
OVER 8000 SERIES 3 SKYPODS REGISTERED IN THAT COLOUR, DARK BLUE.
NARROW IT DOWN – FEMALE, 20-25, BLONDE –
SHE MAY NOT HAVE BOUGHT THE POD IN THAT IDENTITY.
IT!
THAT'S A CHANCE WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE.
LESSEE, THAT GIVES US... JUST UNDER 400 NAMES.
THAT MANY?
IT'S A WOMAN'S POD.
HAAAIIIII!
WHAT IS IT WITH YOU? YOU BORN STUPID?


NO, IT'S A WELL-KNOWN FACT. HOOVER TARGET THEIR ADVERTISING ON WOMEN. OVER 80 PER CENT OF REGISTERED SERIES 3 OWNERS ARE —
NOT YOU!
CROSS-REF THE NAMES WITH THE COMPUTER LIKENESS, CHECK FOR ANY LINK WITH THE SINGLES BAR MISSING PERSONS. DON'T LET UP ON THIS, DUNBIE.
KEEP ME INFORMED.

RAP RAP RAP
27
PLEASE PARK
DAN QUAYLE
Schlupp Schlupp
RAP RAP RAP
RRRIP
MISS WILSON.
MISS WILSON.
YES?
UH... I WONDERED IF YOU'D SEEN RANDY?
I THOUGHT I HEARD HIS VOICE...
RANDY... NO. YOU MUST BE MISTAKEN.
ONLY IT'S GETTIN' LATE, SEE, AN' I WAS GETTIN' KINDA WORRIED.

I'M AFRAID I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM. I'D INVITE YOU IN, MR MURDOK, BUT I'M NOT DECENT...
YEAH... ULP! I-I CAN SEE THAT...
SAY, MISS WILSON, TH-THERE'S BLOOD ON YOUR MOUTH
MUST HAVE CUT MYSELF. THANKS FOR TELLING ME.
RICH RED BLOOD...
I FEEL ITS POWER COURSING THROUGH ME, HEALING ME.
BLESSED ARE THE YOUNG AT HEART!
THE BOY WAS A GIFT — A GIFT FROM RAGNOS. A SIGN... I AM TO BE SAVED.
I SHALL SURVIVE!

YEAH, I SEEN HER IN HERE BEFORE..
SINGLES · SINGLES · SIN
DREDD! I THINK WE'VE GOT HER—I MEAN IT!
I KNOW HER! SHE LIVES IN MY BLOCK—DOWN ON THE TWELFTH.
CUSTOMER IN THE LONELY HEARTS BAR IDEES SUSPECT AS WILSON, ISADORY, APARTMENT 12B, DAN QUAYLE!
SKIP IT FOR NOW! I'LL SETTLE FOR SPIDER WOMAN!
SHE IN THE NIGHT ARNIE YAKOW DISAPPEARED?
AW, GEE, THAT'S KINDA HARD TO SAY...THAT WAS OVER A YEAR AGO...
GIMME A LOOK—
YOU SURE?
SURE I'M SURE. A BABE LIKE THIS YOU KINDA KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR, Y'KNOW?
THIS WILSON IS ON OUR LIST—BOUGHT A SERIES 3 HOOVER SKYPOD LAST YEAR—DARK BLUE. WANT THE REG?
VROOOOM
I'M GOING STRAIGHT TO THE APARTMENT! GET BACK-UP THERE! CAN'T RISK THIS THING GETTING LOOSE AGAIN!
NEXT: SHOWDOWN!

TAKE NOTHING. POSSESSIONS ARE NOT IMPORTANT.
THEY MAY NOT HAVE TAKEN MY NUMBER BUT...
I HAVE SURVIVED THIS LONG BY BEING CAREFUL.
JUST WHAT'VE YOU BEEN UP TO IN THERE, YOUNG MAN?
RANDY!
WHAT YOU'VE WANTED TO DO FOR YEARS, OLD MAN!
COME BACK HERE
GET LOST!
HOW DARE YOU SPEAK TO ME LIKE—
RANDY!
COME BACK HERE, I SAY! RANDY!
PART THREE
BLACK WIDOW

LIFT
KIDS TODAY! NO RESPECT!
YOU ARE?
UH, MURDOK, 12A.
12 B
IN YOUR APARTMENT, CITIZEN. THERE'S GOING TO BE TROUBLE.
CRASHHH!

DROKK! THE BOY—!

R-RANDY... OH MY GRUD! OH MY GRUD!

CONTROL! NOTIFY ALL UNITS! SUSPECT NOW IN IDENTITY OF BOY!

DAN QUAYLE

DAN QUAYLE EXIT

AGE 14-15, HAIR BROWN, HEIGHT 160.

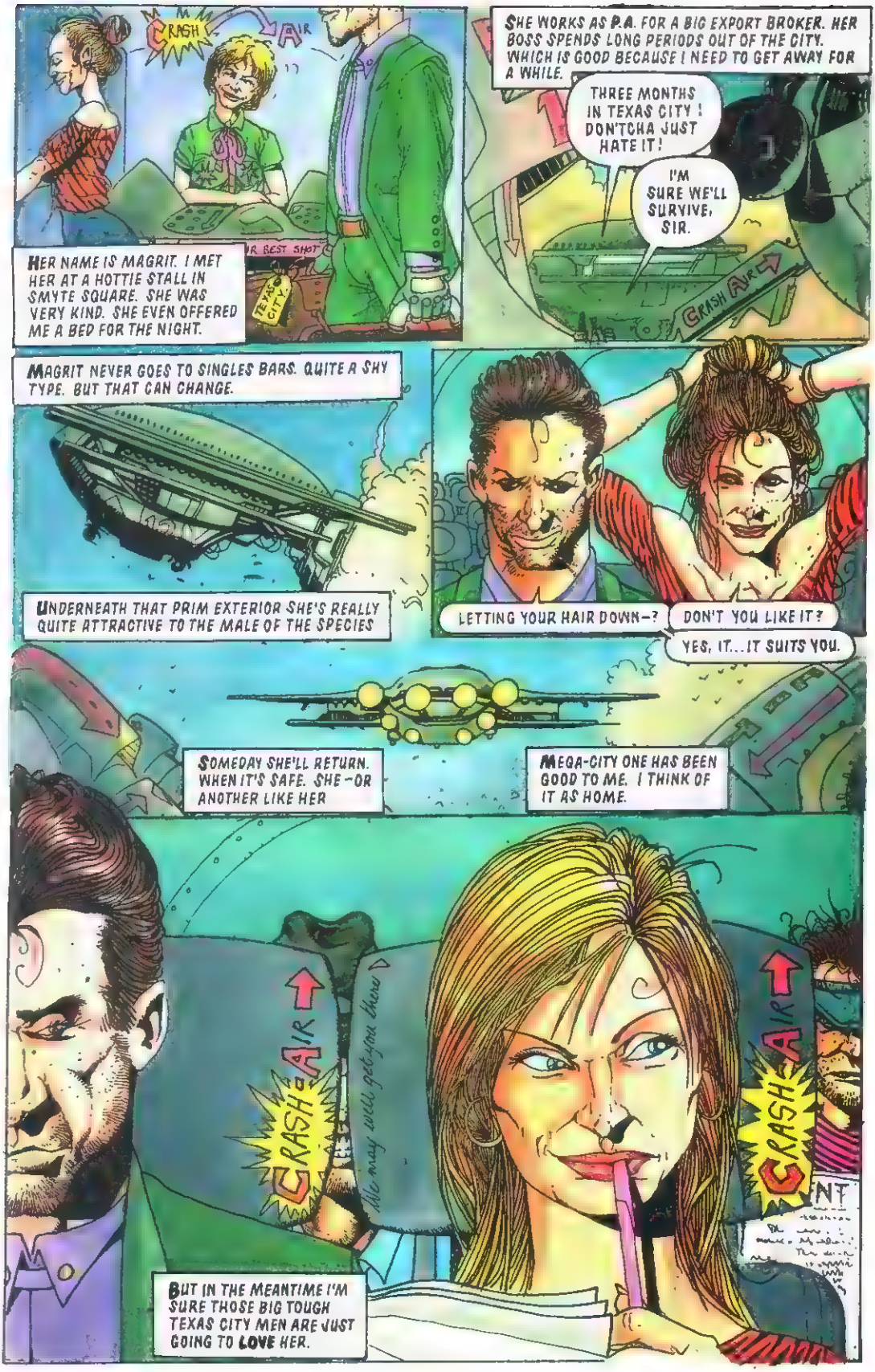
LAST SEEN WEARING HEART-PATTERNED SHIRT AND LEGHUGGERS

SEAL OFF ALL EXITS!

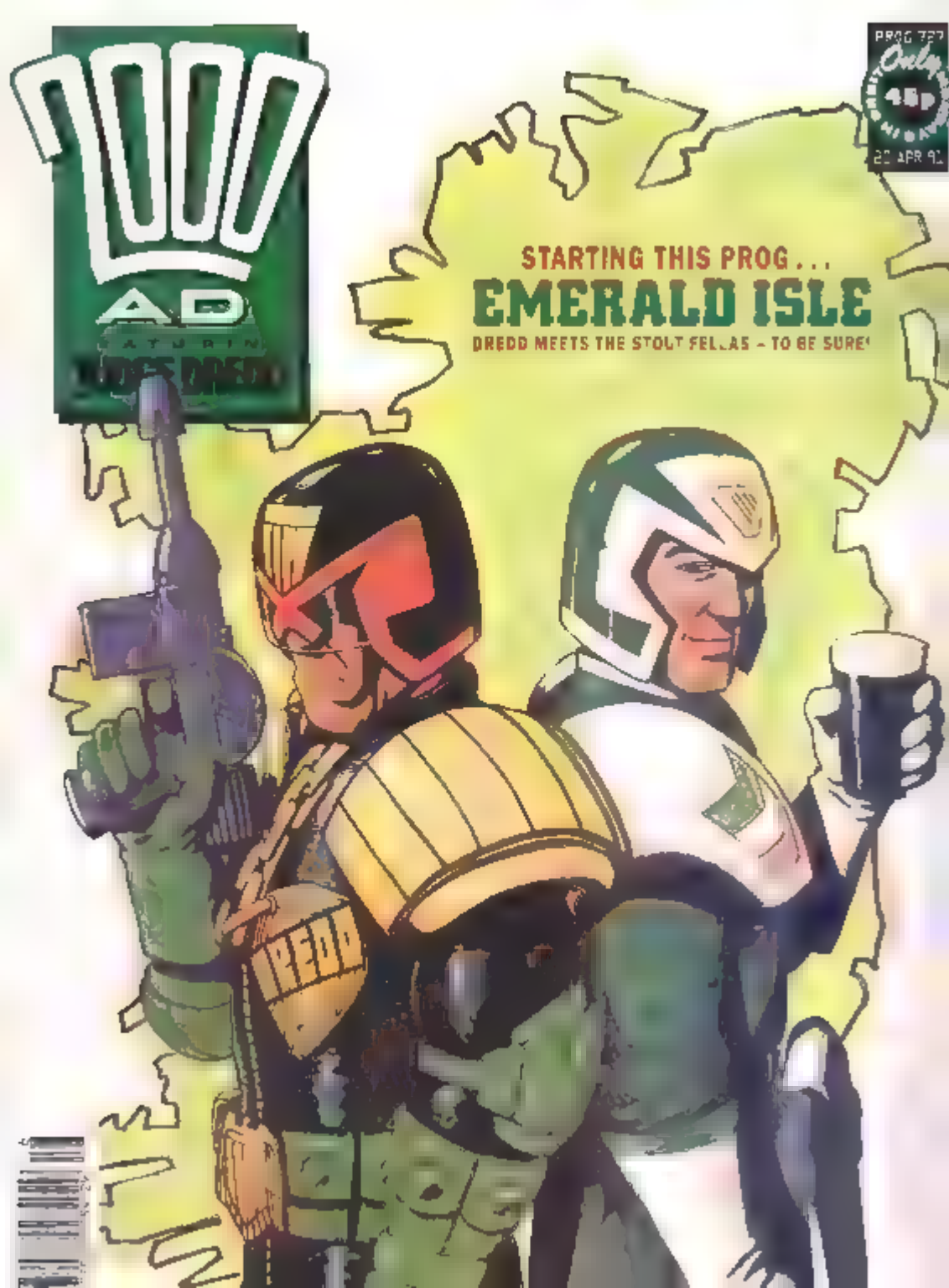
QUITE AN APPETITE THAT YOUNG LADY, I CAN TELL YOU!
SOME OF THEM WERE REAL ODDBALLS TOO... WELL, I MEAN, A GIRL WHO LOOKS LIKE THAT?
PLENTY OF GUNK IN THE GRINDER.
OH YES, SHE WAS ALWAYS BRINGING MEN BACK.
DEFINITELY ANIMAL FLESH...
SSHLUP!
WE CAN BE PRETTY CERTAIN IT'S HUMAN. HATE TO THINK HOW MANY ARDENT SUITORS ENDED UP STUFFED IN THAT GRINDER
GRINDA
6
SUCKED HIS HEART OUT...
THAT'S WHAT YOU CALL A LOVE BITE.
THE FANGS PIERCED THE RIBCAGE AND PENETRATED THE HEART. IT'S BEEN LIQUIDISED.
THAT'S ALL, NOTHING ELSE TOUCHED. UNUSUAL.

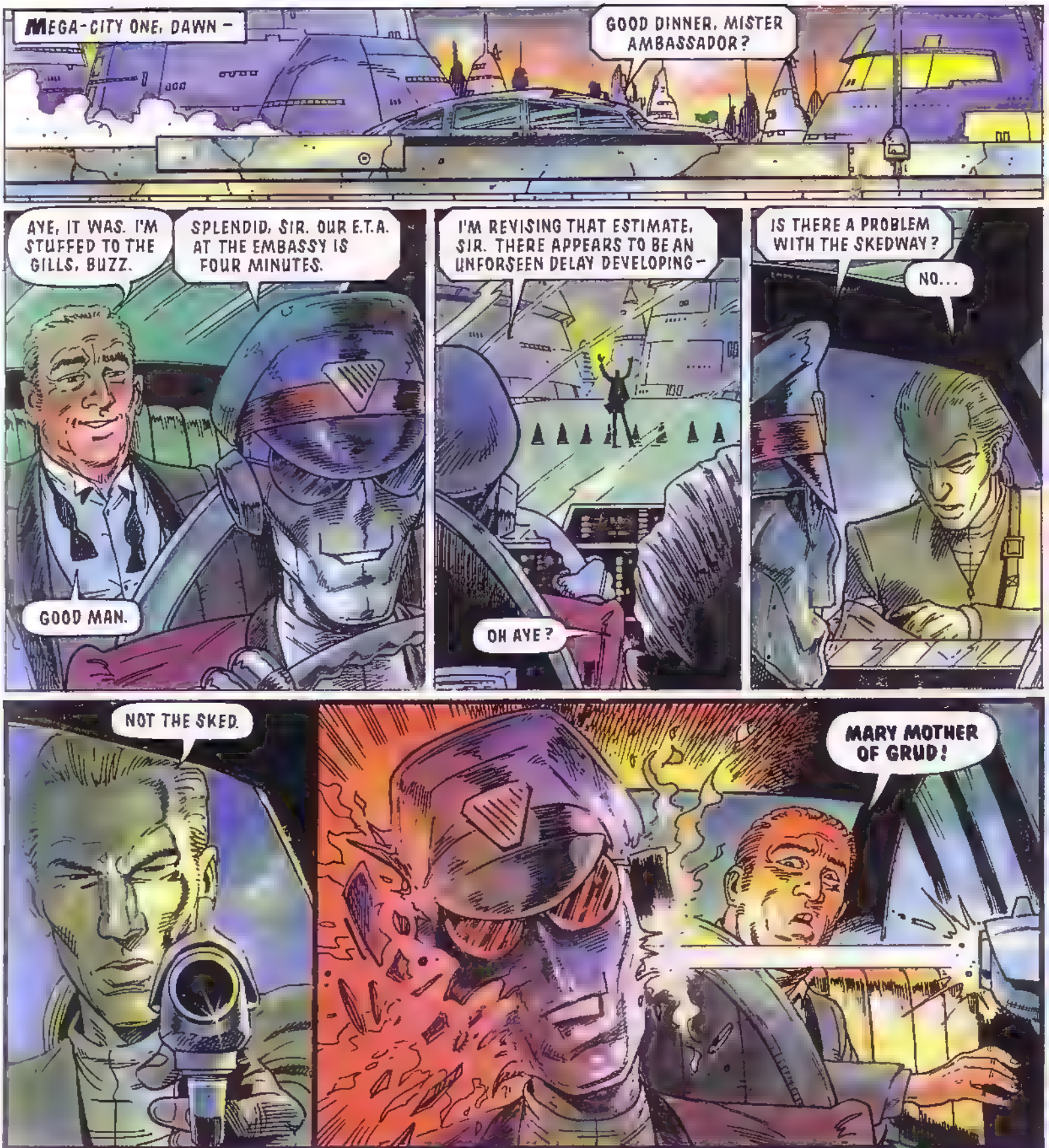
STILL NO SIGN BLOCK'S SEALED OFF, THEY'RE RUNNING A HOUSE-TO-HOUSE – BUT I DON'T HOLD OUT MUCH HOPE.
INTERESTING.. THIS ONE HAD A **PET**.
DON'T MESS WITH THAT, RASSON.
BLACK WIDOW
YEAH?
SO CALLED BECAUSE OF ITS ENDEARING HABIT OF DISPATCHING ITS MATE RIGHT AFTER THE WEDDING.
DEADLIER THAN THE MALE..
RECKON THAT'S HOW **SHE** SEES HERSELF – THE **BLACK WIDOW**? LURING ALL THOSE MEN BACK HERE AND --
IT, DUNBIE.
NOT SHE – **IT**.

AND SOMEWHERE OUT THERE THE BLACK WIDOW IS STILL AT LARGE, STILL FREE TO STALK ITS PREY, TO LURE EAGER VICTIMS INTO ITS WEB...
TURES
IN TRANSIT
STAND ASIDE THERE!
WHAT IS THAT?
GARRHOUNDS — TRACKER BEASTS FROM CALLISTO.
THEY FOUND ANOTHER ONE OF THEM NOSFERATU THINGS IN THE CITY.
ARRROOOOO!
GROOUUUU!
DROKK! THEY'RE GOING WILD!
STUPID ANIMALS! SETTLE DOWN! YOU'RE NOT EVEN THERE YET!
THEY'RE CALLING OUR FLIGHT. HAVE YOU GOT THE TICKETS, MAGRIT?
YES, SIR.


CRASH
AIR
HER NAME IS MAGRIT. I MET HER AT A HOTTIE STALL IN SMYTE SQUARE. SHE WAS VERY KIND. SHE EVEN OFFERED ME A BED FOR THE NIGHT.
TEXAS CITY!
SHE WORKS AS P.A. FOR A BIG EXPORT BROKER. HER BOSS SPENDS LONG PERIODS OUT OF THE CITY. WHICH IS GOOD BECAUSE I NEED TO GET AWAY FOR A WHILE.
THREE MONTHS IN TEXAS CITY! DON'TCHA JUST HATE IT!
I'M SURE WE'LL SURVIVE, SIR.
CRASH AIR
MAGRIT NEVER GOES TO SINGLES BARS. QUITE A SHY TYPE. BUT THAT CAN CHANGE.
UNDERNEATH THAT PRIM EXTERIOR SHE'S REALLY QUITE ATTRACTIVE TO THE MALE OF THE SPECIES
LETTING YOUR HAIR DOWN—?
DON'T YOU LIKE IT?
YES, IT...IT SUITS YOU.
SOMEDAY SHE'LL RETURN. WHEN IT'S SAFE. SHE—OR ANOTHER LIKE HER
MEGA-CITY ONE HAS BEEN GOOD TO ME. I THINK OF IT AS HOME.
CRASH AIR
Me may well get some there
CRASH AIR
BUT IN THE MEANTIME I'M SURE THOSE BIG TOUGH TEXAS CITY MEN ARE JUST GOING TO LOVE HER.

THE END?


2000 AD
FEATURING
JUDGE DREDD
PROG 727
Only
45p
20 APR 91
STARTING THIS PROG...
EMERALD ISLE
DREDD MEETS THE STOUT FELLAS - TO BE SURE!



JUDGE DREDD emerald isle

PART 1

GARTH ENNIS
DILLON/SIMPSON
TOM FRAME

SHIFT HIM! COME ON!
WHAT THE HELL'S GOIN' ON?
AW BOYS, GIVE US A CHANCE! WHAT'RE YOU DOIN' THIS FOR?
PLEASE. NOW, WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?
AAAAH! WHO—
AW NO!
TH-THERE'S NO NEED FOR THIS BOYS! YOU DON'T HAVE TO KILL ME—
NOT KILL—
EXECUTE.

THINK YOU'RE TOUGH, JUDGE-OH? REAL TOUGH GUY? HNNNN!
WANNA TRY ME? HNNNN! HNNNNN!
CONTROL TO DREDD!
GO AHEAD.
CHIEF JUDGE WANTS TO SEE YOU. URGENT. TEK-LAB FOUR.
HNNNNN! HNNNNNNN!
WILCO. BY THE WAY, YOU GOT ONE ON HOLD FOR THE KOOK CUBES, CONRAD MALL.
CATCH WAGON ON ITS WAY, DREDD. UH...YOU WANT TO CHECK YOUR RADIO? SOME KIND OF INTERFERENCE...
STAND BY.
ANY BETTER, CONTROL?
LOUD AN' CLEAR, DREDD!
INFORM THE CHIEF JUDGE I'LL BE THERE IN TEN. DREDD OUT.

BIT OF A PROBLEM HERE, JOE. GOT THE EMERALD ISLE AMBASSADOR ON A SLAB.
MURDER?
YEP. PAT-WAGON FOUND HIM AN HOUR AGO, UNDER THE BRANSON FLYOVER. AIN'T A PRETTY SIGHT, NEITHER.
THEY NEVER ARE. GOT AN ID ON THE CAUSE OF DEATH?
YEAH. DAMN STRANGE ONE, TOO. YOU READY FOR THIS, DREDD?
ROAST POTATO LODGED IN THE FOREHEAD.
GRUD!

ONLY ONE KIND OF WEAPON COULD DO THAT TO A MAN. SPUD GUN.
UH-HUH. DEVELOPED BY EMERALD ISLE MILITIA WHEN BULLETS GOT TOO EXPENSIVE, SO THEY COULD USE POTATOES INSTEAD
GOTTA BE A POLITICAL KILLING. GUN AND AMBASSADOR FROM THE SAME COUNTRY IS TOO MUCH OF A COINCIDENCE.
DID YOU CHECK THE GUY OUT FOR ENEMIES?
DIDN'T HAVE TO GO LOOKIN' TOO FAR...
SMALL SCALE GROUP CALLED THE SONS OF ERIN. DEDICATED TO RETURNIN' THE ISLE TO ITS FORMER GLORY. THAT KINDA STUFF.
THIS IS THE BIGGEST THING THEY'VE PULLED YET... BUT THAT AIN'T EXACTLY OUR PROBLEM.
WHAT I'M WONDERING IS, HOW DO A BUNCH OF AMATEURS FROM SOME ROCK ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BLACK ATLANTIC MANAGE TO PULL OFF A STUNT LIKE THIS?
OUR THINKIN' EXACTLY, JOE...
YOU WANNA ENLARGE ON THAT PICTURE, BOY? RIGHT THERE
SPY-IN-THE-SKY PICKED THIS UP BY ACCIDENT, JUST AFTER THE KILLING. RECOGNISE HIM?
YEAH. BONNY STAPLES. BLITZER FOR THE STALLONE MOB. WENT FREELANCE TWO YEARS AGO, WHEN WE CUBED UP PAPA STALLONE.
THINGS MUST BE TIGHT IF HE'S SELLING HIS SKILLS TO A BUNCH OF YOKELS.
EMERALD ISLE AUTHORITIES ARE JUST OFF THE HORN. THEY FOUND AN ABANDONED SHUTTLE JUST OFF THEIR COAST AT DAWN.
FORENSIC SHOWS STAPLES AND HIS NEW PAYMASTERS WERE LAST ABOARD.
I GET THE FEELING I'M GOING ABROAD.

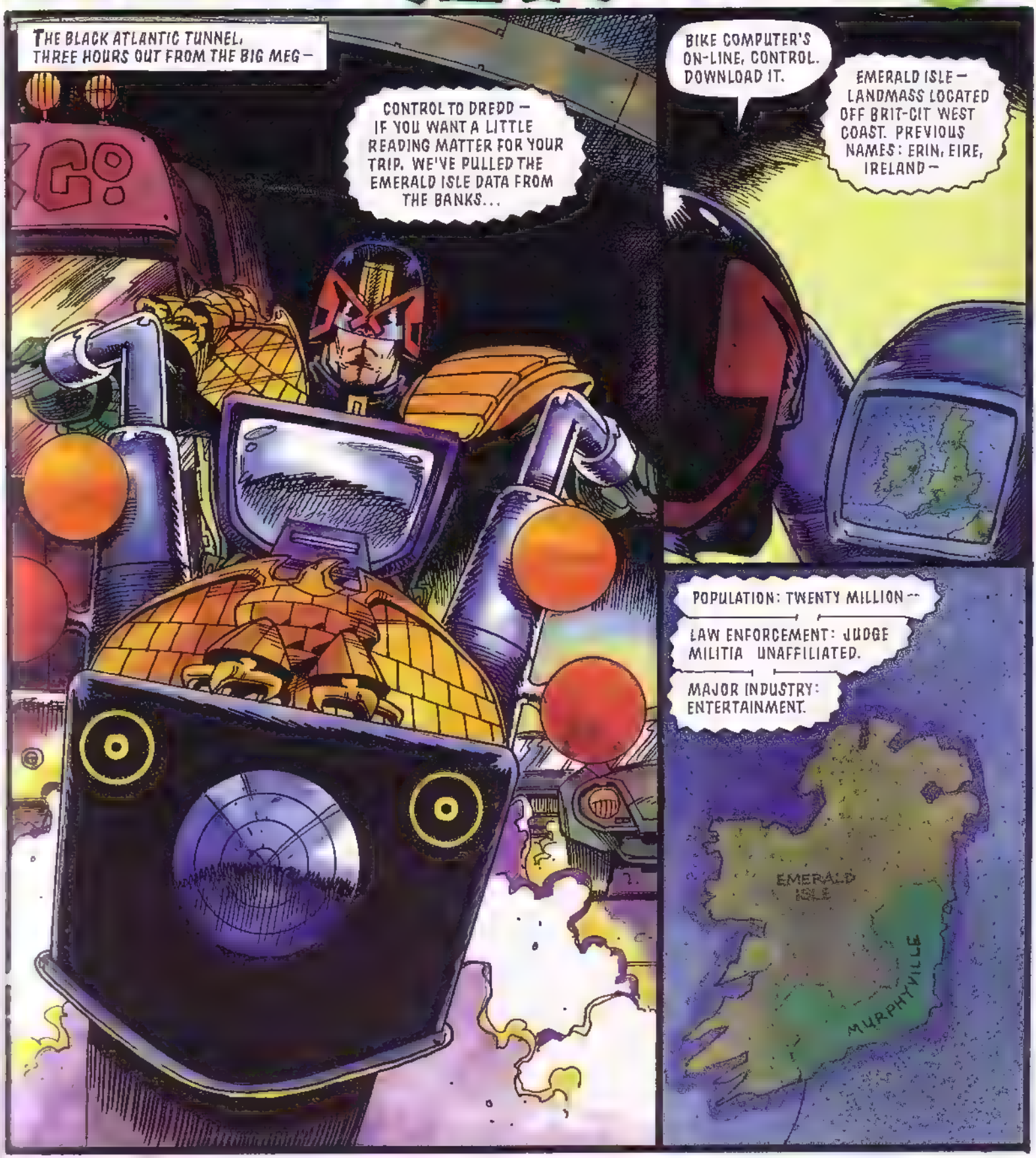
ALWAYS WERE THE QUICK ONE, JOE!
WHEN'S THE H-WAGON LEAVE?
AIN'T NO H-WAGON. FORCE IS STILL UNDER STRENGTH, AN' WE'RE HAVIN' TO MAKE CUTS.
YER BIKIN' IT.
SWELL.
BIKE POOL
WHAT WITH THE STRAIN WE'RE UNDER, WE'D JUST TEND TO LET THE SCUMBAG GO... PROBLEM IS, SEE, THE ISLE BOYS ARE KICKIN' UP STINK 'COS WE LET THEIR BIGWIG GET STIFFED SO EASY.
16
GOTTA MAKE AMENDS ONE WAY OR ANOTHER. LOOK ON IT AS A KIND O' GESTURE. GO OUT THERE, DEAL WITH STAPLES – AIN'T NOBODY GONNA COMPLAIN ABOUT HOW YOU DO IT – COME ON HOME. THAT SHOULD KEEP 'EM HAPPY.
OH YEAH... JOE... WE WAS NEVER TWO FOR POLITICS, BUT JUST RIGHT NOW WE'RE TRYIN' TO GET THE ISLE MILITIA TO SIGN THE JUDICIAL CHARTER... BE DIPLOMATIC, HUH?
DIPLOMATIC.
RIGHT.

JUDGE DREDD

emerald isle

PART 2

GARTH ENNIS
DILLON/SIMPSON
TOM FRAME



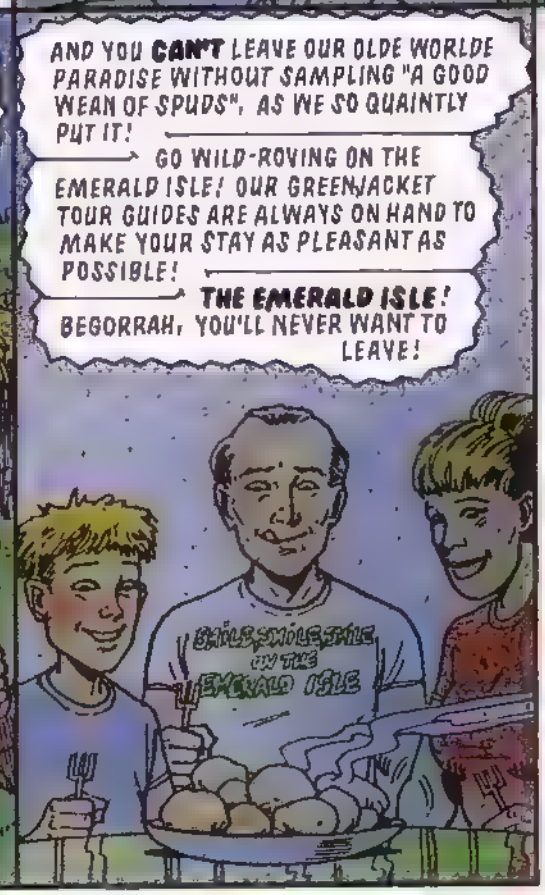
ENTERTAINMENT? A WHOLE COUNTRY?
BRIEF HISTORY FOLLOWS--
NEGLIGIBLE LINK TO BRIT-CIT TERRITORY UNTIL 2070 -- EXCESSIVE RADIATION DAMAGE SUFFERED IN ATOMIC WARS DESPITE NEUTRAL STANCE -- PHYSICAL DAMAGE MINOR -- RECLAIMED BY 2095 --

RECLAMATION DUE TO BRIT-AID GRANTS -- BRIT CORPS GIVEN GOVERNMENT INFLUENCE ON COMPLETION -- EMERALD ISLE DEVELOPED AS THEME PARK -- STEREOTYPE IMAGES FROM ISLE'S PAST EMPHASIZED --
PROMOTIONAL VID ON FILE --
RUN IT.

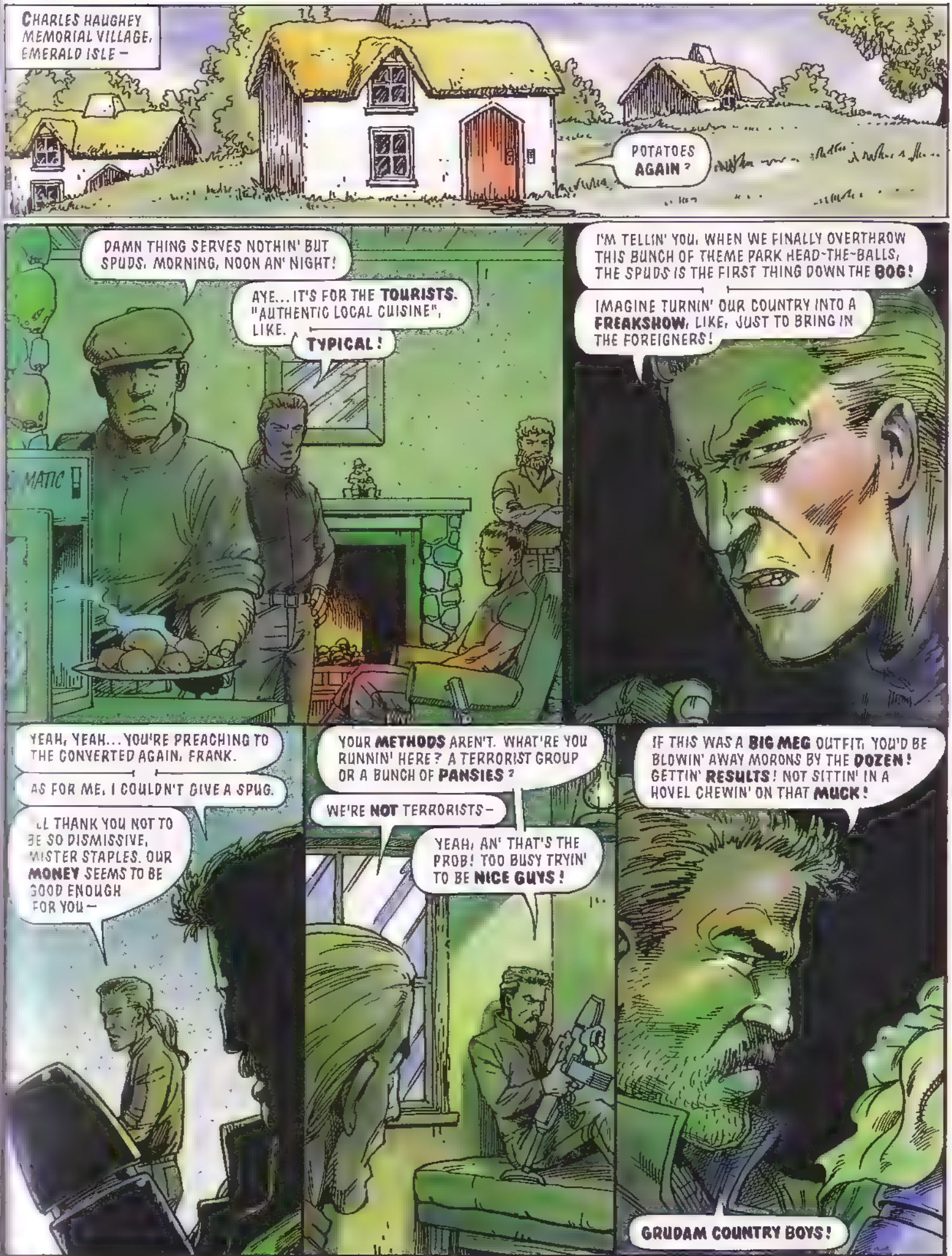
LOOK OUT YOUR WINDOW. LOOK AT THE MILE HIGH CONCRETE JUNGLE, SPRAWLING FOR MILES AROUND.
BOY! TALK ABOUT BORING!

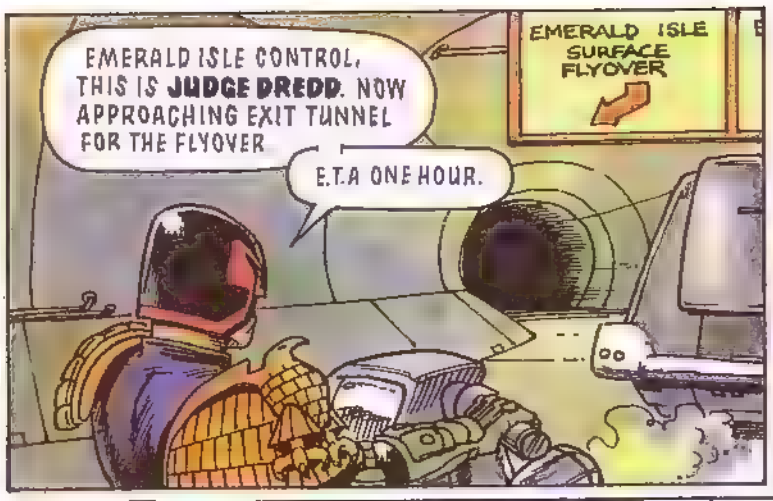
BUT YOU CAN GET AWAY!
HI! TOP O' THE MORNIN' TO YOU! SEAMUS O'TUBER HERE TO TELL YOU ABOUT THE EMERALD ISLE -- THAT FUN, FUN PLACE WHERE THERE'S A WELCOME WAITING FOR YOU!

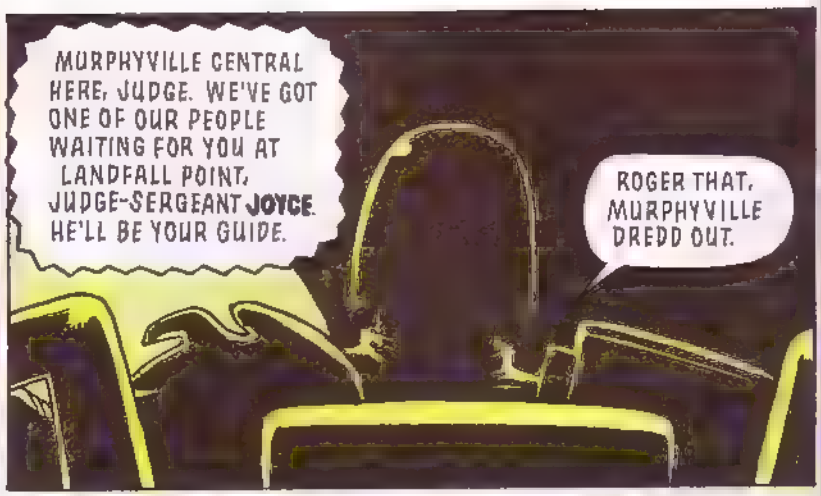
COME TO THE HAB-VILLAGES, NESTLING SNUGLY IN THE GREEN HILLS OF ERIN, WHERE YOUR CHARMING OLD COTTAGE IS WAITING! THEN IT'S "DOWN THE PUB" AS WE SAY AROUND HERE, FOR A PINT OF SYNTHI-STOUT AND A BIT OF BLARNEY!
SLIP BACK IN TIME ON THE EMERALD ISLE!

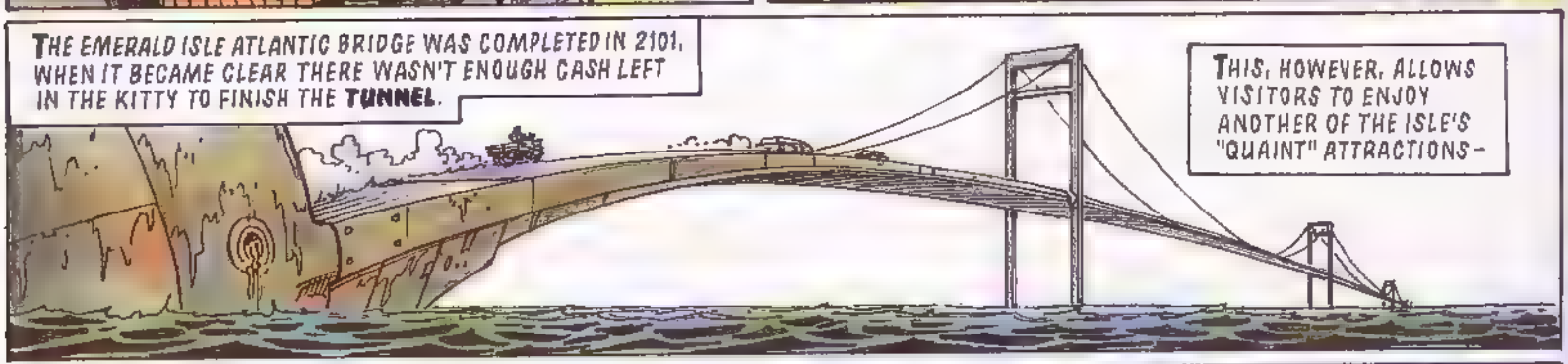

AND YOU CAN'T LEAVE OUR OLDE WORLDE PARADISE WITHOUT SAMPLING "A GOOD WEAN OF SPUDS", AS WE SO QUAINTLY PUT IT!
GO WILD-ROVING ON THE EMERALD ISLE! OUR GREEN JACKET TOUR GUIDES ARE ALWAYS ON HAND TO MAKE YOUR STAY AS PLEASANT AS POSSIBLE!
THE EMERALD ISLE!
BEGORRAH, YOU'LL NEVER WANT TO LEAVE!
GIRLS SMILE FILE ON THE EMERALD ISLE

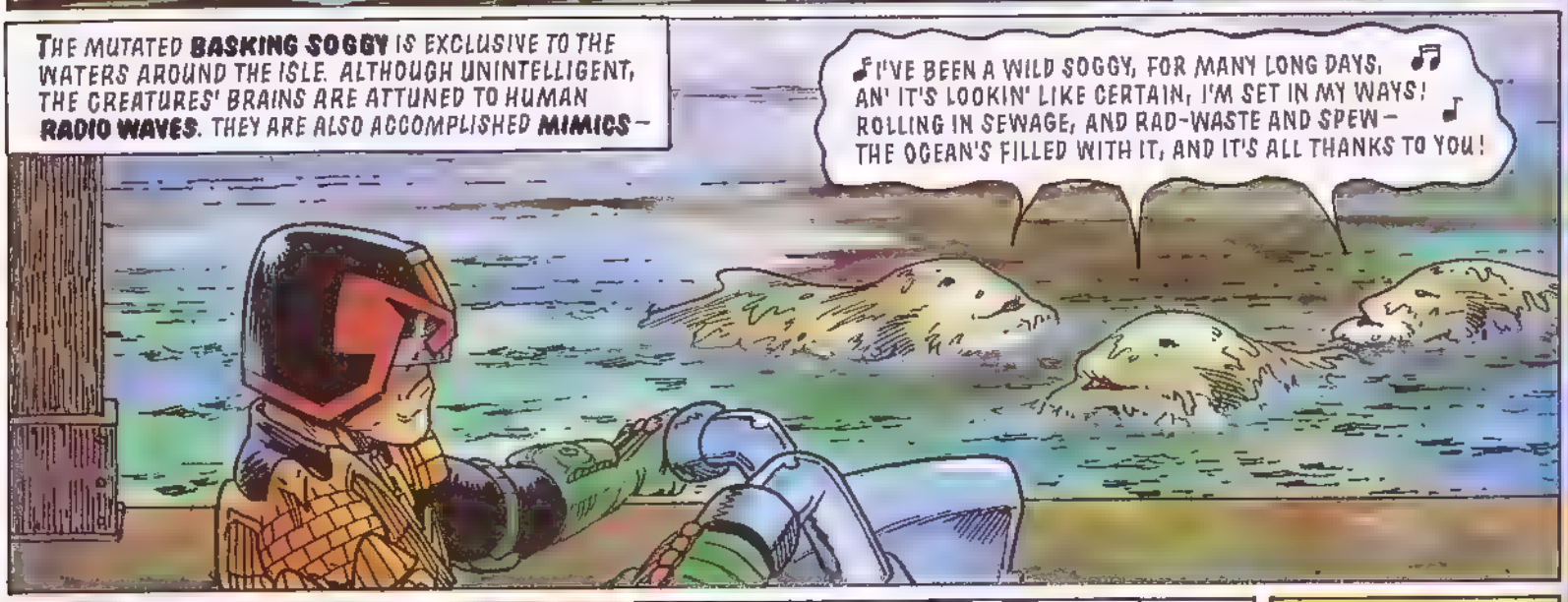
THAT'S ENOUGH!


CHARLES HAUGHEY MEMORIAL VILLAGE, EMERALD ISLE –
POTATOES AGAIN ?
DAMN THING SERVES NOTHIN' BUT SPUDS. MORNING, NOON AN' NIGHT!
AYE... IT'S FOR THE TOURISTS. "AUTHENTIC LOCAL CUISINE", LIKE.
TYPICAL !
I'M TELLIN' YOU, WHEN WE FINALLY OVERTHROW THIS BUNCH OF THEME PARK HEAD-THE-BALLS, THE SPUDS IS THE FIRST THING DOWN THE BOG!
IMAGINE TURNIN' OUR COUNTRY INTO A FREAKSHOW, LIKE, JUST TO BRING IN THE FOREIGNERS!
YEAH, YEAH... YOU'RE PREACHING TO THE CONVERTED AGAIN, FRANK.
AS FOR ME, I COULDN'T GIVE A SPUG.
'LL THANK YOU NOT TO BE SO DISMISSIVE, MISTER STAPLES. OUR MONEY SEEMS TO BE GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOU –
YOUR METHODS AREN'T. WHAT'RE YOU RUNNIN' HERE? A TERRORIST GROUP OR A BUNCH OF PANSIES ?
WE'RE NOT TERRORISTS –
YEAH, AN' THAT'S THE PROB! TOO BUSY TRYIN' TO BE NICE GUYS !
IF THIS WAS A BIG MEG OUTFIT, YOU'D BE BLOWIN' AWAY MORONS BY THE DOZEN ! GETTIN' RESULTS ! NOT SITTIN' IN A HOVEL CHEWIN' ON THAT MUCK !
GRUDAM COUNTRY BOYS !

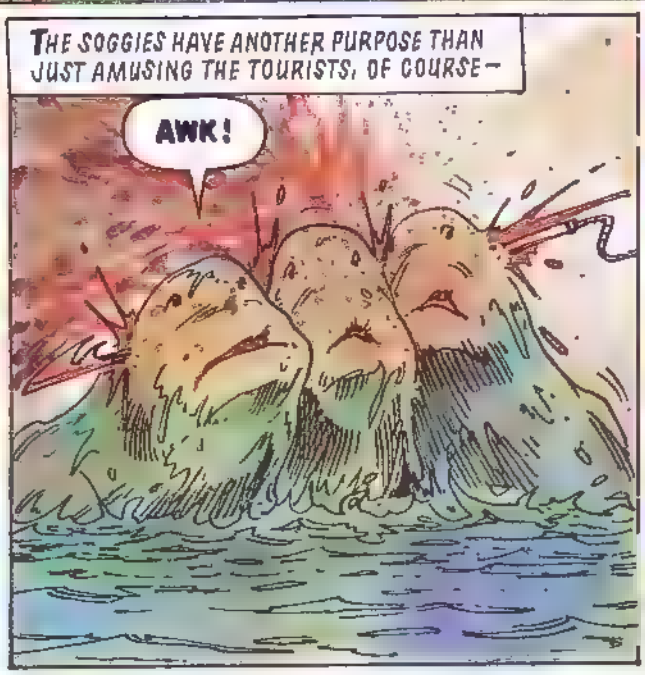

EMERALD ISLE CONTROL, THIS IS **JUDGE DREDD**. NOW APPROACHING EXIT TUNNEL FOR THE FLYOVER
EMERALD ISLE SURFACE FLYOVER
E.T.A ONE HOUR.


MURPHYVILLE CENTRAL HERE, JUDGE. WE'VE GOT ONE OF OUR PEOPLE WAITING FOR YOU AT LANDFALL POINT, JUDGE-SERGEANT **JOYCE**. HE'LL BE YOUR GUIDE.
ROGER THAT, MURPHYVILLE DREDD OUT.


THE EMERALD ISLE ATLANTIC BRIDGE WAS COMPLETED IN 2101, WHEN IT BECAME CLEAR THERE WASN'T ENOUGH CASH LEFT IN THE KITTY TO FINISH THE **TUNNEL**.
THIS, HOWEVER, ALLOWS VISITORS TO ENJOY ANOTHER OF THE ISLE'S "QUAINT" ATTRACTIONS—


THE MUTATED **BASKING SOGGY** IS EXCLUSIVE TO THE WATERS AROUND THE ISLE. ALTHOUGH UNINTELLIGENT, THE CREATURES' BRAINS ARE ATTUNED TO HUMAN **RADIO WAVES**. THEY ARE ALSO ACCOMPLISHED **MIMICS**—
♪I'VE BEEN A WILD SOGGY, FOR MANY LONG DAYS, AN' IT'S LOOKIN' LIKE CERTAIN, I'M SET IN MY WAYS! ROLLING IN SEWAGE, AND RAD-WASTE AND SPEW— THE OCEAN'S FILLED WITH IT, AND IT'S ALL THANKS TO YOU!

♪AND IT'S NO, NAY, NEVER— NO, NAY, NEVER, NO MORE! AND I'LL SWIIIIM IN CLEAN WATER, NO NEVER, NO MORE!


THE SOGGIES HAVE ANOTHER PURPOSE THAN JUST AMUSING THE TOURISTS, OF COURSE—
AWK!

FISH FINGERS

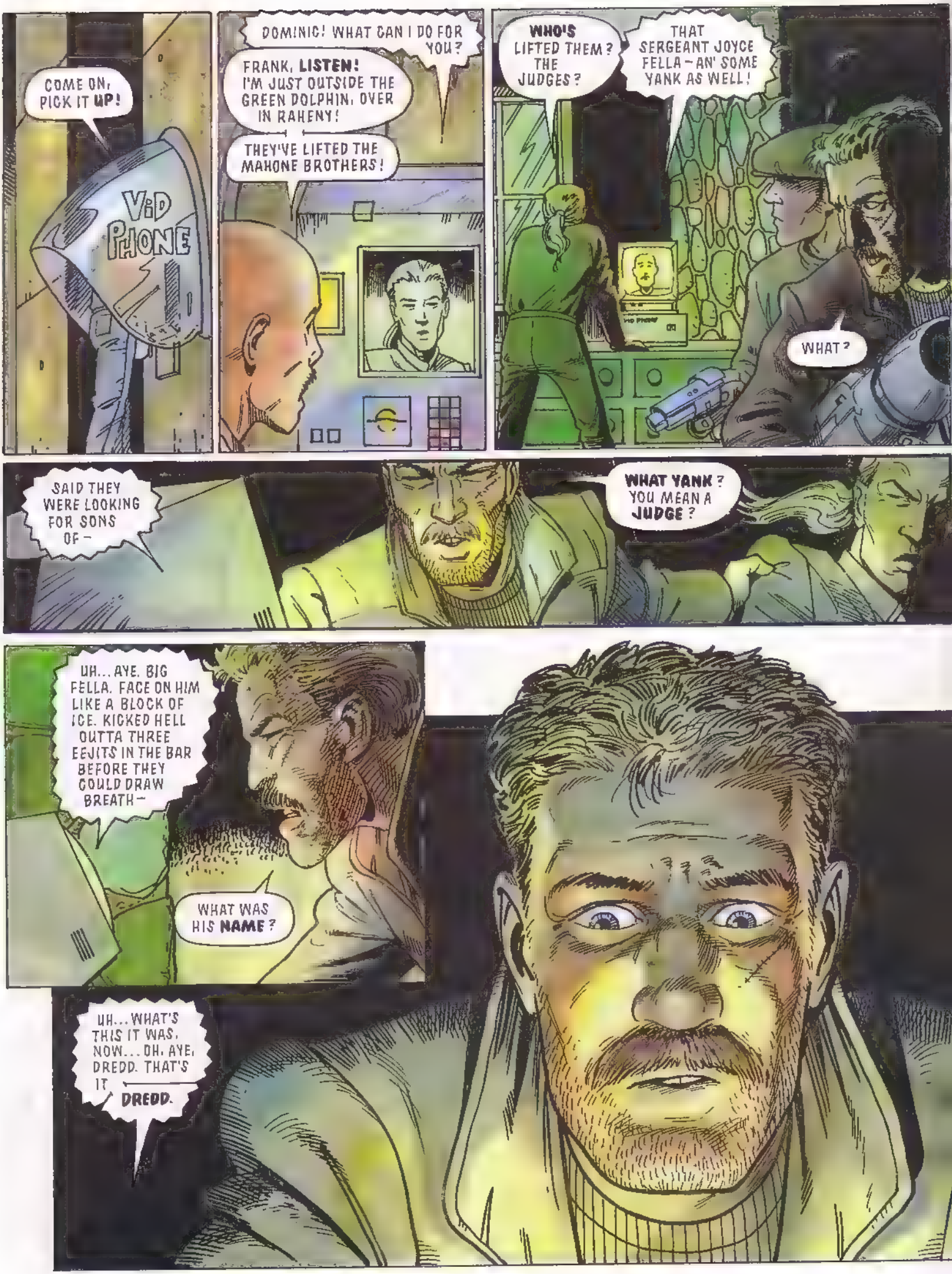
RIGHT THERE, DREDD! I'M JOYCE WELCOME TO THE ISLE
UH-HUH.
YOUR PEOPLE COME UP WITH ANY LEADS YET, JOYCE?
STRAIGHT TO BUSINESS, EH? WELL NOW, WHAT CAN I TELL YOU..
NOTHING MUCH NEW'S TURNED UP SINCE YOU LEFT HOME, REALLY. SONS OF ERIN HAVE GONE TO GROUND, AN' WE'VE NO IDEA WHERE
YOU KNOW, YOU'VE BEEN RIDIN' FOR TEN HOURS, MATE DON'T YOU WANT TO GET SOME REST?
NO I'VE GOT WORK TO DO
AW, COME ON! D'YOU NOT WANNA GO DOWN THE PUB FOR A JAR, AT LEAST?
A DRINK? ARE YOU TRYING TO BE FUNNY?
NAH, 'COURSE NOT! WHAT'D BE WRONG WITH IT? I'M OUT ON THE SAUCE NEARLY EVERY NIGHT, MESELF.
WELL, WHEN THE MISSUS'LL LET ME, AT ANY RATE.
GRUD! SOME JUDGES YOU GOT HERE!
CHARMIN'!

SO...YOU'VE HAD TO THINK ..FELLAS... FRANK...
WHAT D'YOU SAY?
YOU SAY IF WE STEP THINGS UP A BIT, WE'LL GET RESULTS NOW. . WE'VE JUST SHOT THE AMBASSADOR, MISTER STAPLES. THAT'S PRETTY HEAVY, SURELY?
IS IT?
WELL, WHAT WOULD YOU CALL HEAVY?
LOOK, YOU'VE GOT ABOUT A HUNDRED GUYS IN THIS OUTFIT. YOU GET 'EM WORKIN' PROPERLY, YOU CAN KICK UP ENOUGH STINK THIS THEME PARK'LL BE HISTORY INSIDE A MONTH.
TURN THIS PLACE INTO A WARZONE FOR EVEN A DAY AND THE TOURISTS'LL NEVER COME BACK!
NO MORE TOURISTS? THAT ..THAT WOULD MEAN —
NO MORE LEPRECHAUN SUITS ..
NO MORE BEJASUS AND BEGORRAH...
NO MORE POTATOES...
NO MORE TOP O' THE MORNIN' TO YE...
NO MORE EEJITS CALLIN' US QUAINT.
NO MORE PATRONISING OUR ENTIRE NATION FOR THE STEREOTYPED GARBAGE IN A TOURIST BROCHURE BY SOME JERK WHO THINKS THIS COUNTRY'S JUST ONE BIG JOKE!
UH... AYE!
YEAH. .!
OH, FOR SURE!
SO WHAT DO WE DO, MISTER STAPLES?
DO...? WHAT DO YOU THINK WE DO?
KILL PEOPLE.

JUDGE DREDD
emerald isle
PART 3
DOWNTOWN MURPHYVILLE, EMERALD ISLE. JUDGES DREDD AND JOYCE ARE ON THE TRAIL OF A GANG OF KILLERS —
THE GREEN DOLPHIN
OPEN
THIS IS A LIKELY PLACE, DREDD. LOT O' SONS OF ERIN FELLAS DRINK HERE AN' WE'LL MAYBE HEAR A WHISPER...
THAT'S WHAT YOU SAID ABOUT THE LAST THREE BARS, JOYCE.
Script GARTH ENNIS
Art DILLON/SIMPSON
Lettering TOM FRAME
SERGEANT JOYCE! HOW ARE YOU?
NOT SO BAD, PATRICK. PINT OF THE USUAL, AND —
UH... JUST THE PINT, PATRICK
SO TELL US, THEN... BEEN MUCH OUL' BLATHER ABOUT THE AMBASSADOR GETTIN' KILLED?
AMBASS-? OH, NO. NOTHIN'. WHY'RE YOU ASKIN', ANYWAY?
WELL NOW, PATRICK, YOU KNOW HOW IT IS. WHAT WITH THIS PLACE BEIN' A WATERING HOLE FOR ALL KINDS O' LUNATICS, WE THOUGHT MAYBE YOU'D HAVE HEARD SOMETHING...?
WHAT D'YE MEAN, SERGEANT?
HE'S A SLIPPERY ONE, OUL' PATRICK, BUT HE'LL MAYBE LET SOMETHING SLIP, LIKE...
YEAH. WELL, YOU SEE WHAT YOU CAN GET OUT OF HIM...
THOSE THREE PUNKS AT THE WINDOW TABLE HAVE BEEN WATCHING US SINCE WE CAME IN. THEY'RE SCARED.
LET'S FIND OUT WHAT THE PROBLEM IS..

SOMETHING BOTHERING YOU JUVES?
JUVES? WHAT'S A JUVE, MISTER?
TALK AWFUL FUNNY, DON'T YOU?
DON'T GIVE ME YOUR LIP, SONNY! YOU'VE BEEN SITTING HERE TERRIFIED SINCE WE WALKED IN — SO WHAT IS IT?
KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT THE SONS OF ERIN, IS THAT IT?
I-I-
THAT'S ENOUGH O' THAT, FRIEND. RECKON YOU'VE OUTSTAYED YOUR WELCOME.
UH... I'D SIT DOWN AND MIND ME OWN BUSINESS IF I WERE YOU, CHARLIE —
AAHK-K-K
GET HIM!
EEEEEE!
RUN LIKE HELL!

FREEZE, MEATHEADS!
GRUD ALMIGHTY!
TAKE IT EASY, MISTER!
CATCH-TRUCK'S ON ITS WAY, DREDD.
CONCEALED FIREARMS, HUH? LOOKS LIKE WE'LL BE HAVING WORDS DOWNTOWN
COULD GET SOMETHING OUT'VE THIS LOT.
AYE, SURE.
LOOK, DREDD, IS THERE ANY CHANCE OF YOU TAKIN' IT A BIT EASIER? I MEAN, WE DON'T USUALLY RUN AROUND BEATING PEOPLE UP AND WAVING GUNS AT THEM...
I MEAN, AS FAR AS THESE SONS OF ERIN ARE CONCERNED, THIS IS THE FIRST TIME THEY'VE DONE ANYTHING REALLY VIOLENT. WE USED TO TOLERATE THEM, TO BE HONEST.
YOU TOLERATED KNOWN CRIMINALS? THIS GETS BETTER BY THE MINUTE, JOYCE.
LOOK, AS FAR AS THESE SONS OF ERIN ARE CONCERNED, THE REASON THEY'VE TURNED DANGEROUS IS BECAUSE OF BONNY STAPLES. CREEP'S A MEGA-CITY BLITZER. A PROFESSIONAL.
WITH HIM AROUND, THEY'RE GOING TO GET A LOT MORE DANGEROUS.
NOW LET'S GET THESE CREEPS DOWN TO THE CUBES AND SEE IF WE CAN DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT, HUH?


COME ON, PICK IT UP!
VID PHONE
DOMINIC! WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?
FRANK, LISTEN! I'M JUST OUTSIDE THE GREEN DOLPHIN, OVER IN RAHENY!
THEY'VE LIFTED THE MAHONE BROTHERS!
WHO'S LIFTED THEM? THE JUDGES?
THAT SERGEANT JOYCE FELLA – AN' SOME YANK AS WELL!
WHAT?
SAID THEY WERE LOOKING FOR SONS OF –
WHAT YANK? YOU MEAN A JUDGE?
UH... AYE. BIG FELLA. FACE ON HIM LIKE A BLOCK OF ICE. KICKED HELL OUTTA THREE EEJITS IN THE BAR BEFORE THEY COULD DRAW BREATH –
WHAT WAS HIS NAME?
UH... WHAT'S THIS IT WAS, NOW... OH, AYE, DREDD. THAT'S IT.
DREDD.

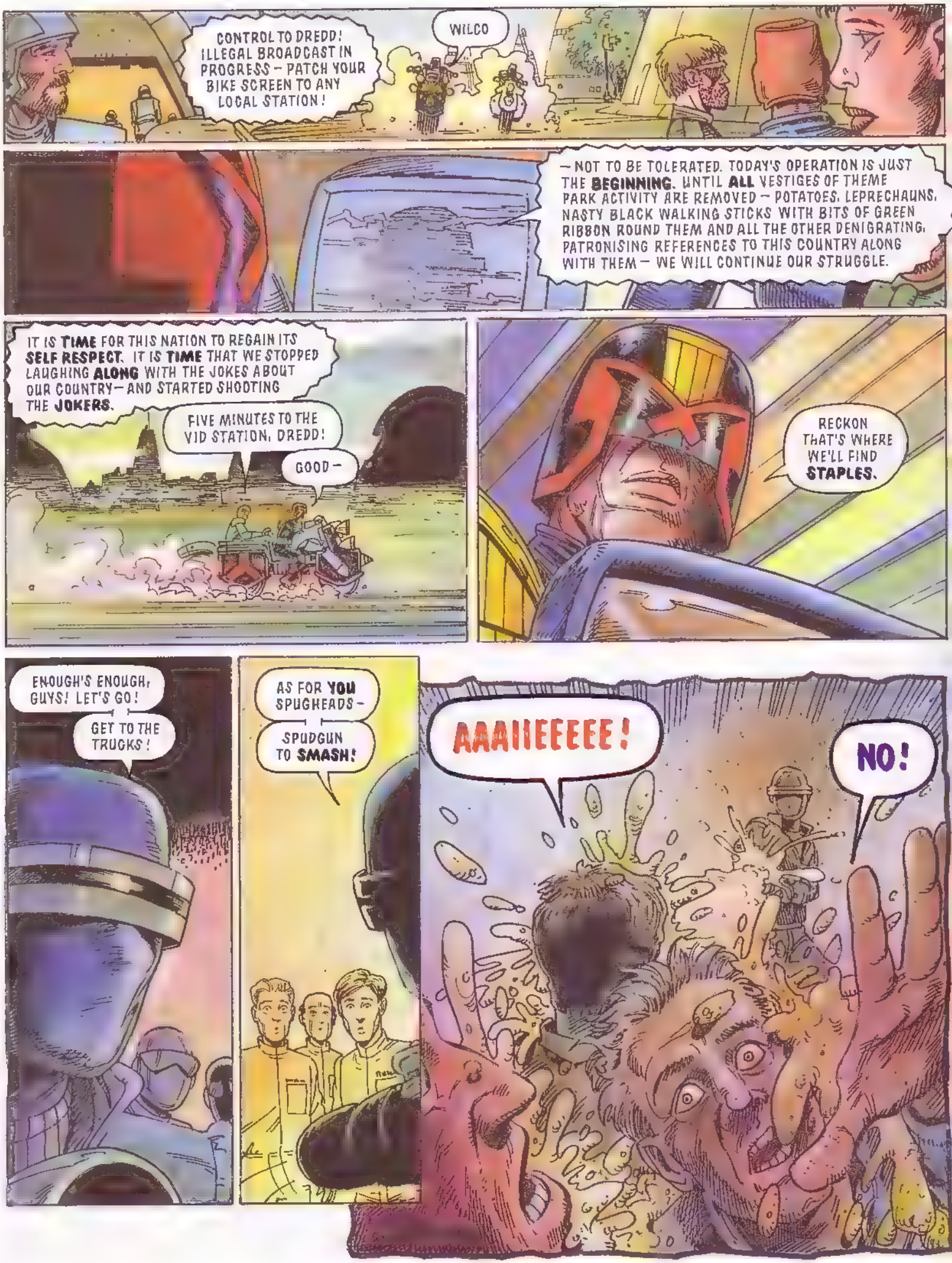
HE'S HERE FOR ME!
EH?
DREDD! JUDGE DREDD! HE'S COME TO GET ME!
WHY? FOR THE AMBASSADOR?
AMBASSADOR NOTHIN'! I USED TO BE A DAMN BLITZER! A HITMAN!
BUT YOU TOLD ME YOU WERE AN APOCALYPSE WAR VETERAN... YOU SHOWED ME YOUR MEDAL!
I GOT IT IN A CHRISTMAS CRACKER, YOU NUMBSKULL!
LOOK, THIS IS SERIOUS. WE'LL HAVE TO BRING EVERYTHING FORWARD — STARTING NOW.
GET ALL UNITS READY TO GO — YOU'VE GOT YOUR TARGETS. ZERO HOUR IS ON SIX THIRTY TOMORROW
DON'T SCREW IT UP.
AS FOR YOU, FRANKIE — GOT SOMETHING SPECIAL IN MIND FOR YOU...
EH? WHAT D'YOU MEAN? AND —
UUUHHH!
YOU'RE GONNA TAKE THE RAP FOR ME, BUTTHEAD

AT OH SIX TWENTY, ONE OF DREDD'S PRISONERS FINALLY CRACKS —
OKAY, OKAY! HAVEN'T HEARD O' THIS STAPLES, BUT THERE'S SOMETHING UP, ALRIGHT.
THE AMBASSADOR WAS JUST THE START —
JUSTICE CENTRAL
I FIGURED THAT, CREEP. BE SPECIFIC!
WE GOT ORDERS THE DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY TO BE STANDIN' BY FOR A MAJOR OPERATION ! DUNNO WHAT IT WOULD BE — OUR UNIT COMMANDER'S BIG PETE SLANNERY, IF YOU WANT TO ASK HIM...
WE KEEP AN EYE ON FELLAS LIKE SLANNERY ANYWAY, DREDD HE DROPPED OUT OF SIGHT YESTERDAY.
GOT AN APB OUT?
AYE
HEY, BOYS! I'VE TOLD YOU WHAT YOU WANTED! WHAT DO I GET OUT OF IT?
FIVE YEARS, CREEP!
WE'VE HIT A DEAD END HERE, JOYCE. IT'S PRETTY OBVIOUS STAPLES HAS KICKED THE SONS OF ERIN INTO DIRECT ACTION — BUT WE'VE NO WAY OF KNOWING WHAT IT'LL BE...
AH, YEZ GETS, YEZ!
AYE, AN' WHEN IT'LL START, THAT'S WHAT I WANT TO KNOW —
BA-DAAM!
GRUD!
THAT ANSWER YOUR QUESTION?

IT BEGAN LIKE ANY OTHER MURPHYVILLE DAY... THE SUN LAZILY CLIMBING IN THE SKY, MUTIEGULLS WHEELING IN FROM THE SPARKLING SEA... AND THE CITY BENEATH, WAKING UP TO FACE ITS DESTINY WITH HAPPY INDIFFERENCE.
NO-ONE COULD TELL THAT MAY TWELVE, 2113 WOULD FOREVER AFTER BE KNOWN AS BLOODY MONDAY MORN.
GARTH ENNIS
DILLON/SIMPSON
TOM FRAME
AT OH SIX THIRTY THE BOMBING BEGINS—
MURPHYVILLE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT—
RIVERSIDE TRAVEL CENTRE—
EAST SECTOR SPUDATORIUM FAST FOODERY—
THE DEVICE AT THE GUINNESS BREWERY MYSTERIOUSLY FAILS TO EXPLODE...
JUDGE DREDD
emerald isle
PART 4
THE SONS OF ERIN GO IN AT OH SIX THIRTY ONE PRECISELY, DETERMINED NOT TO FAIL IN THEIR AIM—
AN END—AFTER MANY LONG, UNBEARABLE YEARS—TO THE RIDICULE THAT THEIR COUNTRY HAS SUFFERED SINCE BECOMING A THEME PARK.

JUSTICE CENTRAL STATION IS ALSO UNDER ATTACK—
GET WIRED INTO THEM!
WHAT THE HELL'S GOIN' ON?
WHAT DOES IT LOOK LIKE?
WAKE UP, JOYCE!
BLAM!
AAARGH!
EEEAAHH!
HEAVY GUN AT THE GATE, DREDD! WATCH IT!
I'M ON IT—
HI-EX!
BLAM!
VA-DOOOM!
CONTROL, THIS IS DREDD! REPORT STATUS!

EVERYTHING'S SHOT TO HELL, DREDD! THEY'RE RIPPING THE PLACE TO **PIECES** —
STOP SCREAMING, DAMMIT! GET A **GRIP**!
THAT'S THE LOT'VE THEM!
UH... TERRORIST ATTACKS GOING ON, ALL SECTORS... WE'VE HAD REPORTS IN FROM THE SPUDATORIUMS, THE DOCKS, THE HAB-VILLAGES,... ALL OVER. JUDGES RESPONDING
ATTACKERS BELIEVED TO BE **SONS OF ERIN**.
CENTRAL'S SECURE, BUT WE'RE KNEE-DEEP IN STIFFS... BETTER GET THE MEAT WAGONS DOWN HERE.
I'D NEVER HAVE BELIEVED IT.
ONE MORE THING — WE'VE HAD REPORTS THAT THE TELEMURPH **VID STATION'S** BEEN OVER-RUN. CAME UNDER **HEAVY** ATTACK, APPARENTLY.
ON OUR WAY.
PLACE IS SECURE, MISTER STAPLES. WE'VE LOST HALF THE LADS GETTIN' PAST THEM JUDGES, THOUGH.
RIGHT. AS FOR **YOU**, SCUZZ, I WANT **THIS** BROADCAST RIGHT NOW, ALL CHANNELS!
I-I DON'T HAVE THE PROPER **AUTHORITY**! PLEASE —
YOUR CHOICE, JERK
SPUD GUN TO **CHIPS**!
NO!
TELEMURPH
BRRRRRRRRRT!
ANY OF **YOU** BOZOS GOT AUTHORITY?
ME!
ME AN' ALL!
LOADS OF IT!


CONTROL TO DREDD! ILLEGAL BROADCAST IN PROGRESS – PATCH YOUR BIKE SCREEN TO ANY LOCAL STATION!
WILCO
– NOT TO BE TOLERATED. TODAY'S OPERATION IS JUST THE BEGINNING. UNTIL ALL VESTIGES OF THEME PARK ACTIVITY ARE REMOVED – POTATOES, LEPRECHAUNS, NASTY BLACK WALKING STICKS WITH BITS OF GREEN RIBBON ROUND THEM AND ALL THE OTHER DENIGRATING, PATRONISING REFERENCES TO THIS COUNTRY ALONG WITH THEM – WE WILL CONTINUE OUR STRUGGLE.
IT IS TIME FOR THIS NATION TO REGAIN ITS SELF RESPECT. IT IS TIME THAT WE STOPPED LAUGHING ALONG WITH THE JOKES ABOUT OUR COUNTRY – AND STARTED SHOOTING THE JOKERS.
FIVE MINUTES TO THE VID STATION, DREDD!
GOOD –
RECKON THAT'S WHERE WE'LL FIND STAPLES.
ENOUGH'S ENOUGH, GUYS! LET'S GO!
GET TO THE TRUCKS!
AS FOR YOU SPUGHEADS –
SPUDGUN TO SMASH!
AAAIIEEEEE!
NO!

SHIFT YOUR BUTTS, FELLAS! OUT THE DOOR AN' INTO THE TRUCK!
THAT'S THEM! GET THE SWINE!
TELEMURPH
BACK! GET BACK!
BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA
JUDGES, MISTER STAPLES! WE'RE SURROUNDED!
DAMMIT! BACK TO THE STUDIO!
THERE'S ABOUT TEN O' THE SONS'VE BITCHES IN STUDIO ONE THEY'VE MAYBE GOT THE TEKS AS HOSTAGES AN' ALL!
STAND OFF, DREDD?
NO WAY! THAT THE STUDIO WITH THE DOME ROOF?
AYE, THAT'S—
GIVE ME TWO MINUTES, THEN COME ON IN.
WHAT'S HE PLAYING AT?
I WOULDN'T WORRY, PETER. I'VE ALREADY SEEN YOUR MAN THERE IN ACTION.
THAT DREDD'S THE QUARE FELLA!

GRUD ABOVE!
LEVEL 5
WE GOT HOSTAGES HERE, LAWBOYS! LET'S TALK ABOUT SAFE PASSAGE, HU'?
TURBO BOOST
MINUTE THIRTY, CHARLIE WHERE'S DREDD, FOR GOODNESS SAKE?
KRAASH!
HEADS UP, SCUM!

2000 AD
FEATURING
JUDGE DREDD
PROG 731
45p
18 MAY 91
MURPHY'S LAW!
HERE COMES TROUBLE

JUDGE DREDD

emerald isle

PART 5

BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA
AK—!
RUN, STAPLES! WE'LL HOLD HIM!
JOYCE — DREDD! STAPLES IS ON THE RUN, LEVEL FOUR STAIRWELL! HEAD HIM OFF!
MICK!
BUDDA BUDDA
YOU DIRTY YANK SCUMBAG! YOU'VE SHOT ME BROTHER!
BLAM
MOVE IT, MEATHEAD!

HELL!
THAT'S OUR MAN!
SPUD GUN TO ROASTIES!
DROP IT, STAPLES!
YOU GOT ME! DON'T SHOOT!
SENSIBLE FELLA! WHO'S GOT THE CUFFS, THERE?
JOYCE! BACK OFF!
WHAT'S THE MATTER, DREDD? WE'VE GOT HIM, SURE!
CREEP'S AN EX-BLITZER. THEY'RE WIRED TO EXPLODE ON SURRENDER, SO THEY CAN'T INFORM ON THEIR BOSSES.
SHOULD'VE GONE OFF BY NOW, THOUGH...
DROKK! THIS ISN'T STAPLES!
WHO THE HELL ARE YOU, CREEP?

INTERROGATION ROOM 9, LATER...
PROBLEM IS, Y'SEE, YOUR MAN THERE'S BEEN **HYPNOTISED**. WE'LL HAVE TO SEE IF THE PENTATHOL CAN OVERCOME THE HYPNOSIS.
HE'LL GET A WILD HEADACHE OUT OF IT, LIKE.
ALRIGHT, DOC. CHEERS FOR YOUR HELP.
MED
SO... STAPLES HYPNOTISES FRANK NEESON HERE INTO THINKING **HE'S** STAPLES, STICKS THE VOCAL SYNTH ON HIM — AND SENDS HIM OFF TO FIGHT IN STAPLES' PLACE
CUTE.
GIVES THE CREEP A THREE-HOUR START FOR HIS GETAWAY YOU GOT AN **APB** OUT?
I HAVE, AYE. WITH THE SONS OF ERIN ALL DEAD OR NICKED IT'S MAKIN' THE SEARCH EASIER, BUT HE COULD BE HALFWAY TO BANANA CITY BY NOW.
EXCUSE ME, THERE...
THIS FELLA'S COMIN' ROUND—
CAN HE TALK?
MED
AYE, BUT GO EASY...
NEESON. NEESON, CAN YOU HEAR ME?
UUUHHHHH... WHA... WHASSAMARRER?
COME **ON**, NEESON, SNAP OUT OF IT. STAPLES, NEESON
TELL ME ABOUT **STAPLES**.
STAPLES!

AAAARRRRRRR!
DROKK! CONVULSION!
STAPLES ISSS SCUMMMM!
SECURITY TO SURGERY! NOW!
LEAVE HIM. LET'S SEE WHAT HE LETS SLIP WHILE HE'S FOAMING.
HNNNNNN— SSTAAAPLESSS!
HEEE'S KIIILLLLED MEEE!
SSSETT MEE UPP SSSO HEEE CANNN RUNNNN!
DRREDDD...YOU'RE DRREDDD?
UH-HUH.
HEEE'S KILLINNNG MEEEE!
NORTHH SECTOR SPUDATORIUMM— HE'SSS THERE! STTTASHED HHHIS MONEEEY— HHAS TO PPICK IT UPP!
KILLL HHIM, DREDD!
ENOUGH'S ENOUGH.
GRAB HIM!

HEEESKILLLLLEDMEEEE!
AAOUF!
NNNNNNNN—
HE'S KILLED ME.
NNNEEEE—
KRAK
HOW... HOW IN THE NAME OF GRUD..?
STAPLES' HYPNOTIC COMMAND STRONG ONE.
HE FOUGHT IT RIGHT TO THE END.
PUT OUT AN ALERT AND GET ALL UNITS TO NORTH SECTOR SPUDATORIUM!
MOVE IT, JOYCE!

JUDGE DREDD

emerald isle

PART 6

GARTH ENNIS
DILLON/SIMPSON
TOM FRAME

MURPHYVILLE, EMERALD ISLE. THE ATTACK ON THE TOURIST INDUSTRY BY THE **SONS OF ERIN** IS OVER, BUT THEIR MEGA-CITY ALLY **BONNY STAPLES** IS MAKING HIS GETAWAY.

JUDGES DREDD AND JOYCE ARE IN HOT PURSUIT.

DREDD, TELL US THIS.. HOW DID YOUR MAN STAPLES DO THAT BUSINESS WITH FRANK NEESON? IS HE ONE O' THEM MENTAL FELLAS?

MENTAL~? YOU MEAN A **PSI**? NO, JUST **HYPNOSIS**.

HOW FAR TO THE **SPUDATORIUM**, JOYCE?

TWO MINUTES! WE WANT LEESON STREET OVER THERE— TAKE A SHORTCUT ACROSS THE GREEN.

ST STEPHEN'S GREEN

ST STEPHEN'S GREEN, IN THE CENTRE OF MURPHYVILLE, WAS ONCE A BEAUTIFUL PARK FULL OF TALL TREES AND SPACIOUS LAWNS. URBAN DEVELOPMENT HAS CHANGED ALL THIS, HOWEVER...

THE **GREEN** NOW CONSISTS OF FIFTEEN BLADES OF GRASS AND A SHRUB NAMED **KEVIN** —

DREDD!

YEAH?

YOU'VE JUST **RUN OVER** ST STEPHEN'S GREEN!

WHAT?

AW, NEVER WORRY...

IT IS HERE, AT ONE OF MURPHYVILLE'S MANY **SPUDATORIUMS**, THAT THE CITY'S VAST DEMAND FOR **POTATOES** IS KEPT SATED.

OF COURSE, THE LOCALS HAVE A REASONABLY VARIED DIET, IT IS THE MANY **TOURISTS** WHO KEEP THE SPUDATORIUMS IN BUSINESS—

ANYONE CALLS THE JUDGES, THIS JERK GETS THE SAME!

SPUDATORIU

YOU'RE COMIN' WITH ME, BUTTHEAD. REST OF YOU CAN GET LOST.

DB

AW, LET US GO, MISTER! WHAT'RE YOU **DOIN'**?

PACKERS

THIS IS IT. YOU FIRST.

STORE

AUF!

ILL-GOTTEN GAINS, BOY! NEAR ON A **MILLION CREDS** I GOT STASHED IN HERE FOR A RAINY DAY! GOTTA BE FIFTY TIMES WHAT A KNUCKLEHEAD LIKE YOU'LL SEE IN A LIFETIME PACKIN' **THIS** GARBAGE!

RAW

WHAT'S **IN** THESE SACKS, ANYWAY? DON'T **FEEL** LIKE POTATOES—

I-I-IT'S NOT, MISTER. IT'S **RICE**.

RICE?

UH...AYE, FLOWN IN FROM HONDO. LAST **REAL** POTATO DIED OUT IN **2052**, YOU SEE, SO WE'VE HAD TO MAKE DO. YOU MASH IT UP, MOULD IT LIKE A SPUD, AN' NOBODY NOTICES.

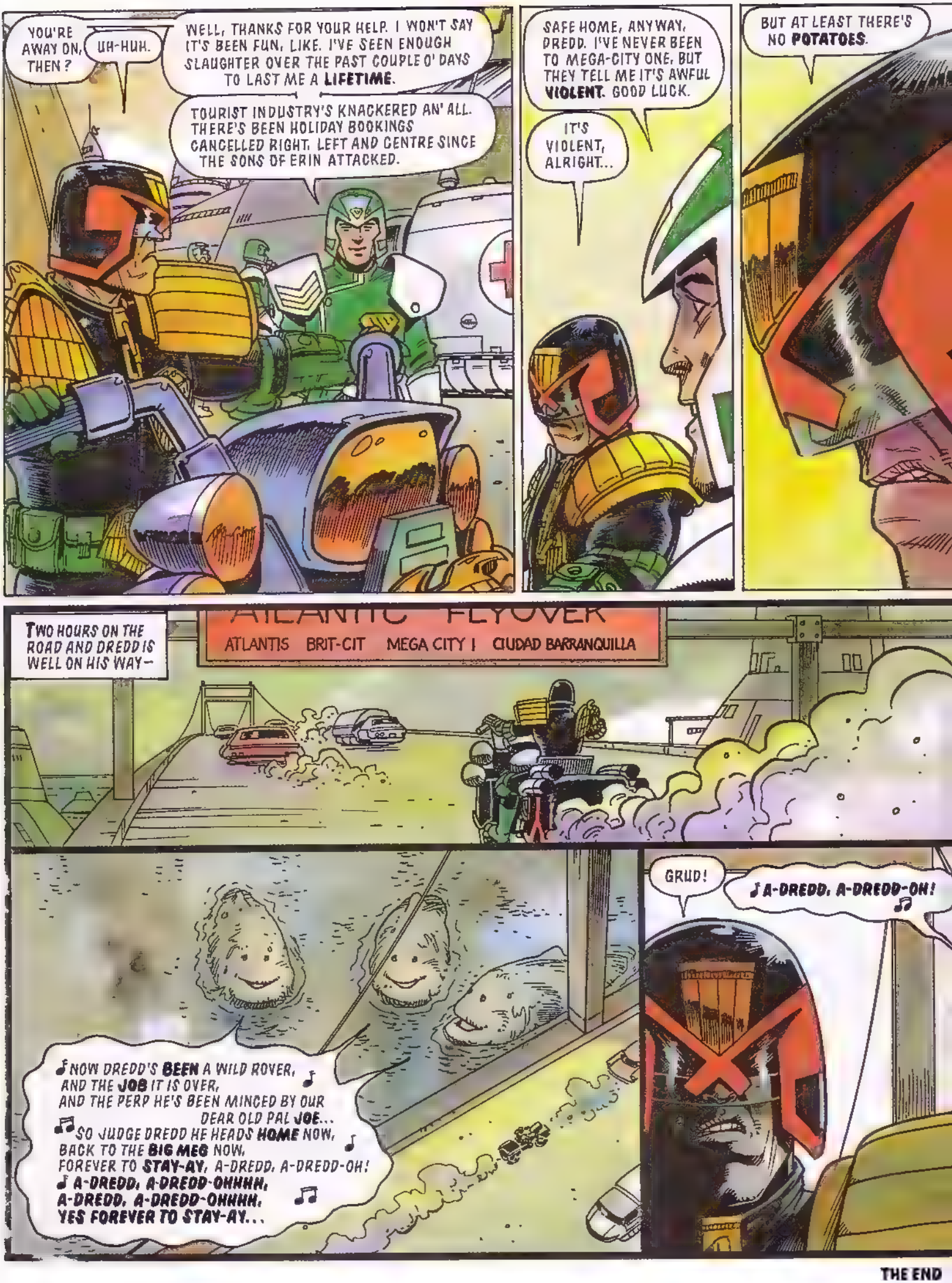
YOU'RE NOT GONNA TELL ANYONE, ARE YOU?

HEH HEH...YOU TRYIN' TO TELL ME YOU BUILT A TOURIST INDUSTRY— A WHOLE GODDAM **CULTURE**—ROUND THESE THINGS, AND—**HAHAHA**—THEY AIN'T EVEN **REAL**?

HAHAHAHAHAHAHA!
JEEZ, YOU KILL ME, MAN! YOU KILL ME!
RAY
BLAM!
STAPLES IS IN THERE, ALRIGHT!
HE'S UP AT THE STOREROOMS, JUDGE! HE'S SHOT WEE DAVY!
DREDD
COVER THE REAR STAIRS, JOYCE! I'LL FLUSH HIM OUT!
OH GRUD! THEY'RE ONTO ME!

STAPLES!
BLAM!
EEEAAARRH!
ARE YOU ALRIGHT THERE, SON?
AW, HELL!
YOU'VE GOT ME, MAN. EASE UP.
HERE, NOW... KEEP YOUR DISTANCE...
JOYCE! DON'T LET HIM SURRENDER!
HE'LL EXPLODE, DAMMIT!
BLAM! BLAM!

AAAA-!
GRINDER
RRZZZZZ
RICE, HUH?
AYE. WEE TRICK OF THE TRADE, LIKE, Y'KNOW?
IT'S ALRIGHT, FELLAS. PANIC'S OVER
OH AYE? WHERE'S YOUR PRISONER, THEN?
HE'S SECURE. GONNA BE A LITTLE HARD TO GET AN I.D. ON HIM, THOUGH.
YOU COULD TRY POTATO PRINTING.
EH?


YOU'RE AWAY ON, THEN?
UH-HUH.
WELL, THANKS FOR YOUR HELP. I WON'T SAY IT'S BEEN FUN, LIKE. I'VE SEEN ENOUGH SLAUGHTER OVER THE PAST COUPLE O' DAYS TO LAST ME A **LIFETIME**.
TOURIST INDUSTRY'S KNACKERED AN' ALL. THERE'S BEEN HOLIDAY BOOKINGS CANCELLED RIGHT, LEFT AND CENTRE SINCE THE SONS OF ERIN ATTACKED.
SAFE HOME, ANYWAY, DREDD. I'VE NEVER BEEN TO MEGA-CITY ONE, BUT THEY TELL ME IT'S AWFUL **VIOLENT**. GOOD LUCK.
IT'S VIOLENT, ALRIGHT...
BUT AT LEAST THERE'S NO **POTATOES**.
TWO HOURS ON THE ROAD AND DREDD IS WELL ON HIS WAY—
ATLANTIC FLYOVER
ATLANTIS BRIT-CIT MEGA CITY I CIUDAD BARRANQUILLA
♪ NOW DREDD'S **BEEN** A WILD ROVER, AND THE **JOB** IT IS OVER, AND THE PERP HE'S BEEN MINCED BY OUR DEAR OLD PAL **JOE**... ♪ SO JUDGE DREDD HE HEADS **HOME** NOW, BACK TO THE **BIG MEG** NOW, FOREVER TO **STAY-AY**, A-DREDD, A-DREDD-OH! ♪ **A-DREDD, A-DREDD-OHHHH, A-DREDD, A-DREDD-OHHHH, YES FOREVER TO STAY-AY...**
GRUD!
♪ **A-DREDD, A-DREDD-OH!**

THE END

2000 AD
FEATURING
JUDGE DREDD
BOK
PROG 730
45p
11 MAY 91
MEAN AND MENTAL!
BOK TILL YOU DROP IN MEAN MACHINE'S NEW SERIES STARTS THIS PROG!

FLASHBACK
YOU ARE GETTING SLEEPY.. VERRRY SLEEPY..
YOU CAN FEEL THE TIREDNESS STARTING AT YOUR TOES .. CREEEPING UP, CREEEPING UPPP..
IZZAT SO?
BOK
SPRANG
YOU SLIMY LITTLE LIZARD! NOBODY SAYS I'M GETTIN' TIRED LESS'N I TELLS 'EM THEY KIN SAY IT!
AN' STOP WAVIN' THAT THAR DAMN CLOCK IN MA FACE!
the m·e·a·n MACHINE in TRAVELS WITH MUH SHRINK
LET ME OUTTA THIS! I'M GONNA GO UP TO 4 ON YA!
MUSCLE RELAXANT! ANOTHER TEN CCs— QUICKLY!
JOHN WAGNER
RICHARD DOLAN
ANNIE

EVENTUALLY —
I WANT TO TAKE YOU BACK, MEAN... YOU'RE TWELVE AND A HALF YEARS OLD...
YOU'RE PICKING FLOWERS. DO YOU LIKE FLOWERS, MEAN?
SURE... SURE, I LIKE FLOWERS FLOWERS IS PRETTY.. ALL THEM NICE COLOURS...
WHAT ELSE DO YOU LIKE, MEAN?
I LIKE BIRDS AN' BEES AN' BUTTERFLIES, AN' RABBITS — I LOVE RABBITS..
'I..HAD A PET RABBIT ONCE, BUT...BUT LINK CH-CHOPPED IT WITH A HATCHET..''
PLEASE LINK' DON'T CHOP MY RABBIT!
DO YOU LIKE YOUR BROTHERS MEAN?
NO! THEY'RE NOT LIKE ME THEY'RE BAD! THEY DO BAD THINGS'

FINK—HE'S REAL CRAZY. HE LIVES INNA HOLE AN'—AN' POISONS FOLK
'LINK, HE'S TOO DUMB TO KNOW HOW BAD HE IS. BUT HE'S REAL BAD TOO.
'AN' JUNIOR—HE'S DOWNRIGHT EVIL! HE'S GONNA BE TH' WURST OF 'EM ALL!'
DOESN'T YOUR PA DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT?
NO, HE EGGS 'EM ON! HE WANTS 'EM TO BE BAD, JUS' LIKE MY MA. SHE KILLED A HUNNERD AN' THIRTY FOUR MEN—WITH HER BARE HANDS!
ARE YOU AFRAID OF YOUR BROTHERS, MEAN?
'TH-THEY'RE REAL SCARY! I JUST WISH THEY'D GO AWAY AN' LEAVE ME ALONE!'
YOU'RE THIRTEEN NOW MEAN. YOUR PA HAS BROUGHT A TOP SURGEON FROM TEXAS CITY. HE'S GOING TO OPERATE. HOW DO YOU FEEL?
REAL SCARED—B-BUT I CAN'T REFUSE! FINK'S GONNA POISON ME UP IF'N I DON'T BECOME A PROPER ANGEL...!
PLEASE, PA! DON'T HURT ME!
NO! NOT MY ARM! DON'T CUT OFF MY ARM!
WHAT'RE YOU WHININ' ABOUT, BOY? YOU'RE GETTIN' A BETTER ONE!

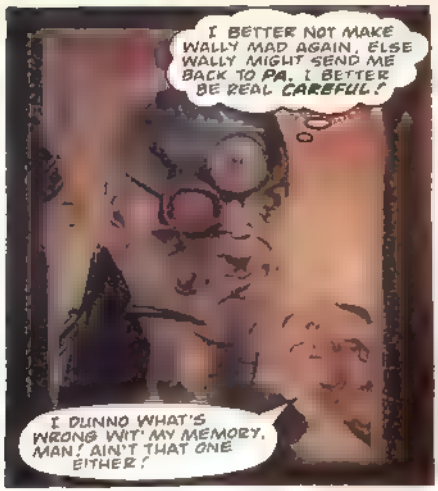
THE OPERATION IS OVER. YOU HAVE A METAL CLAW — THERE'S A DIAL ON YOUR HEAD WITH FOUR SETTINGS, SURLY TO BRUTAL. HOW DO YOU FEEL?
WHADDYA MEAN HOW DO I FEEL?
NOBODY ASKS ME HOW I FEEL!
PROFESSOR DINGBERT!
I'M ALL RIGHT! F-FORTUNATELY HIS DIAL WAS SET ON 1....
LEMME LOOSE! SO HELP ME!
— AND THERE WE SEE THE AWESOME POWER OF HYPNOSIS!
THEY HAVE OPERATED ON HIS BRAIN TIME AND AGAIN! THEY HAVE USED DRUGS! ALL HAVE FAILED TO REFORM MEAN MACHINE ANGEL FROM THE BRUTAL MONSTER HE HAS BECOME!
YET THE POWER OF HIS OWN MIND — PROPERLY MANIPULATED — CAN SUCCEED WHERE ALL OF SCIENCE HAS FALTERED!
I'M GOIN' UP TO 4 ON EVERYBODY! YA HEAR?
EASY, MEAN! EASY! YOU'RE TWELVE AND A HALF AGAIN!
THE OPERATION HAS NOT HAPPENED. YOU ARE STILL A CHILD.
I AM NOW GOING TO BRING YOU ROUND AGAIN. WHEN YOU AWAKE YOU WILL STILL BE TWELVE AND A HALF. YOU WILL LOVE FLOWERS AND BIRDS AND BUTTERFLIES. YOUR WICKED PAST WILL BE WIPED FROM YOUR MEMORY. YOU WILL BE INCAPABLE OF HURTING A FLY. DO YOU UNDERSTAND?
YES...

NEXT PROG: CLEAN MACHINE!

the m·e·a·n
MACHINE
TRAVELS WITH MUH SHRINK
PART 2
Script
Art
Lettering
I JUST CAN'T BELIEVE YOU'RE ALLOWING HIM TO WANDER LOOSE IN THE UNIVERSITY, WALLY!
THAT'S HIM!
IT CAN'T BE! THEY'D NEVER—
I'M TELLING YOU!
FINDING USEFUL EMPLOYMENT IS A NECESSARY PART OF THE REHABILITATION PROCESS DEAN.
WE MUST HAVE FAITH IN OUR IDEAS. WE'LL NEVER PROVE ANYTHING IF WE STICK HIM BACK IN HIS CAGE
BUT THE MAN'S A DANGEROUS PSYCHOPATH!
HEY, MEAN MACHINE! SHOW US YOUR HEAD BUTT!
HEAD BUTT..?
WHUT THE HECK'S A HEAD BUTT?
YOU MUST KNOW! GEEZ! MEAN MACHINE ANGEL — THE WORLD'S GREATEST EXPONENT..!
YOU HIT THINGS WITH YOUR HEAD! LIKE THIS!
THPK

—A SWEET INNOCENT BOY WHO WOULDN'T HURT A FLY!
WAS A PSYCHOPATH, DEAN! REMEMBER, THANKS TO HYPNOSIS HE BELIEVES HE'S A TWELVE-YEAR OLD CHILD AGAIN—
NO, NOT LIKE THAT! HARDER!
BOK
OH BOY! HE'S STILL GOT IT! HE'S STILL GOT IT!
MEAN! STOP THAT AT ONCE!
STUDENTS! TOTALLY IRRESPONSIBLE!
HAVE I DONE SOMETHIN' WRONG, WALLY?
YES, MEAN, HEAD BUTTING IS BAD.
DIDN'T FEEL BAD TA ME, WALLY... FELT LIKE A WHOLE PASSEL O' FUN—AN' I DONE MADE SOME FRIENDS TOO!
WELL, IT'S WRONG! YOU MUST BE A GOOD BOY AND NEVER DO IT AGAIN! PROMISE ME, MEAN!
SHUCKS.. SURE WALLY. I DON'T WANNA DO NOTHIN' BAD. YOU'RE MY PAL, WALLY.
YOU SEE— JUST A SWEET, INNOCENT BOY.
I WORRY ABOUT THIS, WALLY...

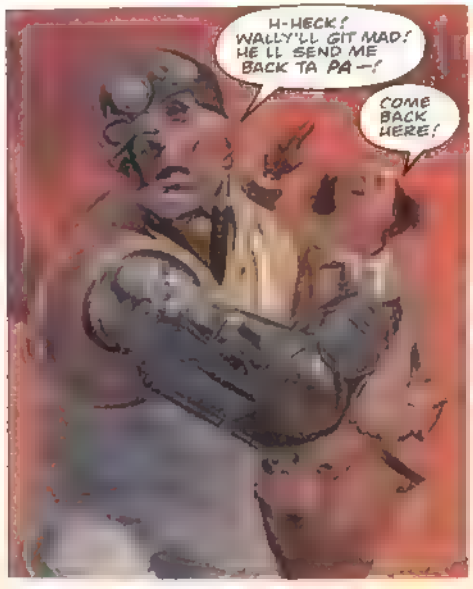
GOLLY! WALLY WUZ SURE MAD AT ME THERE! DON'T WANNA MAKE WALLY MAD, NO SIR! WALLY'S MY PAL!
AIN'T GONNA DO NOTHIN' BAD AGAIN. JUS' GONNA GIT ON WITH MY CLEANIN' YES SIR!
HEY! UGLY!
M-ME?
YOU'RE UGLY AINCHA?
YEAH, BUTCHA GOT YASELF ONE HELLUVA LOCK-PICKER!
I, LIKE, LOST THE KEY TO MY LOCKER, MAN. HOW'S ABOUT YOU OPEN IT?
SHUCKS, SURE LIKE TA HELP YA BUT I AIN'T GOT NO KEY NEITHER
MEAN ANGEL LIKES BEING HELPFUL
EVERYBODY SEEMS SO FRIENDLY HERE NOT LIKE BACK HOME— WITH PA AND THE BOYS.
WAIT A MINUTE, MAN! I MADE A MISTAKE—IT'S THIS ONE HERE!
SURE THANG


I BETTER NOT MAKE WALLY MAD AGAIN, ELSE WALLY MIGHT SEND ME BACK TO PA. I BETTER BE REAL CAREFUL!
I DUNNO WHAT'S WRONG WIT' MY MEMORY, MAN! AIN'T THAT ONE EITHER!

GOOD GRIEF! YOU! STOP THAT!
RUN FOR IT, MAN!

HEY, WHERE Y'ALL GOIN'? WE AIN T FOUND YER LOCKER YET!
YOU IDIOT! THEY WERE ROBBING THEM! AND YOU HELPED THEM!

SHUCKS, YA MEAN I..I DONE WRONG AGAIN...?
P-PLEASE, MISTER, I'M MIGHTY SORRY! I DIDN'T MEAN NO HARM! PLEASE DON'T TELL WALLY!
I'LL TELL MORE THAN PROFESSOR DINGBERT! THE JUDGES WILL HAVE TO BE BROUGHT IN!


H-HECK! WALLY'LL GIT MAD! HE LL SEND ME BACK TA PA—!
COME BACK HERE!

I KNEW THIS WOULD BE TROUBLE! SECURITY!

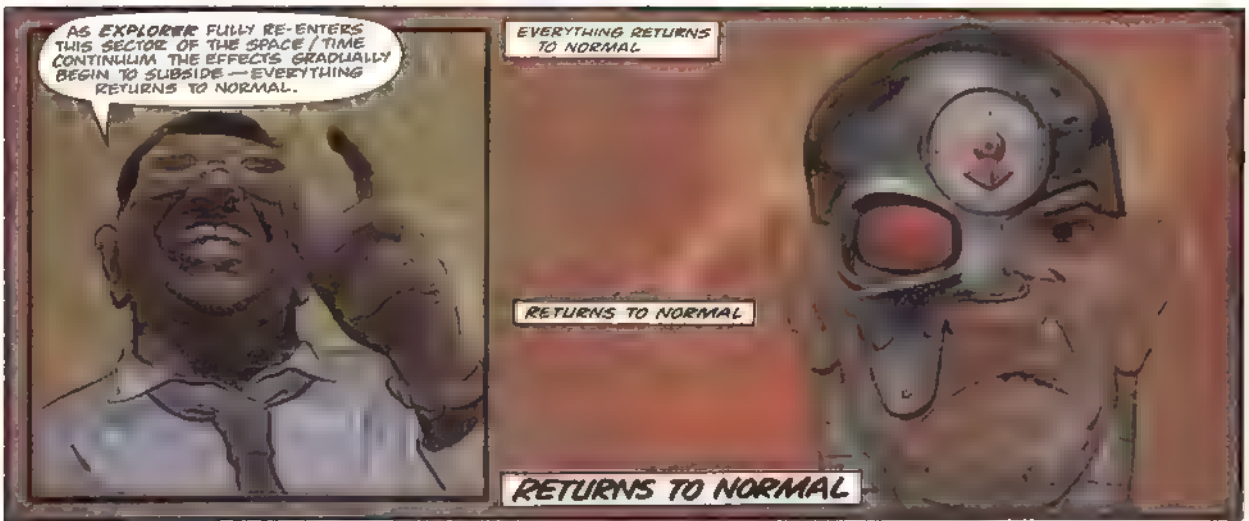
HECK! G-GOTTA FIND A PLACE TA HIDE!
YEAH! IF'N THEY CAN'T FIND ME THEY CAN'T SEND ME BACK!

MAYBE AFTER A WHILE WALLY'LL COOL DOWN ANYWAYS! YEAH, WALLY'S MY PAL! HE'LL UNNERSTAND!

NEXT PROB: TROUBLE IN MIND!

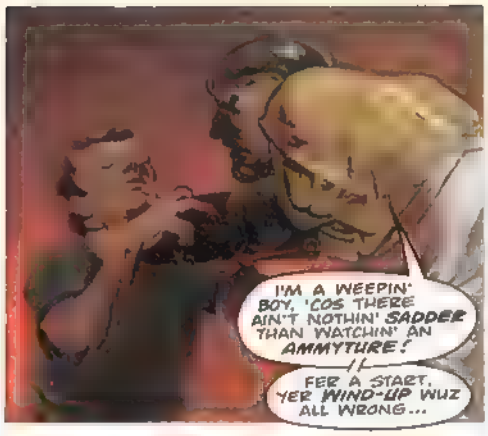
THE MACHINE'S OSCILLATIONS HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO INDUCE EPILEPTIC SEIZURES, BOUTS OF SCHIZOPHRENIA, HALLUCINATIONS—
TWORP!
TWORP!

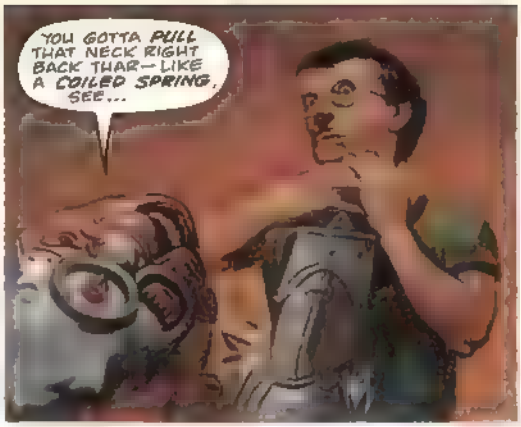
UHHHHHH?


AS EXPLORER FULLY RE-ENTERS THIS SECTOR OF THE SPACE / TIME CONTINUUM THE EFFECTS GRADUALLY BEGIN TO SUBSIDE—EVERYTHING RETURNS TO NORMAL.
EVERYTHING RETURNS TO NORMAL
RETURNS TO NORMAL
RETURNS TO NORMAL

the m·e·a·n MACHINE
PART 3
in TRAVELS WITH MOM SHRINK
DANG RIGHT I GOT QUESTIONS!
YOU MAY REMOVE YOUR GOGGLES NOW.
JACK MARKOVITZ WILL BE PILOTING YOU ON YOUR TIME JUMP. ANY QUESTIONS—PLEASE ADDRESS THEM TO HIM.
Credit Card
Script
Art
Lettering

WHERE TH'HELL AM I? WHAT'M I DOIN' HERE? AN' WHY AIN'T I GOT NO STINKIN' GOGGLES?
IT'S THE MEAN MACHINE!
OH MY GOD!
DON'T WORRY! PROF DINGBERT HYPNOTISED HIM— HE THINKS HE'S TWELVE AND A HALF!
HE'S HARMLESS— I'LL SHOW YOU!
THAT'S FAR ENOUGH, DUMMY! YOU'RE INTERRUPTING A TEMPORAL STUDIES LECTURE! GET LOST— OR I'LL HAVE TO GO UP TO 4 ON YOU!
HE'S NOT MOVING, JIMMY!
GO ON! DO IT!
OKAY, I WARNED YOU— CLICK!
DAVIES, I DON'T THINK THIS IS A GOOD IDEA
YOU GOT JIMMY DAVIES ON 4!
LOOK! HA HA! I MADE HIM CRY!
Tap


I'M A WEEPIN' BOY, 'COS THERE AIN'T NOTHIN' SADDER THAN WATCHIN' AN AMMYTURE!
FER A START, YER WIND-UP WUZ ALL WRONG...


YOU GOTTA PULL THAT NECK RIGHT BACK THAR—LIKE A COILED SPRING, SEE...

FER A SECOND THANG I IS PLENTY FER A PUNK LIKE YOU—
—THOUGH JUS' FER TH'HELL OF IT I'M A-GOIN' TA GO UPTA 2 HERE—

ULP!
AN YER DELIVERY—NOW THAT WUZ JUS' WOEFUL, BOY...!

EEY UUGH!

BON BOK! UNGGG!
MEAN! STOP BUTTING THOSE STUDENTS!

NOBODY TELLS ME TA STOP BUTTIN' STUDENTS—LESS'N THEY'RE LOOKIN' FER A FACE FULLA 4 THEMSELVES!
HE'S COME OUT OF THE HYPNOSIS!
I KNEW THIS WOULD HAPPEN!

MEAN—EASY! IT'S ME, WALLY—YOUR PAL...
HEY—AIN'T YOU THAT STINKIN' SHRINK THAT TRIED TA HIPNYTISE ME..?
MEAN—I WANT YOU TO LOOK AT MY WATCH...
IZZ'AT SO?
FUST YOU LOOKIT MY DIAL!
BLOK
UNGGGG!
I'M GITTIN' OUTA HERE—AN' I'MA TAKIN' THE SHRINK AS A HOSTAGE!
Y'ALL KEEP BACK OR I GO UPTA 4 ON 'IM!
THEN—A MOMENT OF UNACCUSTOMED LUCIDITY..!
WAIT A MINUTE—WAIT ONE COTTON-PICKIN' MINUTE!
THAR IS SOMEPLACE THEM DANGED JUDGES WOULD NEVER FIND ME..
WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'LL GET TO, MEAN? THE JUDGES ARE ALREADY ON THEIR WAY! SEE SENSE!
AIN'T NEVER SEEN SENSE AFORE—DON'T SEE WHY I SHOULD START NOW!
UNNNNN—!
DIDN'T I HEAR SAY THAT THAR THANG IS A TIME MACHINE?

NEXT PROG: BOKK IN TIME!

MEAN MACHINE ANGEL RUNNING LOOSE IN TIME! THIS IS DISASTER!
YEEHAA! I DONE IT!
HEY, DRIVER! WHERE'S THIS THANG A-GOIN'?
WE-WE'RE ALREADY THERE, M-MR ANGEL, SIR...
THE MODULE WAS SET ON A COMPARATIVELY SAFE LOCUS -
the m·e·a·n MACHINE
TRAVELS WITH MUH SHRINK
PART 4
SHOOT! A BUNCHA APEMEN! WHERE IS THIS — MUTIE PARK?
THE NEOLITHIC AGE — EARLY MAN. THEY'RE QUITE TAME. WHY-WHY DON'T YOU STEP OUT AND FEED THEM...?
NOW WHY IN TARNATION SHOULD I WANNA FEED A BUNCHA DANGED APEMEN —?
URRH! HUK! HUK!

OH, I GIT IT! TRYIN' TA TRICK ME OUT SO'S YOU KIN SLAM THE DOOR AN' HIGHTAIL IT!
N-NO! PERISH THE THOUGHT!
MAKE SURE IT STAYS PERISHED!
SLAM!
BG
AIN'T HIDIN' OUT IN APEVILLE! TRY SOMEWHERES ELSE!
MEAN! THIS IS FOOLISH! YOU CAN'T PLAY ABOUT WITH TIME!
IZZAT SO?
NOBODY TELLS MEAN ANGEL HE CAN'T PLAY ABOUT WITH TIME!
HOW!
LIKE THIS!
BOLT

DON AND CAROL STIMSON, TELL US IN YOUR OWN WORDS WHAT HAPPENED--
WELL, WE WERE JUST DRIVING ALONG TOWARDS BIRMINGHAM WHEN A STRANGE ALIEN CRAFT LANDED RIGHT IN FRONT OF US—LIKE A GIANT GLOWING BALL.
A GIANT GLOWING BALL...
THEN THE DOOR OPENED AND A FANTASTIC ALIEN CREATURE STOOD THERE'
CAN YOU DESCRIBE IT?
YES, IT WAS ABOUT TEN FEET TALL IT...IT WAS SHAPED LIKE A MAN BUT IT ONLY HAD ONE ARM—A HUGE METAL CLAW.
AND A DIAL—A DIAL ON ITS FOREHEAD
A DIAL, I SEE! AND YOU APPROACHED THIS CREATURE...?
WE-WE COULDN'T HELP IT. IT FELT LIKE SOME-SOME POWER WAS DRAWING US TOWARDS IT!
"GREETINGS GREAT ALIEN SPACE CREATURE! WELCOME TO EARTH"--
"IT SOUNDS REALLY DUMB, BUT IT'S ALL I COULD THINK OF TO SAY"
HOWDY!
HOWDY?
I COULDN'T SWEAR IT, BUT THAT'S WHAT IT SOUNDED LIKE.
AND THEN WHAT HAPPENED?
WELL, IT TOOK ONE LOOK AT OUR RELIANT ROBIN AND OUR SNOOPY SWEATSHIRTS AND SLAMMED THE DOOR AGAIN.
I THINK IT WAS SCARED
SHEEE! I THOUGHT I WUZ CRAZY!

NOW WHERE'D BE THE SMART PLACE TA HOLE UP..?
YOU'VE GOT TO RETURN US TO OUR OWN TIME!
YOU'RE KIDDING! HE'D KILL US!
WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING!
HE'S YOUR PATIENT! YOU TELL ME!
WISH PA WUZ HERE TA DO TH' THINKIN' HE'D KNOW PA WAS RIGHT W'LY THAT WAY
BUT PA AIN'T HERE AN' IT'S UP TA ME TA—
HEY! WHOA THERE!
PA—AN JUNIOR AN' LINK—THIS HERE'S A TIME MACHINE, AIN'T IT? NOW WHY DON'T I JUS' GO BACK THAR AN' WARN 'EM WHAT'LL HAPPEN IF'N THEY GOES AFTER THE BALDY KID*..?
YEAH! THEN THEY'D ALL STILL BE ALIVE! WE COULD GO ON A KILLIN' AN ROBBIN' AN BUTTIN' SPREE, JUS' LIKE TH' OLD DAYS!
* Thargnote SEE THE JUDGE CHILD QUEST GRAPHIC ALBUM.
SHOOT! 'T WILL BE THE OLD DAYS!
YEEHAAA!
BOM!
THE EQUIPMENT—!
MEAN! YOU CAN'T DO THIS! YOU MUST UNDERSTAND—TRYING TO ALTER THE PAST IS EXTREMELY DANGEROUS!
AS YOUR SHRINK I AM ORDERING YOU TO RETURN US TO OUR OWN TIME!
IZZAT SO?
BUK

A HUMBLE CURSED EARTH SHACK NOT FAR FROM TEXAS CITY—
HEY, PA!
THAR'S SOME KINDA ALIEN SPACESHIP A-LANDIN' IN TH' YARD!
YEEHAA! AIN'T NEVER KILLED NO ALIENS AFORE! KIN I KILL 'EM, PA? KIN I?
BLESS ME JUNIOR BOY, MAYBE THEY DON'T WANT KILLIN'!
MAYBE THEY COME TA BRING US GOLD AN' JEWELS AN ALL TH' SECRETS O' TH UNIVERSE!
BUT AFTER THAT, PA—AFTER WE GOT ALL THEM THANGS—KIN I KILL 'EM THEN, PA? HUH, PA? PLEASE, PA!
YOUR OL' PA CAN'T DENY YOU NOTHIN' WHEN YOU POUR ON TH CHARM LIKE THAT, BOY - BUT SAVE SOME FER YER BROTHERS, TOO--
DANGED TOOTIN'!
I'LL GO UP TA 4 ON 'EM!
NEXT PROG: LIVIN' IN A BOKS!

2000 AD
FEATURING
JUDGE DREDD
PROG 734
45p
8 JUN 91
BOOK
HEAD-TO-HEAD WITH THE MEAN MACHINE – INSIDE!

THE DOOR'S A-OPENIN', PA!
REMEMBER, BOYS, KEEP IT REAL FRIENDLY — TILL WE FINDS OUT WHAT THESE HERE ALIENS HAS GOT THAT'S WORTH STEALIN'!
WHAT D'YA RECKON THEY LOOK LIKE? LITTLE GREEN MEN? HUH, PA?
UGLIER THAN SIN, JUNIOR — YOU CAN BET ON THAT!
HOWDY, PA!
HUH?
MEAN!
SAY, BOY, WHAT Y'ALL DOIN' IN THAT THAR ALIEN SPACE SHIP — AN' WHAT HAPPENED TO YORE ARM?
PA! PA! THAT AIN'T MEAN!
THAT'S MEAN
YORE RIGHT THAR BOY..
HMMM... SOMETHIN' MIGHTY FUNNY GOIN' ON HERE. MUST BE A ALIEN SHAPE CHANGER OR SOMETHIN'...
IZZAT SO?
CLIKK!
WELL, NO STINKIN', ALIEN SHAPE CHANGER GOES AROUND LOOKIN' LIKE ME LESS'N I SAYS THEY CAN'
I'LL CHANGE YORE SHAPE FOR YA!
PART 5
the m·e·a·n MACHINE
TRAVELS WITH MUH SHRINK

YA GOT THE MEAN MACHINE ON 4!
WAY TA GO, MEAN, BOY!
THEY KIN LOOK LIKE MEAN—THEY KIN TALK LIKE MEAN—THEY KIN EVEN SMELL LIKE MEAN—
—BUT NOBODY BUTTS LIKE MEAN!
THAT DOES IT!
SMASH!
GRRRRRRRR
HE'S STILL KICKIN', PA!
SURE MUST HAVE ONE HARD HEAD!

I WUZ PREPARED TA BE FRIENDLY! SHOOT, I COME HERE TO DO YA A FAVOUR - AN' ALL I GET'S A FACE FULLA 4 —!
AN' NOT EVEN GOOD 4! BOY, YOU BUTT LIKE A PUFFA BAD WIND!
YA WANT 4? I'LL SHOW YA 4 —
BOKKKAAA!!
RIPPPP...

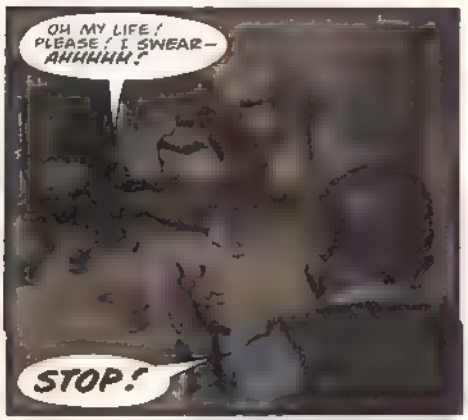
WHEEE-EEE! BUTTED HIM CLEAN THROUGH TO TH NEXT PAGE!
THAT'S MEAN ALL RIGHT!

NEXT PROG: BUTTIN' MAN FOR THE ANGEL GANG!

HERE WE ARE, BOYS! THE FABLED CITY O' ATLANTIS!
SHOOT! MUSTA BIN A FLOOD OR SOMETHIN'!
the m·e·a·n MACHINE
TRAVELS WITH THE SHRINK
PART 6
Credit Card
Concept
Art
Lettering
REAL DUMB PA! HOW TH HECK IS WE S POSED TA GO ON A ROBBIN' AN KILLIN' SPREE WHEN WE CAN'T EVEN SWIM!
AN' BUTTIN'!
YEAH! DON T FERGIT BUTTIN'!

SORRY, BOYS— BUT DON'T WORRY. WE'LL THINK O' SOMETHIN' BETTER.
NO NEED TA RUSH! WITH THIS HERE TIME MACHINE WE GOT ALL THE TIME IN THE WORLD!
YOU'VE GOT TO GET US BACK TO OUR OWN TIME! LET THE JUDGES DEAL WITH THEM!
YOU'RE CRAZY! THEY'RE RAVING PSYCHOPATHS! FIRST THING THEY'D DO IS KILL US!
IF THEY'RE ALLOWED TO DISRUPT TIME, THEY COULD WIPE OUT THE KNOWN WORLD!
SCREW THE KNOWN WORLD! I'M WORRIED ABOUT ME!
HEY! WHAT'RE YOU TWO COYOTES A-WHISPERIN' ABOUT?
THEY'S A-SCHEMIN' AN' A-PLOTTIN' AGIN US, PA! THAT'S WHAT THEY'S DOIN'!
NO! I SWEAR—
LEMME KILL 'EM, PA! PLEASE, PA! THEY GOT IT COMIN'! KIN I, PA? KIN I?
BLESS YOU BOY! SOMETIMES YORE SO FULLA KILLIN' I COULD [illegible] BUT WE GOTTA BE REALISTIC!
PLEASE, PA...
NOW TH' DRIVER HERE, WE NEEDS HIM—TILL WE FINDS OUT HOWTA WORK THE DANGED THING OURSELFS.
AW, pa...
BUT THAT THAR SHRINK, NOW— WHY WE DON'T NEED HIM NO HOW... AN' ONE OUTTA TWO AIN'T BAD, IS IT, BOY?
YA MEAN—?
JUS' DON'T GO GITTIN' TOO MUCH BLOOD ON THEM NEW BRITCHES, Y'HEAR?
YEEHAAAAA!
OH MY GRUD!

HOLD IT, JUNIOR! HE'S MY SHRINK! AN' I SAY NOBODY TOUCHES HIM!
PHEW!
NOT TILL I'S HAD FIRST GO!
ULP!
PA GAVE 'M TA ME! YOU HEARD HIM!
NOBODY GIVES MA SHRINK TA NOBODY LESS'N I SAYS THEY KIN!
I'M WARNING YOU, MEAN! GIMME THAT SHRINK OR I'LL KILL YOU TOO!
IZZAT SO?
BOYS! BOYS!
THERE'S A BETTER WAY TA SETTLE THIS! SAY WE CUT A LINE RIGHT HERE DOWN TH' MIDDLE. SEE...
DOUBLE ULP!
HALF TA JUNIOR—HALF TA MEAN... THAT'S FAIR, AIN'T IT?
YEAH, I GUESS...
LONG AS I GETS TA DO TH' CUTTIN'!
HOLD 'EM BOYS! NOW!
A TRYING MOMENT FOR PROFESSOR MALLY DINGBERT.
BUT AS WITH ALL TRULY GREAT MEN, WHEN THE MOMENT COMES AND THE CHIPS ARE FINALLY DOWN, MALLY DINGBERT RESPONDS...
K-KILL ME IF YOU LIKE, BUT I'LL NEVER—NEVER—TELL YOU WHAT THE PILOT SAID TO ME!



THERE, FOR A BRIEF MOMENT, WE MUST LEAVE THE HAPPY GATHERING AND ASK YOU TO CAST YOUR MINDS BACK IN TIME— OR FORWARD, AS THE CASE MAY BE — TO THE FATEFUL MOMENT WHEN MEAN MACHINE ANGEL MADE HIS BREAK FOR FREEDOM...

MY GRUD! MEAN MACHINE ANGEL RUNNING LOOSE IN TIME! THIS IS DISASTER!
DEAN! THE TIME MODULE! IT'S COMING BACK!
THEY MUST HAVE GOT CONTROL AGAIN!
HOWDY!
THE EQUIPMENT AT THE UNIVERSITY CAN TRACK THIS MODULE WHEREVER IT GOES! SOONER OR LATER JUDGES WILL FIND YOU — UNLESS YOU RETURN TO OUR TIME AND DESTROY IT!
YEEHAA! I'M GONNA BAG AN AWESOME SIXGUNNER!
OH MERCY! THIS IS DISASTER!
NEXT PROG: TIME AND A HALF!

the M·E·A·N MACHINE
PART 7
in
TRAVELS WITH MAH SHRINK
ROGER! GO TO TEMPORAL STUDIES HALL! WE HAVE A REPORT—ANGEL GANG AT LARGE!
ANGEL GANG?
THIS HAS GOTTA BE A HOAX!
DREDD!
ETA ONE MINUTE!
ANY UNIT VICINITY MEGA-U!
JOHN WAGNER
RICHARD DOCAN
ANNIE
POTTIN' STOODENTS! YEEHAA! THIS IS MORE FUN THAN SKINNIN' A DAWG!
YEAH!
HEY! LOOKEE! I GOT ME A REAL LIVE DEAN!
WHAT TH' HECK'S A DEAN?
I DUNNO. BUT I GOT ME ONE!
AN' DON'T Y'ALL TRY AN' BUTT IN ON ME THIS TIME, JUNIOR! I'M DOIN' TH' TORTURIN'!
OHGRUUUUUHHH
TH-THIS IS INDISCRIMINATE SLAUGHTER!
YUP!
FINE SIGHT, AIN'T IT? DOES A MAN'S HEART GOOD TA SEE HIS BOYS CARRYIN' ON TH' FAMILY TRADITION IN THE RIGHT MANNER!
NOW WHAT ABOUT THIS HERE EQUIPMENT YOU SAID KIN TRACK US DOWN IN TIME...?
YES, WELL, UH... I- I'M ONLY THE SHRINK! YOU'D BEST ASK THE PILOT HERE!
M-ME? I- I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT IT! YOU TELL HIM!
YOU'RE THE ONE THAT INVENTED IT—!

ARE YOU TELLIN' ME THIS IS ALL... A HOAX?
UH, WELL, UH..
I...ULP!... I...I'M A-AFRAID SO...SIR...
WHEEDOGGIE! NOW AIN'T THAT A GOOD 'UN! HAW HAW HAW! YA FOOLED US REALLY GOOD THAR, BOY! A REAL KNEE-SLAPPER!
NOW HERE COME TH' PUNCHLINE!
Ohhhhhh
THIS IS YOUR FAULT..!
NGGG
DREDD!
Ohthankgrud!
YOU'RE ALL UNDER ARREST!
DROP YOUR WEAPONS — OR DIE!
DREDD
DIRTY STINKIN' RAT! MIGHTA KNOWED YA'D SHOW UP!
WELL, SUITS ME!
SUITS ME TOO, DANG IT!
TWO MEAN ANGELS! WHAT IS GOING ON HERE?
YA GOT THE MEAN MACHINE ON 4?
DON'T KILL THEM! IT COULD CAUSE A TIME CATASTROPHE!

NOW HE TELLS ME!
THE FORWARD TWO-AND-A-HALF DIVEBUTT, WITH PIKE.
CRUNCH!
CONTROL! GET SOME MED-WAGONS UP HERE! WE GOT A BLOODBATH!
RESPIRATOR DOWN!
STUMM GAS!

GAS!
THAT AIN'T FAIR! HE'S...cheatin Pa...
cheatin...
SO ENDS THE TRAVELS OF THE MEAN MACHINE — AT LEAST, ONE OF THEM.
OFFICIALLY CLASSIFIED CATEGORY F, "UNFIT FOR REHABILITATION." HE IS ONCE MORE DENTING THE WALLS OF A MAXIMUM SECURITY ISO CUBE
"MEAN ANGEL"

PROFESSOR WALLY DINGBERT, WHEN HE RECOVERS, OFFERS A FULL EXPLANATION AND DECLARES HIMSELF INNOCENT OF ANY CRIME. THE LAW DISAGREES.
WE GOT A SPECIAL KIND OF TIME MACHINE FOR YOU, CREEP. WE CALL IT A CUBE!
YOU CAN'T DO THIS! I HAVE A RIGHT TO EXPERIMENT! I'M A SHRINK!
AS FOR PA AND THE BOYS—
THE ANGEL GANG KIDNAPPED THE JUDGE CHILD. YOU TRAILED THEM TO XANADU WHERE THEY ALL DIED. THAT MUCH WE KNOW. IT HAPPENED.
IF WE TAMPER WITH EVENTS BY PREVENTING THE ANGELS FROM RETURNING THE RECENT PAST—AS WE KNOW IT—WILL CEASE TO EXIST
THEN THERE'S THE PARADOX... IF THE PAST IS ALTERED MEAN ANGEL WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN HERE TO STEAL THE TIME MODULE AND RETURN FOR HIS FAMILY.
YOU AND I WOULD NOT BE STANDING HERE DISCUSSING IT
YOU'RE SAYING WE CAN'T ALTER THE PAST?
I'M SAYING IT'S VERY RISKY. WE DON'T KNOW THE FULL CONSEQUENCES OF SUCH AN ACTION AND, FRANKLY, WE'RE NOT ANXIOUS TO FIND OUT...
THE FLUX IS ALREADY SHOWING DISTURBING SIGNS OF INSTABILITY.
SO WE OVERLOOK THEIR CRIMES - JUST SEND THEM BACK..
THEIR MEMORY OF THIS INCIDENT WILL HAVE TO BE ERASED.
WELL, LET'S SKIP THE HYPNOTISM THIS TIME —
BURN THEM!

AN SO EARSLAKER
BRING 'EM OUT!
THIS ONE SLEEPS HERE.
THEY LL WAKE UP IN THE MORNING WITH NOTHING MORE THAN A SLIGHT LASER BURN AND A STRANGE GAP IN THE MEMORY
GOES AGAINST THE GRAIN.
WHAT WILL BE WILL BE, I GUESS.
CATCH YOU LATER, CREEP!
THE END

FOR A WHILE HE SLEPT.

IT WAS COLD DOWN THERE IN THE DARK. HIS NOSTRILS HAD ROTTED AWAY, SO HE COULDN'T SMELL THE STENCH... BUT HE COULD **FEEL** THE SOFTNESS OF HIS COMPANIONS, FEEL THEM SPILLING THEIR PULPED INNARDS ALL OVER HIM, COVERING HIM IN DEATH'S BLACK OOZE.

AND HE COULD FEEL THE **COLD**.

SO HE GOT UP

UP THROUGH THE THOUSANDS OF EMPTY HUMAN SHELLS, WHOSE HOLLOW SOCKETS GAZED IN CONDEMNATION

JUDGE DREDD

RETURN OF THE KING

PART ONE

CONDEMNATION?

YES, THAT'S WHAT HE DESERVED.

HE'D BEEN RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEATHS OF **SIXTY MILLION HUMAN BEINGS**.

IT WAS NIGHT. AND FOR A MOMENT HE THOUGHT DEATH STILL HELD SWAY. . BUT NO, THIS WAS NOT **THAT** NIGHT — THAT ETERNAL DARKNESS. THE **STARS** WERE OUT. THEY'D NEVER SHONE DURING THE BAD DAYS TO SEE THEM AGAIN WAS...

HE'D HAVE CRIED IF HE COULD.

HE SAW THE **CITY** FAR AWAY, ITS MYRIAD LIGHTS GLINTING SILVER AND GOLD IN THE NIGHT.

HIS CITY

HE WAS KING OF THE CITY, THAT MUCH HE KNEW ITS GREATEST WARRIOR CHIEF, WHO RULED WITH IRON AND BLOOD... AND WHO'D BETRAYED HIS PEOPLE.

HE NEEDED FORGIVENESS SO **MUCH**.

SO THE DEAD KING SET OFF TO RECLAIM HIS THRONE...

AND TO BEG HIS PEOPLE FOR ABSOLUTION

GARTH ENNIS
C EZQUERRA
T. FRAME

2330 MEGA-CITY ONE
LOUSECO
ED BOOPER HERE FOR CHANNEL THANG AT TOM SHARPE BLOCK PLAZA, WHERE ARMED RAIDERS ARE HOLED UP IN LOUSECO'S TOTALMARKET AFTER AN ABORTIVE ATTEMPT TO ROB IT.
THE RAIDERS, DESCRIBED BY WITNESSES AS BEING "MURDERING CREEPS", HAVE SO FAR KILLED TWO MARKETSKIVVIES I'M GOING TO JUSTICE DEPT REP. JUDGE SPENCER —
SO HEY, JUDGE — WHAT'S THE LOWDOWN?
WE GOT THE SITUATION UNDER CONTROL, PAL. GET LOST.
NOT TOO COOL, JUDGE. GIMME SOMETHING I CAN USE, HUH?
HOW ABOUT A BUSTED HEAD, PUNK? THAT ANY GOOD?
BEAT IT. IT'S LIKE I TOLD YOU...
"WE'VE GOT IT UNDER CONTROL."
OKAY AT THE BACK, DOOGY? ANY ACTION?
ICE-COLD, BRO. NOT A JUDGE IN —
SIGHT

ONE MOVE AN' YOU'RE ON THE MIDNIGHT BELT AT RESYK, MEATHEAD.
HOW MANY OTHERS?
SUH-SUH-SEVEN... AT THE...THE FRONT..
WHUNK!
UHHHH..
YOU LAWBOYS STAY BACK, 'KAY? WE GOT SIX MORE JERKS IN HERE GETTIN' STIFFED THE SEC WE SMELL RAT!
LET'S TALK SAFE PASSAGE, HUH?
SPENCER – DREDD. THEY'VE SHOT ALL THE SKIVVIES
REPEAT- NO HOSTAGES.
YOU NEED ASSIST?
NEGATIVE.
UNH..
YOU CREEPS! DROP THE GUNS OR FACE THE CONSEQUENCES!
CREM-!

JUST ONE OF HIM.
WE CAN TAKE HIM
NOT HIM, MAN!
WHAT'S IT TO BE, SLIME?

FOR HOURS HE STUMBLED THROUGH THE NEON JUNGLE, STAYING IN THE SHADOWS SO HIS PEOPLE COULDN'T SEE HIM. THEY WEREN'T... READY FOR THAT, JUST YET.
WHEN CLOUDS SLID ACROSS THE STARS AND THE RAIN BEGAN, HE ALMOST GAVE UP. IT WAS LIKE AN OMEN...
AND THEN, AT LAST, HE SAW HIS PALACE.
HE ENTERED BY SECRET WAYS, AND MOVED THROUGH DARK TUNNELS THAT ONLY A KING COULD KNOW.
HEADING UPWARD, EVER UPWARD, TOWARDS WHAT WAS HIS BY RIGHT...
HIS THRONE
HUH?
WELL, GRUD DAMN.
SECURITY, THIS HERE'S THE CHIEF JUDGE. WE GOT US AN INTRUDER UP HERE.
YOU BOYS GOT SOME EXPLAININ' TO DO...
GRUD! SQUAD'S ON ITS WAY, MA'AM!
OKAY, BOY — WHAT IN TARNATION YOU DOIN' SITTIN' IN OUR CHAIR?
GET YER BUTT OUT'VE IT AN' TURN ROUND, NICE AN' SLOW!
AM INVESTIGATIN' HERE...

YOU FINISH OFF HERE, SPENCER. THERE'S ONE CREEP ON ICE AT THE BACK DOIN' TEN.
CONTROL TO DREDD—
DREDD HERE.
CHIEF JUDGE WANTS TO SEE YOU AT THE GRAND HALL. THAT'S A PRIORITY CALL.
YOU WON'T BELIEVE THIS ONE, DREDD. I MEAN, THIS IS WEIRD.
CALM DOWN, PATTERSON.
GLAD YOU COULD MAKE IT, DREDD.
SOMETHIN' HERE YOU BETTER TAKE A LOOK AT.
JOE...
IT'S... IT'S GOOD TO... SEE YOU, JOE...
REMEMBER ME... CHIEF JUDGE SILVER?
NEXT PROG TALE OF THE DEAD

RETURN OF THE KING
PART TWO
THE GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE, WHERE CHIEF JUDGE SILVER HAS RETURNED FROM THE GRAVE—
WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO WITH HIM?
GARTH ENNIS
C EZQUERRA
T FRAME
DO...? I'M THE...CHIEF JUDGE, HERSHEY. I'M YOUR KING.
I CAN SEE YOU'RE...REPULSED
THERE'S NO NEED FOR THAT... A SPELL IN THE MED BAY, AND I'LL BE FINE. RIGHT...JOE?
RIGHT
IT DOESN'T TAKE A MED TEAM TO TELL HE'S DEAD. IS HE A DARK JUDGE?
HE SURE AIN'T KILLED ANYONE THAT WE KNOW OF... LOOKS MORE OF A ZOMBIE.
KINDA LIKE KRAKEN, WE GUESS.
UH-HUH. HE SAID MUCH?
WHY...WHY ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT ME AS... IF I'M NOT...HERE? I'M SUPPOSED TO... TO BE IN CHARGE.
YEAH. LIKE YOU WERE DURING NECROPOLIS?
OH, JOE...I KNEW YOU'D BE...BITTER.
YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT... WHAT I'VE SEEN...
JUDGE DREDD

"THE NECROPOLIS BEGAN...SO EASILY. THEY WERE ALL OVER US BEFORE...BEFORE WE COULD DO A THING..."
NO NEWS FROM TECH 21, CHIEF JUDGE.
CHIEF JUDGE, WE'RE NOT GETTING ANY RESPONSE ON ANY CHANNEL. I THINK WE'RE CUT OFF—
WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON?
THIS IS CHIEF JUDGE SILVER. JUSTICE CENTRAL. ALL UNITS RESPOND IMMEDIATE—
HI, BIG BOYYYYYYYY!
GRUD!
GREETINGSSSSS!
OH MY DEAR GRUD! KRAKEN!
DROKK!
HE ISSS MINE, NOW— ASSS YOUU WILL BEEE! YOUR JUDGESS HAVE SSSURRENDERRRED, SSILVER! I AMM THE CHIEFFF JUDGE!
CRRRAWLL BEFORRRE MEEE!
LIKE HELL—
LIKE HELLLLL!
FIRE

AAIIIEEEE!
GRIMLET!
GET OUT OF HERE, CHIEF JUDGE.
BUT—
GO!
"I SAW...I SAW HERSHEY PUT ONE THROUGH MORTIS BEFORE NAUSEA GOT INTO HER..."
THAT'S ENOUGH OF THAAAT, MYY PRETTEEEE!
I REMEMBER.
"BUT SHE...BOUGHT ME TIME TO DO ..TO DO WHAT I HAD TO DO. I'D BETRAYED THE CITY.. I'D APPROVED ODELL'S PLAN ..TO REPLACE YOU WITH. .KRAKEN, JOE.
"IT WAS MY FAULT THE DARK JUDGES HAD...HAD COME.
"BULLET LODGED... IN . IN MY SKULL SHOULD HAVE DONE WHAT .. ODELL DID SHOULD HAVE SET THE... LAWGIVER ON HIGH EXPLOSIVE. .
"SHOULD HAVE PUT IT IN MY MOUTH..."

"I WOULDN'T... SCRAPE AND BOW TO DEATH... HE COULD KILL ME... BUT HE'D NEVER... NEVER BEAT ME...
"AT LEAST. NOT WHILE... WHILE I WAS ALIVE."
DON'T DEFYYY MEEE, CURSSSE YOU!
CRAAWLLL!
UK-GACCCCHH!
WAIT, BROTHERR.. LET USS NOT BEEE RASHHH...
THISS MORTAL HASSS BEEN OF GREAT HELLLP TO USSS... DOESS HE NOT DESSSERVE HISSS REWARD?
YESSSS...
YESSSSSS!

"THEY KILLED ME.. BUT THAT WAS ONLY... ONLY THE BEGINNING. .
"THE DAYS TURNED TO WEEKS .. AND MONTHS. I REMEMBERED... WHO I WAS AND LITTLE. .ELSE. THE MEMORY TORMENTED ME EVERY...EVERY SECOND OF MY . .EXISTENCE.
"THE WORST TIMES. .WERE WHEN THEY CAME BACK FROM THE... THE SLAUGHTER. TEN THOUSAND AT A TIME THEY'D KILL, AND... THEN THEY'D RETURN TO SURVEY THEIR DOMAIN. AND FEAR WOULD TELL THEM THE...THE TOTAL OF THOSE...JUDGED...
"WHERE KRAKEN WAS DEATH'S PUPPET, I...I WAS HIS PET.
"I'D BEEN A...A KING...AND NOW I WAS JUST A DOG.
"AND DEATH WOULD... WOULD SAY "ONLY THE BEGINNING"... AND THEY'D TORTURE MY BODY TO MATCH MY...MIND...
"I COULD STILL...FEEL... AND THEY KNEW IT...
"ALL THE TIME THEY'D... HISS INTO MY EAR, THAT I'D...I'D BETRAYED MY CITY TO THEM... AND THEY THANKED ME.
"KRAKEN HATED ME. THE OTHERS... DESPISED ME. BUT KRAKEN HATED.
"HE KNEW IT WAS...MY FAULT. I LISTENED TO ODELL... AND IGNORED DREDD'S JUDGEMENT ON HIM...I HAD SO MANY CHANCES TO...TO CONSIGN HIM TO... PEACEFUL OBLIVION...
"INSTEAD I'D GIVEN HIM... LIVING HELL.
"HE RIPPED...RIPPED MY HEART OUT... AND CRUSHED IT IN FRONT OF ME...
"I'LL NEVER FORGET THE... THE VOICES...
"EVERY DAY."

"THEN...THEN ONE DAY, THE SISTERS HAD NEWS; THEY'D BEEN HUNTING... DREDD.
"THEY'D FAILED...
"AND I DARED TO... TO DO SOMETHING [...] THOUGHT I'D NEVER DO AGAIN.
"HOPE."
"THE DEAD MAN WAS COMING, THEY SAID. IN... IN ACROSS THE CURSED EARTH, WITH A HEART FULL OF HATE. AND VENGEANCE
"I KNEW .. WHO IT WAS.
AND WASN'T I RIGHT TO. .?
I'M BACK NOW, JOE IT'LL BE LIKE... LIKE IT WAS
I'M IN CHARGE.
HOW'D YOU FIGURE THAT?
I NEVER RESIGNED, JOE. NEVER TOOK THE LONG WALK...NOT LIKE THIS... MAD OLD WOMAN. IT... IT'S THE LAW, JOE...
I'M STILL... CHIEF JUDGE.
SAY WHAT?
NEXT PROG: HAIL TO THE KING

DESPITE BEING UNDEAD, CHIEF JUDGE SILVER STILL CLAIMS TO BE RULER OF MEGA-CITY ONE.
LEGALLY, THIS IS TRUE --
YOU HAVE GOT TO BE JOKIN', BOY!
JUDGE DREDD
RETURN OF THE KING
PART THREE
GARTH ENNIS
C EZQUERRA
T FRAME
AIN'T NO WAY WE'RE HANDIN' OVER POWER TO THAT! DAMN THING'S GONNA LOOK REAL NICE TALKIN' TO THE CITIZENS, AIN'T HE?
THEY'RE ALL GONNA FILL THEIR U-FRONTS THE MINUTE THEY CATCH A WHIFF OF HIM - AN' THAT AIN'T GONNA BE TOO DIFFICULT, IS IT?
I...I HAVE THE RIGHT... MCGRUDER I WAS SWORN IN AS THIS CITY'S CHIEF JUDGE AND... I NEVER RESIGNED
YOU DID... IF... IF ANYONE HAS NO... NO RIGHT TO RULE... IT'S YOU. JUDGES DON'T COME... BACK FROM THE HIKE.
AIN'T SUPPOSED TO COME BACK FROM THE DROKKIN' GRAVE, NEITHER! 'SIDES, WE'RE HERE 'CAUSE OF EXTENUATIN' CIRCUMSTANCES!
THAT'S NOT... NOT THE POINT. YOU GAVE UP...
ASK DREDD.
HE'S RIGHT.

YOU LOST YOUR MARBLES, DREDD? WHAT THE HELL YOU SAYIN' ?
I'M SAYING HE'S RIGHT. HE NEVER RESIGNED AS CHIEF JUDGE. TECHNICALLY HE STILL IS CHIEF JUDGE
THAT'S MADNESS...
IT'S THE LAW.
DREDD, THAT IS MADNESS. THE LAW CAN'T BE... I MEAN, IT'S WRONG.
HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN A JUDGE, HERSHEY ?
UH. .TWELVE YEARS...
I'VE BEEN ONE FOR THIRTY-FOUR. THE LAW IS NEVER WRONG.
YOU KNOW THAT.
WE DON'T BELIEVE THIS...
I.. KNEW YOU'D BACK ME... JOE...
I ALWAYS... TRUSTED YOUR JUDGEMENT.

JUST A COUPLE OF QUESTIONS. LIKE I SAY, SOMETHING I WANT TO CLEAR UP, THAT'S ALL.
WHAT DID YOU DO WHEN DEATH AND HIS BOYS WERE DEFEATED? WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN SINCE?
I...
IT'S GOOD TO KNOW YOU HAVE CONFIDENCE IN ME, CHIEF JUDGE. THERE'S SOMETHING I'D LIKE TO KNOW. STILL...
ANY... ANYTHING...
"I... HID."
THIS ONE WAS HUMAN... AT THE END, ANYWAY. CAUSE OF DEATH, HIGH VELOCITY REMOVAL OF HEART.
DREDD WANTS HIM BURNED.
WHY? IS HE GONNA POP UP AND START KILLING AGAIN?
YOU WANNA TAKE THE RISK?
"I WAS SCARED THEY'D... THEY'D DO IT TO ME, TOO... AND I HID.
"IT WAS EASY, WITH ALL... THE BODIES... AROUND...
"AND... AND WHO WOULD NOTICE ONE MORE... AMONG... SIXTY MILLION?"

YOU HID?
YES...
THEN THAT'S IT.
I'M BACK... IN CHARGE...
NO. NEVER.
YOU COULD NEVER RULE THIS CITY AGAIN, SILVER. YOU'RE UNFIT FOR COMMAND.
YOU ALWAYS TRUSTED MY JUDGEMENT, HUH? WHAT ABOUT KRAKEN? I FAILED HIM, AND YOU GAVE HIM THE FULL EAGLE ANYWAY!
YOU SET UP THE NECROPOLIS!
BUT THAT ISN'T THE HALF OF IT! WHAT HAPPENED WHEN THE DARK JUDGES CAME, SILVER? WHAT'D YOU DO?
YOU RAN, CREEP!
AND AT THE END OF IT — WHEN YOU COULD'VE FINISHED THINGS, WHEN YOU WERE FREE OF THEM — YOU HID!
RIGHT THROUGH THE WHOLE THING, YOU SCREWED UP. YOU STARTED IT OFF. YOU RAN LIKE A JUVE WHEN YOU SHOULD HAVE FOUGHT. AND YOU DIDN'T EVEN HAVE THE GUTS TO DIE LIKE A JUDGE.
BUT... HOW COULD I... FIGHT...? HOW COULD I DO ALL THOSE... THINGS WHEN IT WAS... TOO MUCH? WHEN EVERYTHING WAS... WAS HOPELESS... AND THERE WAS NO... NO POINT?
HOW, DREDD? AND... AND WHY?
WHY?
BECAUSE YOU WERE A JUDGE.
AND IT WAS YOUR DUTY.

JUDGE THOMAS SILVER. YOU HAVE BEEN FOUND **UNFIT** TO HOLD THE POSITION OF **CHIEF JUDGE** AND HAVE BEEN FORMALLY CONVICTED FOR GROSS **DERELICTION OF DUTY** UNDER JUDICIAL INDICTMENT **FOUR**.
WAIT—
THE SENTENCE IS **TWENTY YEARS PENAL SERVITUDE** ON **TITAN**.
SENTENCE DEFERRED DUE TO CIRCUMSTANCES.
LAWGIVER TO **INCENDIARY**.
NO! NOT... DON'T KILL ME...!
PLEASE!
PLEEASSSSSE-

I'M DUE BACK ON PATROL, CHIEF JUDGE. THERE'S WORK TO DO.
UH...SURE, DREDD.
DID HE... WAS THAT REALLY THE RIGHT THING TO DO?
YEAH.
YEAH, HERSHEY, IT WAS. 'BOUT THE ONLY THING OL' SILVER GOT RIGHT, REALLY...
"...TRUSTING DREDD'S JUDGEMENT."
HE WAS LOST NOW, GONE AS IF HE'D NEVER BEEN.
HIS PEOPLE WOULDN'T FORGIVE HIM, EVER. THE RETURNED KING WAS DEPOSED.

AFTERWARDS, THERE WAS SOMETHING DIFFERENT IN THE GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE. LATE AT NIGHT, A COLD BREEZE MIGHT BLOW THROUGH THE CONTROL ROOMS FOR AN INSTANT, OR A DOOR WOULD BE FOUND OPEN WHERE JUST BEFORE IT HAD BEEN LOCKED.
PSI-DIVISION REPORTED A MILD PRESENCE, A SAD FEELING OF SOMETHING PATHETIC THAT WAS LOST FOREVER, THAT WANTED ONLY AN ACCEPTANCE IT COULD NEVER FIND.
BUT IN THE GRAND HALL, THAT WASN'T IMPORTANT.
IT DIDN'T MATTER.
THE END